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THE
GRANITE MONTHLY

A NEW HAMPSHIRE MAGAZINE

DEVOTED TO

HISTORY, BIOGRAPHY, LITERATURE,
AND STATE PROGRESS

VOLUME XXXI

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THE GRANITE MONTHLY.

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A New Hampshire Magazine

Devoted to Literature, Biography, History, and State Progress

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A druggist in Syracuse, N. Y., says that Ripans Tabules are especially valuable for curing habitual constipation, and suggests that that point ought to be brought out conspicuously in all the advertisements of this remedy. He sells Ripans Tabules to many theatrical folks and to traveling men, his store being located near the Hotel Candee, where most of these people stop. Among his customers is a local life insurance agent, who had been in the habit of buying some kind of pill for his wife, with unsatisfactory results, till the druggist recommended the Tabules. Upon being appealed to for her opinion of Ripans Tabules, the agent's wife said: "I have used them with good success in indigestion and constipation, and can highly recommend them."

A new style packet containing TEN RIPANS TABULES in a paper carton (without glass) is now for sale at some drug stores—FOR FIVE CENTS. This low-priced sort is intended for the poor and the economical. One dozen of the five-cent cartons (120 tabules) can be had by mail by sending forty-eight cents to the RIPANS CHEMICAL COMPANY, No. 10 Spruce Street, New York—or a single carton (TEN TABULES) will be sent for five cents.

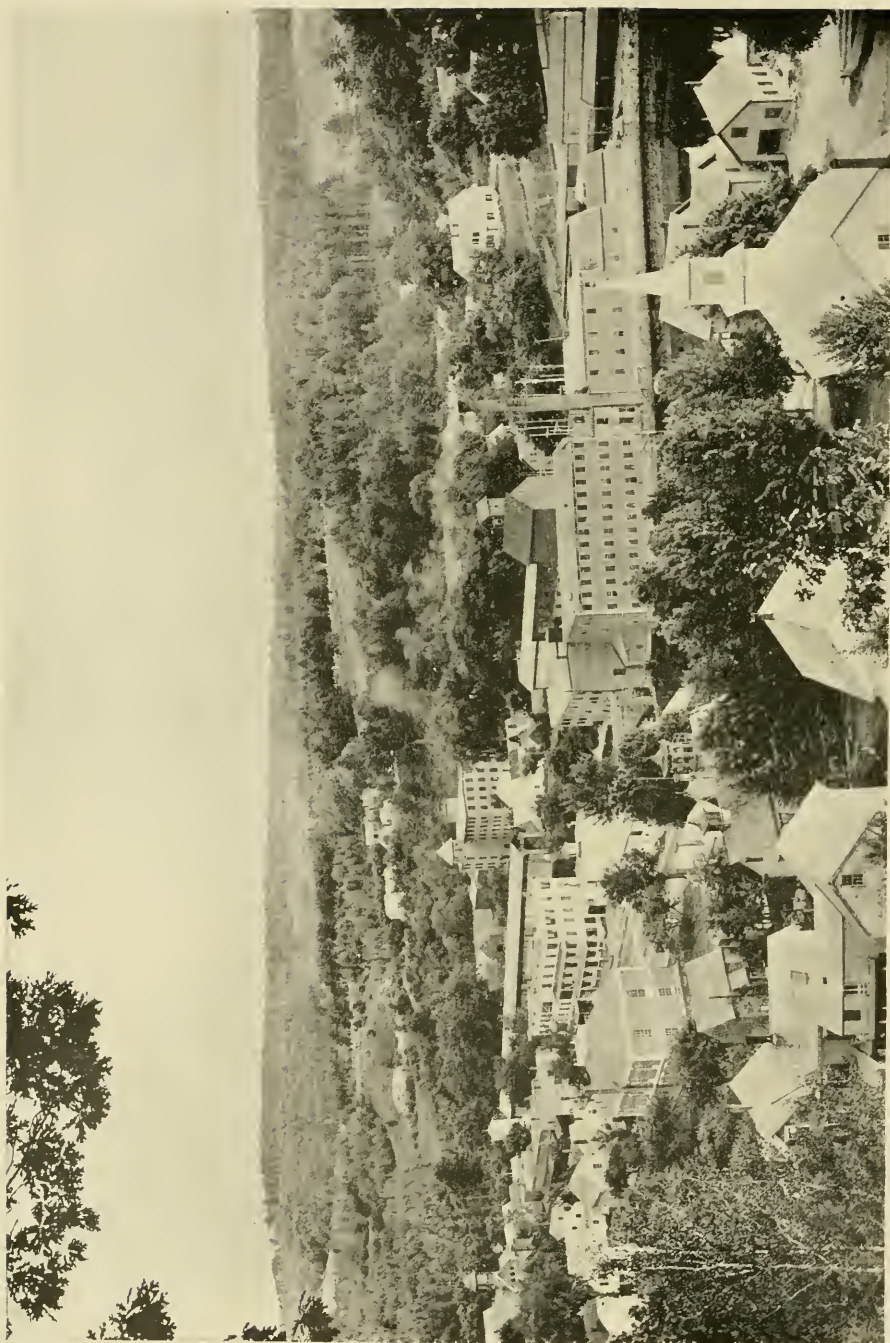


Photo. by W. H. Emerson.

WILTON, FROM BALES HILL.



Lower End of Main Street, Showing Railway Station.



View in Whiting's Mill Yard.



High and Graded School Building.



Town Hall and Library Building.



West Sanitarium—Branch of Elliott Hospital, Boston.



View in Wilton, from Whiting's Hill.



Mountain View, from Abbott Hill.



Photo. by P. J. Abbott.

Gaerwen Falls.

THE GRANITE MONTHLY.

VOL. XXXI.

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No. 1.

WILTON, ON THE SOUHEGAN.

By Henry H. Metcalf.



PERHAPS there is no town in the state which better represents all the varied interests, and more thoroughly combines the industries, resources, and attractions that insure a prosperous New England community, than the little town of Wilton, in the county of Hillsborough, whose principal village, near the eastern border and long known as "East" Wilton, is sixteen miles from Nashua, on the railway line between that city and Keene, and less than two hours' ride from the New England metropolis.

It is not the purpose of this article to present either a history or a detailed description of this typical New Hampshire town, which work was satisfactorily done by the pens of



House built by William Abbott in 1772.

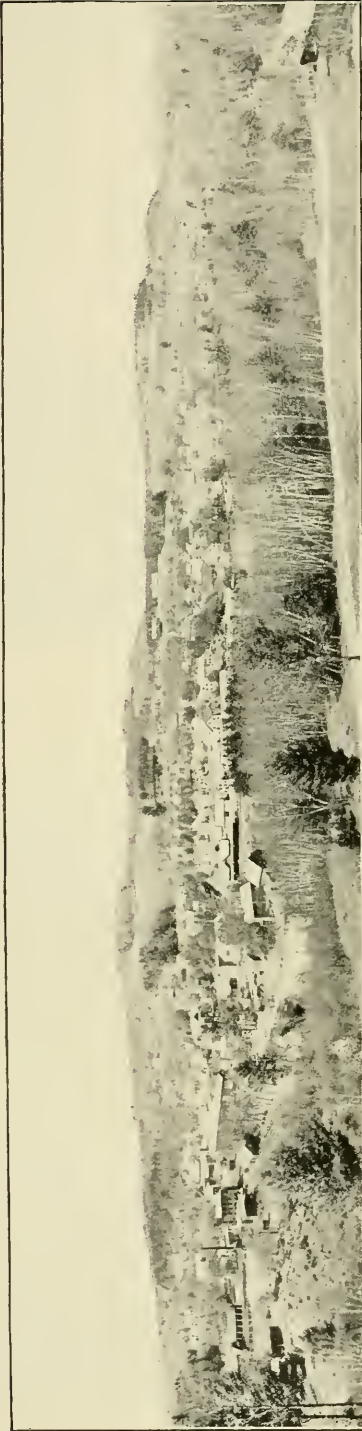
Livermore and Putnam, and given to the public more than a dozen years ago; but simply to note certain facts concerning matters and men in Wilton that may be of more or less general interest at the present time.

It may be noted in the outset that the location of the town, in reference to the conditions that make for general prosperity and progress in these days, is more than ordinarily favorable. In ready access of the great centres of business and population, supplied with a liberal water power by the Souhegan and its branches, which unite within its limits, and favored with a soil which, although uneven as to surface, responds generously to skilful cultivation, its advantages are, indeed, far above the ordinary.

Although there are no mountains within its borders, its twenty-five



Old First Congregational Church.



Wilton, from the Catholic Cemetery.

Photo. by W. H. Emerson.

square miles of territory is broken into undulating ridges, with many slightly elevations affording magnificent views of the surrounding country, so that there is no more attractive region anywhere in the state for a summer sojourning place for city denizens than is here afforded, and every succeeding year adds to the number of those who, spending their active lives elsewhere, find rest and recreation, in the vacation period, amid the Wilton hills, including business and professional men, military and naval officers, artists, writers, etc. Some of the finest summer homes in the country are those about Wilton Centre, some two miles from the village, which was the centre of business in the early days, before the advent of the factory and the railroad turned the current of population valleyward, and it is safe to say that in the years to come there will be a still more general appreciation of the attractions here presented.

Settled as early as 1739 by rugged pioneers who endured their full share of the hardships incident to life in the remote New England settlements of that day, a considerable portion of the territory now embraced in the town of Wilton was included in the grant by the Massachusetts legislature in 1735, known as "Salem-Canada." Afterwards, the same, with other territory, was included in a grant made in 1749, and known as "Number Two," and was duly incorporated as a township, under the name of Wilton, June 25, 1762, the act of incorporation, by its terms continuing in force until January, 1765, when a second and permanent charter, signed by Gov. Benning Wentworth, was granted, under which the

town has continued to the present time, one row of lots on the western border, or a strip of territory half a mile wide and five miles long having been set off in 1768 to aid in constituting the town of Temple.



Wilton Centre, from Beede Hill.

New settlers came in rapidly, after the incorporation, so that at the time of the Revolution the land was well taken up, and the population exceeded six hundred. Out of this it should be noted that about sixty men in all, or one in ten out of the entire population, fought for national independence in the War of the Revolution, of whom more than half were present at the battle of Bunker Hill; and it may be added in this connection that the town made a proportionately creditable record in sustaining the Union cause during the War of the Rebellion, over one hundred Wilton men in all having been enrolled in the ranks of the Union army during the progress of that great contest. In 1790 the population had increased to 1,105, which was the highest figure shown by any enumeration until 1850, when it was 1,161. The construction of the railroad from Nashua to Wilton, which remained the terminus for many years, gave an

impetus to business in the town, and a marked increase in population resulted, the census of 1860 showing 1,369 people resident therein, and that of 1870, 1,974—the largest figure ever attained. In 1880 the population was 1,747; in 1890, 1,850, and the last census places it at 1,696.

In Wilton, as in most New England towns, the church was, next to the home, the first institution established among the people. A log church edifice was erected on the common, at the Centre, as early as 1752, which building remained and was occupied for religious worship for twenty years or more, but no minister was regularly settled in town until December 14, 1763, when Rev. Jonathan Livermore, a native of Northborough, Mass., and a graduate of Harvard college was ordained and installed, continuing in the work until 1777.

Meanwhile a new frame church



View from Burns Hill.

was erected, the same having been raised September 7, 1773, and dedicated January 5, 1775. This building remained and was occupied as both church and town-house, until destroyed by fire December 8, 1859. Succeeding ministers were Rev. Abel



View West from Wilton Centre.

Fisk, who served from 1778 till 1802, and Rev. Thomas Beede from 1803 till 1829. During the ministry of Mr. Beede a division occurred, the main body of worshippers adhering to the original covenant and maintaining Unitarian views, while the dissenting element adopted the Calvinistic creed and organized the Second or Trinitarian Congregational church. Mr. Beede was succeeded by Rev. Stephen A. Barnard, following whom came Revs. Nathaniel Whitman, William A. Whitwell, Seth Saltmarsh, John N. Bellows, Stillman Clark, Richard Coleman, Increase S. Lincoln, Charles H. Rickards, and Henry Dana Dix, the service of the latter closing in 1885.

The Second Congregational church of Wilton was organized July 18, 1823, with seventeen members. Its services were held at first in the "brick hall," so called, over a store at Wilton Centre, but no pastor was settled until December, 1830, when William Richardson of Andover seminary was ordained and installed, a meeting-house having been erected the previous year. Mr. Richardson continued in the pastorate ten years. There was then an interregnum of two years or more, during which Rev. Humphrey Moore of Milford supplied most of the

time. January 4, 1843, Rev. Charles Whiting was ordained and installed, and continued until 1850. In 1851 this church and society received an earnest invitation to remove their place of worship to the then rapidly growing village of East Wilton, which was thus far without any church. This proposal was promptly acted upon, and a church edifice there erected, which was dedicated June 10, 1852, and immediately occu-



Second Congregational Church.

pied, though there was no settled pastor until February, 1856, when Rev. Ebenezer S. Jordan was called, remaining till November, 1859. He was succeeded, December 5, 1860, by Rev. Daniel E. Adams, whose pastorate extended over a period of sixteen years, the longest which the church has known. Rev. J. Newton Brown was acting pastor for two years, and was succeeded by Rev. Alfred E. Tracy, who was installed May 3, 1880, remaining till May 13, 1885. Subsequently the pulpit was supplied for brief periods by Revs. Collins G. Burnham, I. H. B. Headley, C. L. Woolworth, and R. J. Kyle. Rev. Charles H. Dutton was installed in May, 1893, and continued till October, 1899, when he was succeeded by Rev. Alfred E. Tracy, who was called to his second pastorate, which he still holds. This church has a

present membership of ninety, with a Sunday-school of over one hundred members, and a flourishing home department. Mr. Tracy, the pastor, is a native of West Brookfield, Mass., born July 2, 1845. He graduated from Amherst college in 1869 and Andover Theological seminary in 1872, and was ordained at Harvard, Mass., in September of that year, serving as pastor there two years, and at Oconomowoc, Wis., four years before his first settlement in Wilton, and spending a large portion of the time between his Wilton pastorates on the Pacific coast.

The Liberal Christian, or what is



Unitarian Church.

more generally known as the Unitarian church, was organized in the village, or East Wilton, in 1869, and its present church edifice erected and dedicated that year. The building is well located and conveniently arranged, with all modern improvements, including lecture room, vestry, parlor, kitchen, Sunday-school room, etc., in the basement. The first pastor of this church was Rev. Aubrey M. Pendleton, who served from 1869 to 1875. Charles H. Tindell was pastor from April, 1877, to November, 1878, and James J. Twiss

from November, 1879, to April, 1884. Rev. Frank L. Phalen, later of Concord, and now of Worcester, Mass., was installed in 1886, and remained two years. In 1890 came Rev. John C. Mitchell (the interval being filled by intermittent supplies), who continued till 1897. Rev. William F. Furman, the present pastor, began his work in January, 1898. Mr. Furman is a native of Albany, N. Y., where he graduated from the High school, and was for two years connected with the editorial staff of one of the daily papers. He is a graduate of Dartmouth college, and of the Hartford Theological seminary, and has also pursued a post-graduate course in the Harvard Divinity school. He was ordained as pastor of the Congregational church in Stockton, Cal., in 1886, but joined the Unitarians in 1892, and was for five years pastor of a Unitarian church in Providence, R. I.



Rev. William F. Furman.

The business committee of the Liberal Christian church is Harvey E. Whiting, Nash Simons, Albert Beard. The clerk and treasurer is George E. Blanchard. There is a vigorous branch, of sixty members, of the National Woman's Alliance, a most important factor in the work of the church. The creed of this church consists simply of the broad declaration: "In the love of the truth and in the spirit of Jesus Christ, we unite for the worship of God and the service of man." There are about seventy-five families connected with the society.

The pulpit of the old First church



First Congregational Church.

at the center, now known as the "First Congregational Unitarian Society of Wilton Centre," has been filled by the pastor of the Liberal Christian church in East Wilton since 1886, the hours of service being so fixed as to permit such arrange-

ment. Though affected by the turn in the tide of population, this church maintains an independent resolute existence, proud of its old memories and ambitious for a continued usefulness. The Sunday-school connected with this society is one of the oldest in the country. It is claimed that the first Sunday-schools organized in the United States were located at Boston, Mass., Beverly, Mass., and Wilton. Also one of the earliest parish libraries is that to be found in the Unitarian parsonage at Wilton Centre, consisting of some 1,500 volumes, and containing "many a quaint and curious volume of forgotten lore." The date of the oldest book is 1612, but there are also many recent volumes, as there is a fund for making additions. Though chiefly theological it still contains many books of general interest, like "Hallam," "Tennyson's Life of His Father," and "Allen's Life of Phillips Brooks." The resources of this library were recently drawn upon by a prominent writer who is preparing a new history of Unitarianism. The business committee of the church is John F. Kimball, James Sheldon, Mrs. Ella Putnam. Mr. A. D. Abbot is the treasurer, and also superintendent of the Sunday-school.

A Baptist church was organized in this town April 7, 1817, with eleven members, one of whom, Joseph Smith, who was made a deacon soon after the organization, survived until March 16, 1883, holding the office until his death. On the day of organization thirteen more members were added, six by letter and seven by baptism. In June of the following year, Rev. Ezra Wilmoth became the pastor, continuing till 1823. Rev.



Baptist Church, Wilton Centre.

Buel Lathrop, succeeded for a year, and for some time after neighboring pastors supplied. In 1827 the present meeting-house was built by the church and society, at Wilton Centre, it being dedicated on November 7 of that year at which time Rev. Simon Fletcher was ordained pastor, serving two years. Succeeding pastors were Rev. John Cannon, Rev. N. W. Smith, Rev. J. T. Appleton, Rev. Henry Tonkin, Rev. Horace Eaton, Rev. Nelson B. Jones, Rev. S. C. Fletcher, Rev. William Libbey, Rev. J. H. Lerner, Rev. George C. Trow, Rev. C. H. Eveleth, Rev. T. O. Harlow, Rev. F. C. Wright, and Rev. Winfield G. Hubbard, the present pastor, settled in 1897. This church has now forty-six members, with a Sunday-school of fifty scholars attached. M. L. Moore is clerk, Chas. F. Wright, treasurer, and E. M. Purdy, superintendent of the Sunday-school.

In 1867 the first Catholic services were held in Wilton, the adherents of that faith already constituting a very considerable proportion of the population of the town, a large Irish element coming in with the advent of the railroad, which was completed to East Wilton in 1851. Rev. Father O'Donnell of Nashua was the first clergyman to officiate, mass being

said at first in a private house, and subsequently in the Depot hall. In 1868, Rev. Patrick Holahan, who had been appointed pastor at Milford, had Wilton added among other missions in his care, and gave no little attention to the work, subsequently for a time making his headquarters here, but afterward removing to Peterborough. In 1877, Rev. E. E. Buckle assumed the parish, and four years later he commenced the erection of the Sacred Heart church, the present edifice, which was soon completed. In 1882 Father Buckle took up his residence in Wilton, purchasing the present rectory, nearly opposite the church, at a cost of \$4,000, and leaving the parish in excellent condition, when succeeded by Rev. P. L. McEvoy, in 1891, whose pastorate extended over nearly seven years, during which a parochial cemetery, in a very eligible location, was established, extensive church improvements made, and a parochial



Catholic Church.

school established. Upon the death of Father McEvoy, in January, 1898, the present pastor, Rev. William J. O'Connor, was appointed to the care of the parish. He is a native of Manchester, born February 26, 1863, and was educated in the parochial



Rev. William J. O'Connor.

schools of that city, at Montreal college, Holy Cross, and Notre Dame university, graduating from the latter in 1883, and pursuing his theological studies at Laval university, Quebec. He was ordained to the priesthood, June 13, 1886, by Bishop Bradley at Manchester, and before coming to Wilton had served an appointment as assistant at the Immaculate Conception church, Nashua, and for ten years as resident pastor of St. Thomas church at Derry, with charge of the Epping and Goff's Falls missions, building churches meanwhile in all of these places, and clearing away the greater portion of the large debt incurred at Derry.

Since assuming the Wilton pastorate he has effected many improvements, including the addition of a fine bell, electric light equipment, etc., and has accomplished much for the betterment of his people, who made up a congregation of more than six hundred.

In few towns of the state of the same size are secret and fraternal organizations more extensively represented than in Wilton. Masonry early established itself in this town, Clinton Lodge, No. 52, A. F. & A. M., having been chartered June 13, 1827, and holding its meetings in the old "brick hall" at the Centre, Rev. Thomas Beede, pastor of the First church, being the first worshipful master, and also noted as a man of great intellectual power and force of character. He was followed in succession by George Kinson, Elijah Stockwell, Ephraim Brown, Eliphalet Putnam, Madison Templeton, Lewis Howard, Caleb W. Hodgdon, Charles H. Burns, Thomas H. Dillon, William A. Davis, George S. Neville, David Gregg, Daniel Cragin, David W. Russell, John Gage, William H. Barnes, Rufus F. Stowe, Frank E. Hutchinson, William H. Putnam, Frank P. Martin, John F. Smith, Warren P. Putnam, Cyrus M. Ingalls, George E. Bales, Robert B. Cotton, William H. Gray. This lodge has to-day over eighty members, the present worshipful master being George G. Tolford, with Charles A. Burns, S. W.; Fred B. Howe, J. W.; Henry L. Emerson, treasurer; Warren P. Putnam, secretary; Elmer F. Richardson, S. D.; David G. Forbush, J. D.; John F. Smith, chaplain; William I. Durgin, S. S.; Edwin A. French, J. S.;

George E. Bales, marshal; Willis B. Hopkins, tyler; David E. Proctor, representative to Grand Lodge.

During the early years of its history the lodge continued to meet at the Centre, but for nearly a score of years, covering the period of the anti-Masonry crusade it held no meetings. In 1857 it was rechartered, with its original rank, name, and number, and removed to the village, or East Wilton, where it has since remained, having occupied five different halls, or homes, two of which were destroyed by fire, in two disastrous conflagrations, which desolated this thriving village, in December, 1874, and in January, 1881. Its present spacious, elegant, well appointed and richly furnished home, one of the finest of the kind in the state—the gift of a member and past master, David A. Gregg of Nashua—was dedicated June 16, 1898.

Allied with this lodge is a chapter of the Order of the Eastern Star—



Interior of Masonic Hall.

Charity Chapter, No. 25—organized some three years since, of which Abbie F. Bales is the present worthy master.

Laurel Lodge, No. 78, I. O. O. F., was instituted in Wilton, April 19, 1889, with seven charter members, seventeen new members being initiated on the night of its institution. The lodge started with some cast off paraphernalia kindly donated by a neighboring lodge, some fairly good collars for the officers, and a debt of



Masonic Temple.

\$175, but the members were loyal, sincere, and courageous, took excellent care of the sick and afflicted brothers, and good people were attracted to the order. Since its organization 118 names have been enrolled in the membership list, which now contains 106, 6 having died, and 6 withdrawn.

Laurel Lodge owns its home, hav-



Odd Fellows' Building.

ing erected a capacious and well arranged building, for its own purposes, and moved into the same in 1897. Aside from the lodge room and its adjuncts, there is a fine banquet hall, with a seating capacity of 150. The charter members were George E. Hartwell, Richard M. Moore, Willis B. Hopkins, David A. Striles, Maurice J. Herlihy, Samuel M. Upton, and Anson J. Rideout. George E. Hartwell was the first noble grand, and the succession has been as follows: R. M. Moore, Willis B. Hopkins, M. J. Herlihy, S. F. Murray, S. M. Upton, J. C. Beals, H. R. Chase, E. W. Hesselton, F. W. Clark, A. J. Rideout, H. A. Proctor, S. B. Center, E. D. Fry, Jerry Driscoll, C. H. Dutton, A. O. Baker, P. J. Abbot, F. W. Tolford, Edward P. Sodde-man, C. O. Proctor, Frank E. Proctor, Fred B. Howe, the last named being now in office.

Mayflower Lodge, No. 40, Daughters of Rebekah, was instituted April 19, 1891, with fourteen charter members, initiating thirty-six on the evening of institution. This lodge has now 140 members, all earnest workers in the cause of the order, Mrs. Mabel J. Stearns being the present noble grand.

The Grand Army of the Republic is represented in Wilton by Abiel A. Livermore Post, No. 71, instituted September 6, 1883, with seventeen charter members, Capt. A. A. Clark being the first commander. It has now twenty-four members, and the present commander is Charles W. Edwards. Its meetings are held in



Mill Hill, from Rear of Emerson's Store.

Proctor's hall. A Woman's Relief Corps, of the same name, No. 52, was instituted December 6, 1888, with thirty-two charter members, Mrs. Mary J. Hartwell being the first president. It has a present membership of thirty-three, and Miss Josie R. Hutchinson is president. Its meetings are held in the Congregational vestry.

Court Wilton, No. 16, Foresters of America, was organized here June

9, 1893, with fifteen charter members, John F. Herlihy being the first chief ranger. The court has now eighty-seven members. John E. Fitzgerald is chief ranger; D. F. Herley, S. C. R.; Eugene F. Kennedy, financial secretary; Cornelius Buckley, treasurer; Fred W. Welch, recording secretary; John R. Hickey, deputy grand chief ranger.



Railroad Bridge across Souhegan River.

There is also here a branch of the Catholic Order of Foresters, organized December 13, 1897, with a present membership of twenty-four, officered as follows: Chief ranger, Auguste Dionne; V. C. R., Auguste T. Dionne; financial secretary, Desiré Burrubé; corresponding secretary, Timothy Peltier; treasurer, George Sylvester.

Forest Colony, No. 125, United Order of Pilgrim Fathers, was chartered in June, 1889, with Charles A. Burns first governor. The present governor is E. D. Smith.

Wilton Division No. 1, of the Ancient Order of Hibernians, was organized in 1874, with eighteen charter members, but during the period of depression, a few years later, was disbanded. October 7, 1886, it was re-organized, and is now in a flour-

ishing condition, with nearly fifty members, and funds in the treasury amounting to about \$23 per capita. It occupies a hall in Stanton's block on Main street. Present officers are: President, Cornelius Buckley; vice-president, Thomas Herley; recording secretary, Daniel O'Neil; financial secretary, D. P. Stanton; treasurer, D. M. Brennan. In connection with this organization should be mentioned the Ladies' Auxiliary, organized in November, 1896. It has now thirty-seven members. Nellie Mahoney is president; Minnie Cain, vice-president; Mary Herley, recording secretary; Margaret Fitzgerald, financial secretary; Delia Cain,



View on Forest Road.

treasurer; Bridget Brennan, sergeant-at-arms, and Nellie Fitzgerald, sentinel.

Among the enterprising and progressive farmers of Wilton, the Grange, or order of Patrons of Husbandry, secured a foothold quite early in the history of the order in New Hampshire, Advance grange, No. 20, having been instituted here by Deputy C. C. Shaw of Milford, February 20, 1874, with thirty char-

ter members. Henry Gray was the first master, and among the charter members was George L. Dascombe, subsequently for six years chaplain of the state grange. This grange celebrated its twenty-fifth anniversary with appropriate exercises, February 22, 1899. It has now eighty-six members. Henry H. Putnam is master; Mrs. Mary A. Rideout, lecturer, and Mrs. Mary S. Flint, secretary. Its meetings are held in Citizens' hall, at the Center, which was erected for a town hall after the burning of the old church, and occupied as such until the removal of the town-meetings to the village.

Manufacturing, to some extent, in various lines, has been an important feature of Wilton industry from its earliest history, eligible water power being furnished by the Souhegan river, and its several branches, the fall of the main stream, within the limits of the town, being over two hundred feet. Several saw and grist-mills had been erected before the Revolution, and at least one mill for fulling cloth. Other establishments of different kinds were set up later, and it is a matter of note that for many years, during the first half of the last century, a starch mill—one of the first in New England for the manufacture of potato starch—was operated by Wilton parties on the Mason border.

Various cotton and woolen manufacturing enterprises have been put in operation in town at different times since the development of these industries, with varying degrees of success and failure, the first being incorporated in 1814 by William Bales and Amos Holt, Jr. Fifteen years later the Wilton Manufacturing com-

pany was incorporated and carried on quite a business, but its mill was burned in 1839. A new company, with the same name and charter, was formed in 1848, and the erection of another mill commenced, its completion and the commencement of business being about contemporaneous with the completion of the railroad to this point. It was devoted to the manufacture of carpet yarn. Enlargements were made from time to time, more than doubling its capacity, but it was destroyed by fire in March, 1872, when furnishing employment to more than one hundred operatives. Later enterprises, each doing considerable business for a time, were the Davis Manufacturing company, the Newell Manufacturing company, and the Wilton company, the two former producing carpet yarns, and the latter cotton warps, yarns, and twines.

In 1882 Colony Brothers, sons of Henry Colony of Keene, commenced the erection of the most extensive factory Wilton has ever known, completing the same, and beginning the manufacture of flannels and woolen dress goods the following year. The mill is of brick with stone foundation, the main building being 125 by 55 feet, with extensions for dye house, boiler and engine room, and picker. Colony Brothers carried on an extensive business for several years, employing some seventy-five hands and manufacturing nearly a million yards of goods per annum, but hard times and resulting depression finally forced a suspension, and the mill remained idle for some time.

In 1894 it passed into the hands of the "Wilton Woolen Company," formed by Charles J. Amidon and



Wilton Woolen Company's Mill.

son, Philip F. Amidon, of Hinsdale, then and since extensively engaged in woolen manufacturing in the latter town, by whom it was soon started up with a full complement of help, and has been in continuous operation ever since.

This is what is known as an eight-sett mill, and gives employment to about 125 operatives. The production includes a large variety of fine grade woollens, including fancy cassimeres and dress goods, the style being changed according to the varying demands of the market, and the superior quality of the goods produced insuring the favor of the trade in competition with other establishments in the same line. The annual output of the mill exceeds \$225,000 in value. The selling agents are Faulkner, Page & Co., of Boston and New York. The annual payroll, amounting to \$50,000, is an important item contributing to the busi-

ness prosperity of the town of Wilton.

Mr. Philip F. Amidon, who has been in control of the business both here and at Hinsdale, as surviving partner, since the death of his father, Hon. Charles J. Amidon, August 21, 1900, is the manager, and Mr. Charles E. Weeks, superintendent.

Philip F. Amidon is a native of the town of Hinsdale, born January 27, 1852. He was educated in the schools of that town, and at Miles' Military school at Brattleboro, Vt., but spent a good portion of his early life in his father's mill, thoroughly familiarizing himself with the business, and becoming a partner therein, upon attaining his majority in 1873. He remained closely identified with this successful industry in Hinsdale, long known as one of the best managed woolen manufacturing establishments in the state, until his removal to Wilton, to take charge

of the affairs of the new company in 1894, and to his sound judgment and thorough business knowledge and sagacity, is largely due the success which has kept this establishment in full operation through the intervening years, up to the present time.

Although devoted to his business he is a public-spirited citizen, interested in everything that pertains to the welfare of the community. He



Philip F. Amidon.

is a Republican in politics, but not an active partisan, and has never sought political preferment, but was elected a representative to the general court from Wilton in 1898, by a majority of more than fifty votes, although the town is ordinarily strongly Democratic and gave Charles F. Stone, the Democratic nominee for governor, more than fifty majority at the same election. Mr. Amidon is actively identified with the Masonic organization, being a member of Golden Rule

Lodge, A. F. & A. M., of Hinsdale, and Hugh De Payens Commandery, K. T., of Keene. He is also a Scottish Rite Mason of the thirty-second degree. He was united in marriage, June 25, 1891, with Annie E., adopted daughter of Col. James F. Estey of Brattleboro, Vt.

Charles E. Weeks, superintendent of the Wilton Woolen company's mills, is a practical woolen manufacturer, thoroughly informed in all the details of the business, in which he has been engaged from boyhood, and particularly skilled as a designer. He is a native of Wappenger's Falls, N. Y., where he was born February 25, 1854. He commenced work at an early age in Fishkill, N. Y., and was subsequently engaged in different mills in that state and elsewhere. For five years previous to 1891 he was superintendent of the Great Falls Woolen Company's establishment, in the present city of Somersworth, and then engaged with the Amidons, as superintendent of their mills at Hinsdale, coming to Wilton when they assumed charge of the plant here, in 1894, and taking direction of the mechanical department of the business, although still remaining superintendent at Hinsdale. His residence is established in Wilton, though he divides his time between the two concerns. His thorough mechanical knowledge and familiarity with all the practical demands of the business, together with his tact in management and resulting popularity with the employés, make him an ideal man for the position he holds. He is popular in the community at large as well as with the mill operatives, but has little time or inclination for public and political affairs.

Mr. Weeks is also a member of the Masonic order—a member of Libanus Lodge at Somersworth and of St. Paul's Commandery at Dover; also a member of Aleppo Temple, Mystic Shrine, of Boston.

Aside from the Wilton Woolen Company's establishment, and a furniture manufactory, located on the next privilege below, and operated for some time past by the Howard Furniture company of Nashua, the only considerable manufacturing business of the village at present is that conducted by the well-known firm of D. Whiting & Sons, at the upper dam where is an extensive lumber mill and box factory, a grist-mill, and an extensive butter factory.

The name of Whiting has been prominently identified with the business and industrial life of the town of Wilton for more than half a century. The late David Whiting, only son of Oliver and Fanny Stiles Whiting, was born in this town, August 26, 1810. His father was a large farmer, industrious and pushing, and he was inured to labor and imbued with the spirit of enterprise from his earliest years, securing such education only as the winter terms of the district school afforded, but, endowed with strong powers of observation, he laid in a large store of practical information, which was always at ready command in all the emergencies of life. For a time he was in charge of a store belonging to his father, in the town of Temple, and subsequently was located, for about three years, in Fitchburg, Mass., where he was engaged in mercantile business, as well as in building operations, finally selling out and returning to Wilton, to the old home-

stead, which he soon purchased and engaged extensively in agricultural operations, making dairying a leading specialty, his being, indeed, one of the leading dairy farms in the state.

With the advent of the railroad to Wilton, Mr. Whiting inaugurated operations in the milk contracting business for the Boston market, parties in that city engaging in the



Charles E. Weeks.

venture at first, through his influence and employing his services in the active management of the enterprise, which rapidly increased in extent until it came to be a leading business in that section of the state, Mr. Whiting having finally become the proprietor, and devoting his energies, in the main, to the demands of the business, turning the care of the farm over to his eldest son, Harvey A. Ultimately both sons, Harvey A. and George O., became partners with



David Whiting.

their father in the business, which continued to increase, being extended through to Keene and the Connecticut river, with the completion of the railroad to the former point, and also covering the territory along the Manchester & North Weare, Concord & Claremont, and Peterboro & Hillsboro lines.

In connection with the milk business an extensive butter manufacturing plant was also established at Wilton, cheese also being produced quite largely at first, though that branch of the business was not long continued. For a time a large amount of milk direct from the farmers' dairies was here manufactured into butter, but in recent years all purchased has gone direct to the Boston market, and the cream from

the surplus only sent back to the butter factory, whose product amounts to about 1,000 pounds per day on the average.

David Whiting married, October 5, 1830, Emma, daughter of Isaac Spalding, then of Wilton, but subsequently of Nashua, where he became prominent in railroad affairs. She was a woman of strong intelligence and great force of character, and a faithful helpmeet, contributing in large measure to his success in life. Five children were born to them, the two sons already mentioned, and three daughters,—Mrs. Frances E. Spencer of Lexington, Mass., Mrs. Maria A. Van Alstine of Louisville, Ky., and Mrs. Lizzie M. Bradford of Chicago, Ill. Mr. Whiting was a public-spirited citizen and engaged



Harvey A. Whiting.

in many enterprises calculated to promote the prosperity of the town. He erected and managed for several years a large hotel known as the Whiting House. This was burned in 1874, in one of the disastrous conflagrations that have devastated the village of Wilton, and from which it has arisen phoenix like, as it were, through the pluck and persistency of its citizens. Subsequently Mr. Whiting donated to the town the land which had been occupied as the hotel site, and upon which is now located the spacious and finely appointed town building, among the best in the state, erected in 1884. Mr. Whiting enjoyed in the highest measure the respect and confidence of his fellow-citizens, served them on various important committees and represented

them in the state legislature. He died January 11, 1892.

Harvey Augustus Whiting, eldest son of David and Emma (Spalding) Whiting, was born in Fitchburg, October 27, 1833, and educated in the schools of Wilton and Nashua and at Hancock academy. He married, September 20, 1855, Mary Elizabeth Kimball of Lowell. Their children are Isaac Spalding, born December 7, 1858 (a graduate of Harvard college, class of 1882); George, February 16, 1861; John Kimball, January 22, 1863; Fanny, June 26, 1868; David, July 7, 1870; Charles Frederick, July 27, 1875. Isaac S. and George are now residents of Somerville, Mass., and John K. of Brookline. The others retain their home in Wilton, Fanny, the daughter, be-

ing the wife of George G. Blanchard, prominently connected with the office of D. Whiting & Sons.

Mr. Whiting has been an incessant and energetic worker all his life. Early taking charge of the extensive operations of his father's large farm, and subsequently engaging in the milk business, and its important ad-

For many years before his father's death he naturally assumed the burden of the firm's business in Wilton, and of late it has been entirely in his hands, his brother, George O., having, in fact, removed to Lexington, Mass., some thirty years ago, devoting himself to the Boston end of the business, and also being interested in



Residence of Harvey A. Whiting.

juncts, as a member of the firm of D. Whiting & Sons, and always, upon call, giving of his time and labor in the conduct of town business and the promotion of various public enterprises, he has been unquestionably the busiest man in Wilton for the last forty years. Although a young man he was a member of the board of selectmen all through the war period, from 1861 to 1865, inclusive, and was a representative in the legislature in 1865 and 1866. Politically he is a Democrat, and in religion he is a Unitarian, and a liberal supporter of the church in Wilton, and all the interests connected therewith.

other milk lines in Massachusetts. The old homestead was sold to the county of Hillsborough, many years ago, and long known as the county farm, but he has always been actively engaged in agriculture, and has three large farms at the present time, keeping about a hundred cows and young cattle, altogether. At the grist-mill of the firm about three carloads of corn is ground per week, and an extensive trade is carried on in grain and the various lines of mill feed, supplying customers all through the territory embraced in the milk routes. The lumber business is also an important item, the manufacture

of staves and boxes being extensively carried on. Boxes for B. T. Babbitt's soap manufactory are made here, also boxes and cases for the local manufacturing concerns. An extensive wood and coal trade is also conducted in connection with the company's business, which, in all departments, employs from thirty to fifty hands.

Prominent among the minor industries of Wilton, and one of no little note and importance, as the most successful in its line in New England, is that of Mr. Daniel Cragin, located some two and a half miles from the village on a branch of Stony Brook, the northern tributary of the Souhegan. Mr. Cragin has here built up an extensive business in the manufacture of dry measures, with knife trays and other novelties of wooden ware incident thereto. He commenced over forty years ago, on a capital of ten dollars, making knife trays and toys of various kinds, and gradually increasing his business. About 1876 he began with the dry



Daniel Cragin.

measures, to which he has since mainly devoted his attention, and with which he has been remarkably successful, having invented various kinds of machinery to facilitate production which give him a marked advantage over all others in the same line. Commencing with a small shop he has made successive enlargements with the increase of his busi-



Residence of Daniel Cragin.

ness till he has now a large factory, which is a model of convenience in the matter of arrangement, and fitted with the most perfect labor-saving appliances in all departments, and nearly all of his own invention. Both water and steam are used as motive power. Mr. Cragin has a fine residence near his factory, and owns large tracts of hardwood timber land in different sections, thus insuring an abundant supply of timber for use in his business in any emergency.

Mr. Cragin is a native of the town of Merrimack, the fourth of ten children of Augustus and Almira (Boyn-ton) Cragin, born December 31, 1836. When he was an infant his parents removed to a farm in Temple, where he was reared. At the age of seventeen he went to Lyndeborough, where he engaged with one John Newell, for three years to learn cabinet work.



Summer Home of Rear Admiral Walker, Wilton.

Subsequently, with a partner, he purchased his employer's business, but soon disposed of his interest and came to Wilton, engaging for a time with the Putnam company, and subsequently commencing for himself as stated. He married, March 29, 1859, Jane L., daughter of John and Lucetta (Draper) Dolliver of Lyndebor-

ough. In politics Mr. Cragin is a Democrat, and liberal in his religious views. He is a Free Mason, and a past master of Clinton Lodge. He has been several times a member of the board of selectmen, serving three years as chairman, and twice as a representative in the state legislature. He has also been the nominee of his party for state senator. Mr. Cragin is an enterprising citizen, an intelligent observer of men and affairs, and with his wife has traveled extensively in different sections of the country.

While the people of Wilton have never suffered from lack of professional service in any line since the days of the pioneer settlers, who naturally experienced deprivations of all sorts, yet the number of lawyers who have lived and practised in this town has been smaller than in most towns of its size, and there are to-day only two members of the legal profession living in the town. The elder of these is the Hon. Charles H. Burns, one of the most eminent members of the New Hampshire bar, whose fame as an advocate, as well as an orator on general occasions, is more than state-wide.

Charles Henry Burns, son of Charles A. and Elizabeth (Hutchinson) Burns, is a native of the town of Milford, born January 19, 1835. His first American ancestor was John Burns, of Scotch descent, who came from the north of Ireland in 1736 and settled in Milford ten years later, where he died in 1782. Charles A. Burns, a representative of the fourth generation of the family in the country, was a farmer in Milford, a man of strong character and marked intelligence. Elizabeth Hutchinson, his



Hon. Charles H. Burns.

wife, was a descendant of Richard Hutchinson, one of the early settlers of Salem, Mass., and from him descended Nathan Hutchinson, one of the first settlers of Milford, whose descendants have always been prominent in the town, and who was the great-grandfather of Mrs. Burns. Charles Henry was reared upon the farm, and early inured to labor, gaining thereby the vigorous physical development and stamina, which equipped him so admirably for successful devotion to persistent intellectual effort in the later years. He attended the common schools in Milford, and, seeking further instruction, entered Appleton academy, at New Ipswich, from which he graduated in 1854. Having determined to follow the legal profession he entered

the office of the late Col. O. W. Lull of Milford, where he read law for a time and subsequently attended the Harvard Law school, graduating with the class of 1858. In May of that year he was admitted to the Suffolk bar, and in October following was admitted to practice in this state, locating in Wilton in January, 1859, where he has ever since had his home, and where he soon established a large practice, winning in a few years so high a reputation that the demand for his professional service necessitated the removal of his office to Nashua. No man now living in the state has held a higher rank at the New Hampshire bar for the last twenty-five years than has Mr. Burns. While a thorough lawyer in all lines of professional work, he is particularly

noted as an advocate and on this account, especially, his services have long been widely sought. Aside from a large general practice he has had much service as a railroad lawyer, having been the attorney of the old Boston & Lowell railroad, of the Concord, and of the Boston & Maine, of which latter corporation he is still a leading attorney.

of the state senate in 1873 and again in 1879, serving both years as chairman of the judiciary committee. He was appointed by Gov. Natt Head as judge advocate general upon his staff, with the rank of brigadier-general. He was a delegate at large from New Hampshire in the Republican National convention of 1876, and was president of the State con-



Residence of Hon. Charles H. Burns.

His ability as an orator has been given wide scope in other than professional directions. His services as a public speaker, upon special and general occasions, have been in large demand, both at home and abroad, while as a champion of the principles of the Republican party, of which he has been an earnest supporter from youth, he has rendered more extended and efficient service upon the stump than any other member of the party in the state. In 1864 and 1865 Mr. Burns was treasurer of Hillsborough county. He was a member

vention of 1878. He has repeatedly been suggested as a proper candidate for the United States senatorship, but has never been actively in the field in that connection.

Mr. Burns married, January 19, 1856, Sarah N. Mills of Milford, by whom he has had eight children, two sons and two daughters surviving. The eldest son, Charles A., educated at St. Paul's school, Concord, is president of the Union Soap Stone company of Boston, residing in Somerville; the second son, Ben E., educated at Phillips Exeter academy,

Harvard college, and Boston University Law school, is in partnership with his father in practice at Nashua. The eldest daughter is the wife of W. A. Gregg of Nashua, while the youngest remains at home.

Mr. Burns has an elegant home on High street in Wilton, wherein he has also one of the finest private libraries in the state. He is a loyal son of New Hampshire, and deeply interested in all that pertains to the welfare of the state, as well as of his adopted town, whose material prosperity he has contributed largely to promote in numberless directions. He has ever retained a strong love for agriculture, and has a thoroughly cultivated farm just out of the village, where he keeps several fine horses, and a number of thoroughbred Jersey cows.

Mr. Burns is a liberal Congregationalist, and a thirty-second degree Mason, an honorary member of the New Hampshire Historical society, and of the New England Historical and Genealogical society.

The only member of the legal profession in active practice in Wilton at the present time (Mr. Burns's office being at Nashua) is George E. Bales, a native of the town, and a representative of one of the oldest families, being a great grandson of William Bales, one of the first settlers of Wilton. He is the son of Charles A. and Frances M. (Hardy) Bales, born September 14, 1862. His father is one of the most respected citizens and active business men of the town, being the senior member of the firm of Bales & Putnam carrying on a large business in blacksmithing and carriage making.

George E. Bales was educated in

the public schools, Francestown academy, and Phillips academy at Exeter, graduating from the latter in 1885. He then took a special course at Harvard college and commenced the study of law with ex-Governor Brackett in Boston. He graduated from Boston University Law school in the class of 1888, and commenced the practice of his profession in Wilton in September following. He has pursued the same with such faithfulness and diligence that he has to-day an office and general practice, surpassed in extent by that of few lawyers of his age in the county, and certainly by none outside the cities. Mr. Bales holds the confidence of his fellow-citizens in the highest measure. He has served them as town treasurer six years, as a member of the school board seven years, as moderator twelve years, and in the state legislature two terms—for the sessions of 1895 and 1897, serving in each as a member of the judiciary committee, and taking a leading part in the business of the house, although a member of the minority party. He has also served several years as a trustee of the public library. January 1, 1889, he was elected treasurer of the Wilton Savings bank, an institution established in 1864, and whose deposits doubled during the first four years of his incumbency, but which was subsequently forced into liquidation by the general depression which swamped so many similar institutions in that section of the state. He was the treasurer until January, 1900, when he was appointed assignee by the court, and has already paid the depositors about seventy per cent.

October 16, 1889, Mr. Bales was



George E. Bales.

united in marriage with Abbie M., a daughter of Francis B. French of Wilton. Both he and Mrs. Bales are constant attendants and earnest supporters of the Unitarian church. Politically he is a Democrat, and was a delegate to the National convention of the party in 1896. He is a member of Clinton Lodge, No. 52, F. & A. M., of which he was master for three years, and of King Solomon Chapter, Royal Arch Masons, of Milford. He is grand patron of the Grand Chapter of the Order of the Eastern Star of New Hampshire. He is also a member of Laurel Lodge, No. 78, I. O. O. F.

Of the three resident physicians in Wilton Dr. George W. Hatch has been longest in practice in town. He is a native of the town of Lyndeborough, a son of Charles G. and Eliza-

beth (Blanchard) Hatch, born September 3, 1855. He was educated in the common schools, at the Milford High school, and the Chandler Scientific department of Dartmouth college, and graduated from Dartmouth Medical college, November 11, 1879, commencing the practice of his profession in Wilton, December 27, following, where he has ever since remained, in the enjoyment of a successful practice, and the friendly regard of his fellow-citizens. He has served for fifteen years as a member of the town board of health. February 25, 1880, he was united in marriage with Marcella Smith of Milford, who died March 17, 1899, leaving a son and daughter, Fred M., and Lydia E. Dr. Hatch is a Republican and a Congregationalist, and a



George W. Hatch, M. D.

member of Clinton Lodge, A. F. & A. M., and Laurel Lodge, I. O. O. F., of Wilton.

The various lines of mercantile business are as well represented in Wilton as in other villages of its size in the state, the most prominent merchant at the present time being Maj. David E. Proctor, in general trade, at what is known as the "Depot store," since 1870. Major Proctor is a son of the late Sylvester Proctor of Lyndeborough, born March 5, 1843. He was educated in the district schools and at Appleton academy, Mont Vernon, and at the age of nineteen, August 14, 1862, enlisted as a private in the Thirteenth New Hampshire Infantry for service in the war against the Rebellion. He was successively promoted to corporal and sergeant, and, on February 10, 1864, was commissioned a captain and assigned to duty in the Thirtieth regi-



Major David E. Proctor.

ment, United States Colored Troops, and served gallantly to the close of the war, being severely wounded while in command of the picket line, at Point of Rocks, Virginia, November 28, 1864. He was breveted major, for gallant and meritorious services, March 13, 1865, and honorably discharged December 10 of that year, having served three years and four months.

Major Proctor has been an active, earnest, and popular member of the Grand Army of the Republic since the organization of Post O. W. Lull, at Milford, taking a transfer to Harvey Holt Post at Lyndeborough, and subsequently to Abiel A. Livermore Post of Wilton, upon its organization, and which he has long served as adjutant, and of which he has also been commander, as also of the New Hampshire department for the last term, than whom no more popular man ever filled the position. Major Proctor was for two years town clerk and two years selectman at Lyndeborough, and was census enumerator for his district in 1870. Removing to Wilton in 1870 he was for two years clerk with D. Gregg & Co., at the "Depot store," then became a partner, and has been sole proprietor since 1880. Although a staunch Republican, and acting with the minority in politics, he has served several years as town treasurer, and was elected representative for 1881-'82, making an excellent record for intelligent service. In 1899-1900 he represented his district efficiently in the state senate. He is a trustee of the public library, president of the board of trustees of the savings bank, and has served several years upon the school board, being now the senior member

and treasurer. January 10, 1866, he married Sarah M., daughter of Dea. John C. Goodrich of Lyndeborough. They have four sons, a daughter—the wife of Fred B. Howe—and five charming grandchildren. Major Proctor is an active Free Mason, an Odd Fellow, and a member of the Massachusetts Commandery of the Loyal Legion.



George G. Tolford.

George G. Tolford, representative from Wilton in the present New Hampshire legislature, and an active business man of the town, was born in Bedford, July 17, 1860, a son of Elbridge G. and Nancy J. (Stewart) Tolford. He remained at home on his father's farm till twenty years of age, then spent a few years on a farm in New Boston, and removed to Wilton in 1886, entering the employ of S. H. Dunbar in the meat and provision business, remaining till 1890, when, in company with H. F. Matthews he bought out the business.

In 1898 he purchased Mr. Matthews' interest, and has since conducted the business alone. October 27, 1886, he married Miss Emma Flynn of New Boston. They have two children, a boy and girl. Mr. Tolford is a Democrat in politics. He is a member of the board of fire engineers, and served for six years, from 1895, as a member of the board of selectmen. He is a member and present master of Clinton Lodge, A. F. & A. M., a member of King Solomon's Chapter, R. A. M., of Milford, and Israel Hunt Council, R. S. M., of Nashua. He is also an Odd Fellow, and an attendant at the Unitarian church.



Lewis H. Baldwin.

Lewis H. Baldwin, postmaster of Wilton, is a native of the town, a son of John B. and Louise (Perham) Baldwin, born June 25, 1873. He received his education in the town schools, and was united in marriage, April 29, 1896, with Miss Melvillena

Holt of Wilton. They have one son, Kenneth, born December 3, 1898. Previous to his appointment as postmaster, May 28, 1898, he was for some time employed as a clerk in the store of D. E. Proctor, and later in that of F. W. Clark, there gaining the acquaintance with the public which admirably fits him for the position he holds. It was largely through his enterprise that the admirable system of free rural mail delivery, which Wilton enjoys, embracing three routes, and covering nearly the entire town and extending beyond its borders, was established. Mr. Baldwin is a Republican, a Unitarian, and a member of Clinton Lodge, A. F. & A. M.

Among the best known of the older citizens of Wilton is Moses Clark, a native of the town of Acworth, son of Samuel and Abigail (Howe) Clark, born October 17, 1820. He was educated in the district school and at the Unity Military and Scientific school then under the instruction of Alonzo A. Miner, subsequently a noted Universalist clergyman. He taught school in the winter and did farm work summers for several years, and then engaged in the manufacture of boots and shoes for a time. Subsequently he was for fifteen years



Residence of Moses Clark.



Hon. Frank G. Clarke.

traveling salesman for the Acworth Boot & Shoe company, establishing his home in Wilton. For eighteen years, up to January, 1889, he was treasurer of the Wilton Savings bank, of which he was also a trustee. Mr. Clark has always taken a strong interest in town affairs, although not a member of the dominant party, being a decided Republican, and was chairman of the town history committee, also of the committee arranging the celebration of the One Hundred and Fiftieth anniversary of the settlement of the towns. He was for many years a deputy sheriff, and several years collector of taxes. He is a member of Clinton Lodge, A. F. & A. M., and has been its secretary. He married, first, Julia L. Gay, May 7, 1846, who died February 3, 1891. February 11, 1892, he married his present wife, Mrs. Hannah L. (Martin) Cram. By his first wife Mr. Clark had one son and two daughters, the son being the late lamented Frank G. Clarke, member of congress for

the Second New Hampshire district, whose sudden death last January was a source of universal regret throughout the state.

Among the most enterprising and successful business men in Wilton is Michael P. Stanton, a native of Ireland, born September 22, 1850, who came to Wilton in 1868. He was employed by A. J. Putnam for about five years, and was then for about the same time in the service of the Boston & Lowell railroad. He then, in 1878, commenced business for himself, in the grocery line, and has continued the same, with marked success, up to the present day. In 1884, he married Mary E. Dillion. Ten children have been born to them, eight of whom are now attending the public schools. Mr. Stanton was one of the representatives from Wilton in the legislature of 1899. He has also been for several years chief engineer of the fire department. He belongs



Michael P. Stanton



Residence of Michael P. Stanton.

to the Foresters of America, the Knights of Columbus, and the Sacred Heart church. He has completed this year, upon a fine lot on Maple street, one of the best residences in town.

The people of Wilton have always manifested a strong regard for the cause of education, and her schools have been of a high order, as is evidenced by the fact that many noted educators have gone out from her borders to broader fields of usefulness. At present there are twelve schools within the town limits—six graded and six ungraded—the former all being accommodated in the spacious and elegant new brick school-house in the village, completed in 1895, at a cost of about \$30,000. These include the high school, under the instruction of Ernest W. Robinson, principal, and Miss Emogene Farnum, as assistant, and eight lower grades, with four teachers, the aggregate attendance upon

all, the present year, being 253. The six ungraded schools, in the outlying districts, have an aggregate attendance of 118. Three years ago vocal music was introduced, and has been successfully maintained as a branch of school instruction, with Miss Annie P. Stevenson of Greenville, as teacher. The town appropriation for school purposes this year is \$5,500. There is a fund of \$10,000, left by the late Hon. Isaac Spalding of Nashua, the income of which is devoted to school purposes. The advantages of the school system are supplemented by those of a large and well selected public library, of several thousand volumes, rooms for which are provided in the spacious town building.

One of the most successful of Wilton's native sons is George O. Whiting, youngest son of David Whiting, born March 20, 1841. He was educated in Wilton, New Ipswich, and Groton, Mass. He resided in Wilton, where he was actively asso-



George O. Whiting.

ciated with his father and brother, Harvey A., in business, till the autumn of 1874, when he removed to Lexington, Mass., where he has since resided, the change being made that he might the more readily look after the Boston interests of the firm. He has since largely extended his operations, and is now president of the C. Brigham Milk company, the Elm Farm Milk company, and the Milk Contractors' Association of Boston. He is also a director of the Wilton railroad, of the Indian Head National bank of Nashua, and the Lexington Savings bank. While in Wilton he represented his town in the legislature in 1867-'68. He is a Democrat in politics, a Unitarian, and a member of Clinton Lodge,

A. F. & A. M. In 1865 he married Laura M., daughter of Hon. Jesse Bowers of Nashua. They have three children,—Emma S., Jessie B., and Grace.

Wilton is the fifth town in the county of Hillsborough, in point of wealth as well as population. Its valuation for the present year is \$986,114.05,—an increase of about \$31,000 over last year. The taxes assessed for 1901 amount to \$17,750.05, the rate being \$1.80 per \$1,000. The railway advantages of the place are especially good, with two through trains per day each way, and two extra trains between Wilton and Nashua, connecting at

the latter point with trains on the main line. The village streets are well kept, finely shaded, and lighted with electricity, while the drives through the surrounding country are unsurpassed in beauty. Among the romantic resorts in the vicinity is Gaerwen Falls, a charming cascade in one of the tributaries of the Souhegan, about two miles from the village, near which is the summer home of the famous artist, Turner.



Spalding Homestead, Wilton,—Birthplace of Hon. John A. Spalding, Postmaster of Nashua.

NOTE.—The photographs from which the illustrations for this article have been made were furnished largely through the courtesy of Wm. H. Emerson and Perley J. Abbott, with a few from Ernest Martin, Fred B. Howe, and others.



A TOWN ON THE SUNCOOK.

By Mary H. Wheeler.

The river curves and ripples
And holds in its embrace
The close-built heart of the village,
Where winding streets inlace ;

Its waters spreading wider
Close to the highway sweep
Before in solemn grandeur
They o'er the broad dam leap ;

A TOWN ON THE SUNCOOK.

And the roar of its fall is mingled
With the rattle of looms, and the sound
Like a great heart's even throbbing
As the wheels and belts go round

In the many-windowed building
For a cotton mill designed,
With the counting-house beside it
And the weaving-shed behind.

It turns the wheel of the sawmill,
And grinds the corn as it goes ;
And with sullen force through the dark canal
To the shops below it flows.

And the waters reunited
Go laughing, sparkling down
O'er a bed beset with boulders
As they flow beyond the town.

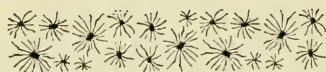
The Gilmanton hills to northward,
Kearsarge afar to the west,
And the rambling ridge of Catamount,
The nearest height and the best,

O'erlook the groups of buildings
By tree-flanked streets and lanes,
Green fields and shining waters,
And twinkle of sun-bright vanes.

A banner of wreathing vapor
Now over the valley trails
With the train of steam cars winding
Along on the iron rails.

The sun comes over the mountain
And smiles on the hills at morn,
And it leaves a golden greeting
In the west when the day is gone.

And at night when the world is sleeping
The stars in their course look down
As if in their special keeping
Were river and peaceful town.



RUTH DARRICOTT.

By Mary M. Currier.

CHAPTER I.

NEIGHBORHOOD COMMERCE.



CALEB TODD closed one eye and half closed the other, tipped his head back, and gave a hasty but knowing squint at the sun. Having satisfied himself in regard to the time, which was not far from 11 a. m., he stood his scythe upon the end of the swath, and taking the blade affectionately under his arm began to caress it gently and somewhat clumsily with a whetstone.

This operation being at length duly completed, he reversed the scythe, put the stone in his hip-pocket, spat toward the ground, but inadvertently hit the toe of his great boot instead, and was about to turn in for another swath when he observed a neighbor coming up the road. This man also had a scythe, and a very long whetstone stuck into a very short pocket, but which, contrary to all expectations, refused to fall out. He came along slowly, apparently wrapped in thought, and was almost past when he seemed to notice Caleb suddenly, and he sauntered up to the fence and leaned over.

"How d' *do*?" said Caleb, who, as soon as he perceived his neighbor, had again stood his scythe on end and was continuing his affectionate demonstrations so as to be conveniently near the fence at the right time.

"How *are* ye?" returned Asa Cudworth. "Pritty good hay weather."

"Yes, good hay weather; good nuff. Gut yourn most cut?"

"Wall, gettin' along middlin' fair. You know I hed the medder, an' the piece over the brook, an' a little jag back o' the gardin to cut when you was up last. Wall, I've gut it all under the shingles now but the trimmin's o' the medder an' the brook piece. Guess I'll finish this week easy nuff, if the weather holds fair. Hay's lookin' well."

"Yes, good crop. I'll have a third more on this piece here than I hed last year."

Caleb reversed his scythe, put the stone in his pocket, spat on the toe of his boot, and braced the fence up on the opposite side.

"Hed any new potatoes?" asked Asa Cudworth.

"No. Mine ain't out o' the blossom yit. I never knew pertaters to be so confounded late."

"That's kinder cur'us. I dug inter a hill o' mine day 'fore yister-day, an' found one big's a hen's egg. I hain't dug none yit, for our old potatoes is first rate an I calc'lated the new ones would keep better 'n the old. When d' you plant yourn? Didn't you plant yourn the Saturday 'fore I planted mine a Wednesday?"

"B'lieve so."

"Wall, that's kinder cur'us. I should say yourn was in full as early a place as mine. Must be you made your ground too rich. I 'member when I was a boy the old man let me plant a potato patch o' my own one year, an' I thought I'd raise the whoppinest potatoes a feller ever see; so I put on an' put on the manure till my back was most broke, an'

when them tormented potatoes hed ought to been ready to dig that patch was a sight—'t was a sight, b' jinks! Them tops was three foot high, ev'ry one of 'em, an' not a potato bigger 'n a pea on the whole patch—not one, b' jinks!" He burst into a loud laugh at the recollection, and leaned so heavily on the fence that it cracked.

Caleb was ten years older than his neighbor, and both had farmed all their lives. But Caleb, nevertheless, seemed to accept with the utmost meekness the other's explanation.

"Bugs ain't troublin' so bad as common," remarked Asa.

"No, I don't think they are," returned Caleb, with a dry cough.

"D' you go down to the village last night?" asked Asa briskly, after an extended pause.

"No. I felt too near played out. I done an awful hard day's work yisterday. Why?"

"Oh, nothin' particular. I didn't know but I might o' hed some mail. I do n't know 's you ever done sech a trick, but you know I 'm allers a gittin' mail for somebody an' then forgittin' all about it." He indulged in another loud laugh and Caleb in another dry cough—a very dry one.

"I 'member one time when I was a boy—I was jest as forgetful then as I be now—I went to the village to git the mail—went a purpose, you know, an' I hed n't more 'n gut it inter my pocket when I see a couple o' fellers that wanted me to go eel-spearin' with 'em, an' off I went. Wall, sir, I fell inter the pond an' like to never gut out. When the boys gut me home I was that used up, an' the ol' folks was so scairt that they forgut to ask me about the mail—'t wa'n't no

wonder I'd forgut—an' there it laid. Wall, there was a letter there from the ol' man's brother's second wife—Aunt Mirandy, you know—sayin' that she an' the children was comin' to make us a visit an' that mebbe her sister would come along. They come the next day—the whole of 'em—an' of course we wan't expectin' 'em, an' nothin' was ready. You never see anybody more put out than my mother was, but for once in her life she never laid a word o' blame onter me."

He shifted his weight on to the other leg, scratched his head, and laughed loudly again. Caleb began a feeble laugh which ended in another dry cough. Surely Caleb's throat was very dry, anybody could see it was.

"I wonder who that was that Cy Underhill carried down by this mornin'," observed Asa carelessly.

You would not have thought, to look at Caleb Todd with his great, slow-moving, clumsy frame, and his good-natured, stupid face, that he prided himself on his shrewdness more than on anything else. But such was the fact.

"Cy Underhill!" he repeated. "What time d' he go down?"

"'Bout eight, I should say; might a been a little earlier, anyhow, 't was jest 'fore I ground."

"Guess I was grindin' myself, 'bout that time. I do n't remember seein' anything of 'im. Who d' he hev, man, or a woman?"

"A man. Sort of an oldish man, I should say. He set in the wagon kinder round-shouldered, and small. But, then, mebbe 't wa'n't an old man, for I wa'n't very near the road, and I could n't see very well."

"Has he gone back yit?"

"Guess not. I hain't seen 'im, an' I've been cuttin' grass close by the road all the mornin', since he went down."

"It's prob'bly some feller or other that he's showin' the town to. He has lots o' company."

Caleb hemmed twice, and cast reflective glances towards the field of half-cut grass.

"Gut your day's job o' mowin' done, I s'pose," he said at last, with a sigh at the end, for a period.

"Yes, I allers calc'late to git my mowin' done as early 's I can. It's twice as hard work to mow after it gits to be so blazin' hot."

"So 't is," assented Caleb. "This is a terrible hot day. I'll bet it's ninety-five in the shade this minute."

"Sha'n't take you up on that," laughed Asa. "I ain't anxious nuff to lose to bet on that."

"It's too hot to mow, anyway," declared Caleb vigorously, tipping his straw hat back, and stealing a glimpse at the sun.

"I'll tell you what!" exclaimed Asa, suddenly patting his neighbor playfully on the shoulder; "I know what will revive you in a twinklin'. Come up to my cellar and hev a pull at my two-year-old."

Caleb brightened, but demurred and hesitated. However, at the end of four or five minutes he hung his scythe upon the fence with apparent reluctance, and they went up the road together.

"Yes," said Caleb, his pace unconsciously accelerat'ing as he thought of what awaited him in the Cudworth cellar, "yes, that two-year-old o' yourn is mighty good stuff—good nuff."

"I allers calc'late to hev plenty of it to do my hayin' on. I could n't stan' it to mow a swath, or pitch a forkful without it."

"I guess you're the only man that's gut any, 'round here."

"I guess I be. I don't know of anybody else."

The cellar being reached they descended by way of the bulkhead, Asa going first, and Caleb hastening after him. Two glasses apiece were drained in silence.

"I guess that was Cy's brother," said Asa, pausing in the act of pulling the tap. "You know Cy's brother, do n't you?"

"Yes, but I do n't b'lieve 't was him."

"You do n't? Who do you think 't was?"

"Why, I recollect just now that I did see Cy after all, an' that I thought to myself, 'that ain't Cy Underhill—why, yes 't is, too;' an' then I begun to wonder who he'd gut with 'im. I guess, by the time he's been gone, it must a been some feller that he's taken down to Craig's." He took the proffered glass, emptied it, passed it back, wiped his mouth on his shirt-sleeve, and cleared his throat. "That's good," he almost whispered. "That's good stuff."

"And you do n't know the feller's name, nor where he come from?"

"No, I hain't the least idee."

"It feels twenty degrees hotter 'n it did when I come down," said Caleb, when finally the tap had squeaked for the last time, and they had come up into the open air. "I should n't wonder if 'twas dinner-time by the time I gut home. But whether it is or not, you do n't ketch me to mow another clip to-day."

If Asa Cudworth had answered he would have said, as would anyone on glancing at Caleb's tottering legs, "I guess you won't be able to." But he did not say anything, and the two parted, each well pleased with himself, Asa having obtained all the information that Caleb had to impart, and Caleb having obtained his cider.

CHAPTER II.

AUSTIN CRAIG.

Cy Underhill's dappled mare stood in front of the village store dividing her exertions between gnawing the wooden hitching-post and whisking her stub tail at flies beyond her reach.

The doctor drove up with his superrainuated colt, had a lengthy dispute with the veterinary surgeon, lit his pipe, and drove away. The Widow Ruggles reined in, sold her tub of butter, bought half a pound of tea, beating the storekeeper down two cents, and drove away. The butcher's boy called for mail. A fine carriage containing two young lady boarders from the city came and went. Mr. Hubbard on his way home with a load of hay, stopped his oxen, or rather stopped belaboring them with his goad in consequence of which they stopped of their own accord. He called for "the mail for the folks down our way," bought a plug of tobacco, and returned to his cattle with a paper for himself, another for his nearest neighbor's wife, and a letter for old Mr. Borland, who lived out on the back road. The dappled mare gave her neck a twist and tried to see if anybody was near the wagon, but she did not see any-

body there. The white-haired, rheumatic, old minister came limping along. He patted the docile creature kindly, and entered the store. After a short time he came out again and went away. By and by the storekeeper's little girl spied the horse and pulled a few handfuls of grass for her. But Cy did not appear.

Let us mount the rickety stairs leading to a room up over the store and see if we can discover any traces of him, for it was up these stairs that the dappled mare last saw him going, followed by another man.

The stairs were built on the outside of the store, and formed a sort of connecting link between the store on the right hand, and a milliner's shop on the left. At the head of the stairs we perceive a notice scratched with a nail on the unpainted door :

Austin Craig
Jus Pacis et Quorum.
Town clerk, Insurance Agent,
Attorney and Counsellor at Law.

On entering the low-posted, tobacco-scented office we shall find, as we have surmised, Cy Underhill, the lawyer, and the aforesaid man.

Austin Craig was a very tall, powerfully-framed man, with a short, thick, black beard, straight, black hair, and shaggy, beetle brows from under which peered furtively, gazed stolidly, or glared furiously, as occasion might require, a pair of small brown eyes. He sat by his desk, partly turned away from it to face his visitors, while near the door sat the stranger, whom Cy, being apparently on good terms with both, seemed to have brought thither for the purpose of transacting some sort of business. Mr. Furrow, a slim, hollow-cheeked, nervous individual, with a crape hat-

band from which he hardly took his eyes for a moment, except, of course, when the hat was on his head, was just at this time putting his hat on for the eighth time, and hitching a trifle nearer the door, as though about to depart.

"But see here," said Cy, a little impatiently, taking a much-thumbed plan from Mr. Craig's desk and smoothing it out on his knee, "here 't is, plain 'nough—lot 14, 3d range, 100 acres, more or less—spruce timber, a million on 't, I'll bet, and a snug little clump o' birch up in this corner."

He traced along with his bony finger as he spoke, and at the end looked up into Mr. Furrow's face in great astonishment that that gentleman should fail to see the dark tops of the spruces nodding to him from the paper.

"Yes, yes," stammered Mr. Furrow, taking off his hat again and contemplating the crape band; "yes, but it's more of a lot than I wanted; and it seems to me—of course I don't pretend to say it's so—but it seems to me as if 't would cost a considerable sum to get the lumber off."

"Why, cert'nly," assented Cy, with a prodigious nod, "it'll cost ye somethin'. A man can't expect that lumb'rin' ain't going to cost nothin'. But you'll find this lot can be gut at a big sight handier 'n half of 'em on this plan. Why, there's one o' the biggest comp'nies in the country logged last winter off o' this 'ere lot next to it. I never heerd no complaint but what 't was easy 'nough to get at, an' they made, I hain't no doubt, ten thousand dollars in jest that one season."

Here the lawyer glared at Cy, as

much as to say "Let my trade alone, will you!" and laying down his pencil, with which he had been making figures on the back of an envelope, he inquired blandly, "How much capital did you wish to invest, Mr. Furrow?"

"I have only five hundred dollars, sir, a trifling sum, I confess—it doubtless seems a very small sum to you—but it's all I've got, and that Nancy left me; t' was hers, sir," and he pulled out a worn silk handkerchief and rubbed the side of his nose where a tear had trickled down.

"Yes, it is a small amount, but yet fortunes have been made on even less capital," said Mr. Craig encouragingly. "But," he added, after a considerable pause, "if you want my best advice, I'll tell you what I'd do, sir."

"Thank you, sir. Yes, that's what I want. I know so little, you see, about business ways. I've always been a hard-working man, sir, though I never could seem to save a great deal. Once when I had quite a bit saved—I won't mention the sum, for it would appear so small to you—once when I had a bit saved up, the most I ever had in my life, my little boy was taken sick with the scarlet fever, and before I knew, before I'd thought about it at all, you see, it was all gone. And Willie died, too," he added in a lower tone, almost as though to himself, and he rubbed the side of his nose again.

"Well," said the lawyer, "if you want my candid advice, I'll tell you what it is. It's different, I am aware, from what some would say, and I don't ask you to take it, you know, but I'll tell you what I should do, myself, if I was in your place."

"Thank you, sir," repeated Mr. Furrow; "that's honest talk; that's fair."

"I should, myself, put in my \$500, borrow \$300 more, and buy this lot, and this strip of lot No. 13, adjoining, which contains all the best of the lot, and which, I am quite sure, I can manage to purchase for you at bottom prices. Of course," he appended confidentially, "you see that a man in my position can often buy more advantageously than an outsider and a stranger in the place."

"To be sure, to be sure," said Mr. Furrow.

"And with \$800 well invested," and Mr. Craig smiled condescendingly, "I should think it very strange if you did not before long find yourself in the possession of"—he stopped a moment, as though to consider at what figures he would place his estimate, but presently concluded, with a knowing look, "considerable property."

"I don't know," faltered Mr. Furrow, "I really don't know. I do n't like to borrow. It is n't a good rule, I have always thought, and Nancy thought so, too. She would n't favor my doing it, I'm afraid, and it's her money, and I don't know as it would be doing as I ought to by her."

"And yet your beloved wife, though, no doubt, an excellent lady, probably did not understand the inside workings of business houses. It is not to be expected that ladies should."

"No; Nancy was a good wife, but, as you say, she probably did not understand business very well. I know she did n't. She never had any business to do, and I never had much business to do, myself."

"Do you know where you can obtain the money?"

"Why, I do n't know. I have n't thought about that yet. I think maybe I can raise it at home. I'm thought quite well of there. They all know me for a plain, hard-working, honest man, and I've got some friends that perhaps would let me have it. I'd want to give good security—I suppose I'd have to mortgage the house—but I guess I could get the money. You'll think I'm foolish, I know, sir, but, really, I'd rather buy just lot No. 14, and let the other go, than to borrow so much; that would take all I've got, and that's more than I thought of putting in when I left home. I did n't know how much land cost, you see," and he smiled pityingly at the thought of his former ignorance.

"Well, as I said, I sha'n't take any offense if you do n't follow my advice. You can do as you like. I hardly expected that you would be able to see the advantages of what I suggested."

Mr. Furrow put on his hat again.

"Wall, I vum!" burst out Cy, "I hain't gut nothin' to do with this trade, I know, and I do n't care nothin' 'bout it, but I'll be switched if I can see a man throw away a chance like this an' keep still!"

The lawyer glared at him more fiercely than before.

"I would let you have the money myself, but I'm a little short just now," remarked Mr. Craig, after a little meditation, "then 't would be all between ourselves."

"Thank you, thank you," said Mr. Furrow.

He pulled out an old-fashioned, silver watch, although Mr. Craig's

clock was ticking loudly directly before him, and exclaimed with a start, "How late it is! I must go."

"Very well," replied Mr. Craig coldly, "Am I to consider the lot sold?"

"I do n't know. I'll see. Do n't hurry me. You see I'm not used to trading in this way. I'll think about it. I'll come in to-night and let you know. I think maybe I'll take it, but I want to think about it a little longer. I'll call to-night early. Good-day, and thank you, sir."

He opened the door and began to descend the stairs. Cy followed. When nearly down to the foot of the stairs Cy exclaimed, "Wall, I vum! If I hain't been so taken up with your business that I've forgut my own! I'll be back in a minute." And he reascended the stairs and went into the office. A broad grin covered his face as he presented it to that of the lawyer.

"Shall I lend him the money and take his old house?"

Lawyer Craig was in a bad humor. The interview had taken a long time, the office was close and hot, and he was hungry, consequently he snarled out, "Of course," and made as though he would kick the lank form of his questioner. But Cy, with an agility worthy of a younger man, reached the door, got through it, and clattered down the stairs untouched.

CHAPTER III.

THE JORDANS' SUNDAY EVENING.

It was a fine Sabbath evening. Mr. Jordan sat on the porch of his little, unpainted domicile smoking a cigar, which he never did except on Sun-

day, and on that day he would have much preferred to smoke his short, black, clay pipe, but it, in some way or other, always happened that he got out of tobacco every Sunday, and was compelled to borrow a cigar of his son.

Mrs. Jordan, too, sat on the porch, which she never did except on Sunday, and, as her custom was, she held the cat; for she was one of those good, wise persons who can never let their hands lie idle, and as unnecessary work on Sunday was not to be thought of, she found rest without idleness in stroking the cat, frequently murmuring meanwhile, "Poor kitty, poor kitty!"

The Jordans were not rich. Mr. Jordan's possessions consisted of five cows, two sons, and a mortgaged farm; and Mrs. Jordan's consisted of a few household articles that had belonged to her mother, and the cat.

As Everett Jordan could not conveniently divide his five cows so as to apportion the milking of two cows and a half to each son, he was for some time in a state of great perplexity, during which time Miles, the younger of the sons, milked them all, and Everett Jordan, Jr., aided his father in his efforts to find a way out of the dilemma. But as the elder Everett was for buying another cow, and the younger Everett was for selling one, in all likelihood the problem would have remained unsolved to this day, and Miles would have continued to milk the five, had he not taken a hand himself in the matter, and offered the suggestion, one hot evening, that henceforth he milk in the morning, and his brother at night. This proposition was at first received with great scorn. But

it was finally amended so as to read that Miles should milk at night, and his brother Everett should milk in the morning when he felt like it, and in this form it passed by a small majority.

On the particular Sunday evening to which I alluded at the beginning of this chapter, as Miles came in from the barn with a pail of foaming milk in his hand, and great drops of sweat on his face, Everett came down stairs from his room clad in his best garments.

"Team ready, Miles?" he asked as he drew on his gloves.

"Why, no, not yet; the milkin' ain't done yet," replied Miles.

"The milkin' 's nothin' to me, I want that team got ready quick."

"But if I could milk the other cow—there ain't but one more—'t would"—

"Don't stand there chinning; it's time I was off, now," interrupted Everett.

Miles went out to harness the horse.

"Everett," said Mrs. Jordan timidly, as she stroked the cat, "I do wish Everett, Jr., would n't be so—so—so out of patience with Miles. The boy does work hard, and—"

"My son, Everett Jordan, Jr.," said Mr. Jordan proudly—he was never known to say *our* son—"my son, Everett Jordan, Jr., was born to rule." He took the cigar from his mouth and regarded it a moment. "He takes after his father." He put the cigar back in his mouth. "Miles, he's different; he was not born to rule." He took the cigar from his mouth and considered it again. "He takes after his mother."

Mrs. Jordan sighed faintly. "Poor

kitty!" she said, as she continued stroking the cat.

In a few minutes a bay colt and a newly-painted, second-hand buggy, which did not belong to the Jordan family but were the exclusive property of Everett, Jr., stood at the door, and an instant later were tearing down the road at a terrible pace. Miles went back to the barn to finish his milking.

"Everett," said Mrs. Jordan, "I do wish Everett, Jr., would n't drive that colt so—so fast. I do n't believe it's good for her."

"My son, Everett Jordan, Jr., doubtless understands how to take care of a colt," returned Mr. Jordan.

Mrs. Jordan sighed again, a little more faintly than before, and devoted herself with renewed enthusiasm to the unconscious cat.

Presently Miles came in again and his mother hastened out to strain the milk.

"I brushed your coat and hat, and got your things all ready for you, Miles," she said softly, as she took the pail from his hand.

"You're awful good to me," he answered in a low voice. "I'll never forget it."

"And don't mind Everett," she added, "he don't mean anything. He don't think, that's all."

"Oh, that's all right. Don't worry about me."

And he hurried off to change his clothes.

"Now, don't stay late," said she, as he reappeared. "You know you're tired, if it is Sunday night, and you've got to get up early tomorrow. Come home by nine and get a good sleep."

"I'll be back in good season."

It was a beautiful evening, clear and moonlight, and peace and purity seemed to be in the very air. The bell of a not far-distant church rung out sweetly the call to the evening service. Miles was not directing his steps churchward. He was going in an almost opposite direction, but he heard the bell and even slackened his pace a little to hear it better.

What a fine, sweet-toned old bell it was! There was not another like it in all the little villages for miles around. Then, gradually and subtly, thoughts suggested by the bell mingled with his previous meditations; thoughts not exactly religious, perhaps, for Miles was not a very religious young man, but thoughts, or hopes, or emotions, or something, that ennobled and purified him.

Uppermost in his mind was the picture of the lovely, honest-hearted, little Ruth that he was pressing forward to see, the playmate of his childhood, the friend of his boyhood, the hope of his young manhood. It was the thought of her that rested him when he was tired, and that comforted him when he was lonely, and it was Ruth's gentle influence that kept his honest heart more honest, and his brave, cheery spirit more brave and cheery than it would otherwise have been.

He had been thinking of her all the time, when he was milking, when he was changing his clothes, when he started, and every step of the way, and when he heard the old bell he did not stop thinking about her, too.

"She's like that bell, Ruth is," he said to himself; "there's none like it, and there's none like her. She calls me, too, and the bell calls. When the bell calls one way, and

she calls me another, as they do tonight, I go to her. But when she and the bell both call me the same way, as I hope they will by and by," and he stopped and looked back towards the church, which, however, was beyond a turn of the road, and out of sight, "then we'll go to church together—after we are married." And then, if you'll believe it, and of course you will when I tell you it was so, the fellow blushed there all alone, and he hurried on the faster to Ruth.

He was almost at the house now, still thinking of her, and he fell to wondering where she would be, and what she would be doing when he should find her. Perhaps she would be sitting by the west window in the parlor, perhaps she would be playing a hymn on the little, half-worn-out melodeon in the sitting-room, and singing softly to herself; perhaps she would be sitting on the piazza, or walking about in the front yard, or lying in the hammock under the two maple trees. If she was sitting by the window she would be looking for him. If she was playing, the hymn would be one of those that she knew he liked to hear. If she was walking about in the yard, she would meet him at the gate. If she was in the hammock—but no, she would not be in the hammock, he was quite sure of that. He finally decided that she would be in the yard, and by the time he had reached the gate he had become so sure of this that he even called out softly, "Ruth!" But she did not answer. He stopped there a moment and listened for her playing and singing, but there was no music to be heard. And not till he stepped upon the piazza did he catch a

glimpse of her slender form, half-hidden in the deepening twilight by the flowering vines.

And now a most peculiar and unaccountable change came over Miles Jordan. His legs, that had befriended him so well on the way to Mr. Darricott's now seemed to realize that their duties were over for the present, and to desire to withdraw themselves, and be out of the way. His hat, that had faithfully sheltered his head from the dews of not this evening only, but of many a previous Sunday evening, seemed, too, to have an uncomfortable sense of not being wanted any more. And even his big, brown hands were restless and uneasy. Sometimes they appeared to want, like his legs, to get out of the way, and some other times they had the appearance of wanting to do something, which, at the same time, they knew perfectly well that they ought not to do. She was so pretty, and so sweet, and so little!

She had in her lap a small volume of poems that he had given her a few weeks before for a birthday present.

"I've been reading this book, you see," she said, holding it out towards him. "It's a very nice book. I don't read in it except on Sundays, for I don't have time to read much other days, you know, and then I think poetry seems nicer on Sundays. Don't you think so?"

"Oh, I don't know. I never read poetry much, anyway. There's one piece I always liked real well, though. It's in the reader that we used to read in at school. You know it. It's the one that tells about the little girl that spelled the word and hated to go above the fellow because

she—loved him." Miles hesitated before these last two words, and finally blurted them out in a hurry:

"Oh, yes, I remember it," said Ruth, with a pretty little laugh that was very pleasant indeed to hear.

"You must take this book and read some of the pieces in it, after I read it through," she continued. "It will be so nice to talk about it together when we've both read it."

"I'd rather have you read it to me," said Miles.

"Well, perhaps I will read you some of it. But you'll have to come earlier than this, or I couldn't see out here."

"I came just as soon as I could, I wanted to come earlier."

Somehow or other about this time or a little later, Miles could n't have told himself just why it was, or how, or when his legs settled down and began to feel contented, his hat found a corner and rolled off into it, his hands and arms got over their uneasiness, and he felt more comfortable all over.

Why should I repeat what they said? It was innocent, simple, free, and honest. Perhaps it was a little childish sometimes. It was almost as a brother and sister might talk. It was quite as a brother and sister *might* talk, but not exactly as brother and sister ever *did* talk, or ever will. Their knowledge of life was small, their circle of friends and acquaintances small, their lives simple, their wants and their pleasures few. But Miles didn't get back home at 9 o'clock, and at 9:30 Mrs. Jordan put out the cat and went to bed, but she left the back door unlocked.

UNINVITED COMPANY.¹

By Laura D. Nichols.

"Are you lonely, Aunt Sue?" said a dear little maiden,
As she came to the side of my hammock one day,
Her kind, tender heart with anxiety laden,
Lest I were neglected while she was at play.

"Not a moment, my darling," I answered her truly,
"I've had too much company, e'en could I be,
With those grand, friendly mountains—that lake of sheet silver,—
And the shadows that dance through this old Bald'in tree."

"The first of my guests was a gay little goldfinch,
Who flew in great scollops the length of my view,
Singing 'Baby, dear baby!' as plainly as may be,
And something that sounded like 'Kiss-me-quick,' too.

"Next came the barn-swallows, a family party,
Careering and circling in frolic delight,
Now skimming the grass tops, now soaring far sunward,
Like leaves on the wind in their free, fearless flight.

And then a fat robin, so bustling and jerky,
Digging six worms a minute, and eating them too;
Then off for a cherry, so saucy and merry,
With a wink and a chirp as beside me he flew.

"A gray daddy-long-legs went scampering across me,
With button-like body and legs fine as hair;
Three flies and an ant came to share in my luncheon,
And feasted politely on crumbs I could spare.

"Then Frisky, your kitten, quite tired of tail-chasing,
Took a nap, in my lap, all curled in a ball;
Unseen by Sir Chipmunk so bright-eyed and curious,
Who played at bo-peep with me, over the wall."

She listened delighted, to all I narrated,
For a soft heart had she, for all beasties and birds;
But listened in silence, with eyes so ecstatic,
Attention so eager, I needed no words.

"And which was the sweetest? And who did you love best?"
She asked me at length when my story was done;
"The last, dear." "The chipmunk?" "Oh, no, my own darling!"
And I kissed her sweet mouth—"It was *you*, precious one!"

¹ Author of "Underfoot," "Nelly Marlow in Washington," etc.

TICONDEROGA.

By E. D. Hadley.



THE march of an army invading the thirteen colonies, in 1775, from the side of Canada would naturally follow the route most feasible by nature, art having done nothing to overcome the difficulties of campaigning in the mountainous regions that lay between the Canadian settlements in the valley of the St. Lawrence and those in the valleys of New England and New York, leading down to the sea.

This route followed the Sorel river from the St. Lawrence to Lake Champlain, thence over that beautiful sheet of water to Skenesboro, now Whitehall, N. Y., thence over a portage or carrying place of perhaps twenty miles to the head of navigation on the Hudson, and thence down that river to Albany and New York. With the exception of a few miles between Skenesboro and Fort Edward the route was along river and lake navigable for the water craft in common use for many years in American campaigns and expeditions, the large boats called batteaux, propelled by oars and poles in the hands of boatmen, capacious for the transportation of provisions, baggage, artillery, ammunition, and men.

This route had been employed in the French and Indian war by the French, and Lake Champlain, Lake George, and the head waters of the Hudson had been the scenes of many sanguinary encounters and thousands of the veterans of those wars were

familiar with those wilderness regions and the strategic importance of possessing the key to the military situation on these lakes.

Overlooking the outlet of Lake George into Lake Champlain, where the latter grows narrowest, and the long tongue of water, called Wood creek or South river, commences its crooked southward extension among the hills towards Skenesboro, stood Fort Ticonderoga guarding the gateway of the route to Albany and New York, the very heart of the new American nation. Ticonderoga had been a military post of importance for twenty years. The French established themselves on its site in 1755. The name Ticonderoga, which sounds like a human imitation of the resistless rushing of mighty waters or the stately peal on peal of the thunder after the storm is past, is a corruption of the Indian name "Cheronderoga," which is the Iroquis for "sounding waters." The poetic force of the name is apparent when one reflects that along the base of the eminence on which it stood flowed the swift river outlet from Lake George to Lake Champlain down rapids whose thundering was never still.

In 1756 the French began the erection here of "Fort Carillon," the latter word signifying chime, noise, clatter, racket, like the Iroquis term. After the close of the French and Indian war in 1763, it was always known as Fort Ticonderoga, sometimes shortened to "Fort Ty." The fort stood upon the plateau of a pe-

ninsula of 500 acres, 100 feet above the level of Lake Champlain, three of whose rockbound, precipitous sides were washed by the waters of the lakes while the fourth side was defended by a morass difficult to traverse.

In 1757 it was the headquarters of General Montcalm, the French commander, who later met his fate at Quebec, on the Heights of Abraham. In 1758, British and American forces under General Abercrombie recoiled from an unsuccessful attack upon its advanced works on its landward side, leaving hundreds of dead and wounded, among whom was young Lord Howe, brother of Gen. Sir William Howe, who commanded the British at Bunker Hill.

In 1759 General Amherst marched from Fort Edward on the Hudson with 11,000 British and American troops, and laid siege to the fort July 26, by land. The next day the French fled to Crown Point farther down the lake and General Amherst took possession. It had remained in British possession ever after. Immense sums had been expended in its enlargement and improvement. Eight million pounds sterling is the sum mentioned as its cost to Great Britain. There it stood in massive grandeur, apparently as permanent as the rocky eminence on which it was erected, regarded as impregnable and a useful base of operations against the colonists. It had stone barracks, underground ovens, a well whose living waters were drawn from below the level of the lake, outworks, and all the features of a fortress of that time. Nowhere else in America, save at Quebec, were such massive walls and such frowning battlements.

It was impregnable to assault by an army without heavy artillery. But it had a fatal defect which caused its evacuation by our patriot forces in 1777, when the British erected batteries on Mt. Defiance, whose summit overlooked Fort Ticonderoga and made it untenable. It contained a fatal defect in 1775 in its garrisoning, when its commander was so careless as to leave it open to a surprise.

In March, 1775, those far-seeing patriots, Samuel Adams and Dr. Joseph Warren, had sent a secret agent to learn the disposition of the Canadians toward the cause of the colonies and the report was adverse to any probable coöperation by them with the other colonies. It was foreseen that the British would use Canada as a base of operations, their communications made safe by the friendly people behind them, and that the possession of the gateway to the natural route of the invaders, Fort Ticonderoga, would be of first importance, and the agent advised its capture. Then came Lexington and Concord, and the whirlwind of patriotic action resulting in the besieging of Boston by the gathering hosts of patriots. Adams and Warren were too much beset with cares to consider Ticonderoga. But other eyes were on Ticonderoga, not only because it was the gateway to and from Canada and of strategic importance, but because the contents of its magazines, its cannon and provisions, were of great importance to the patriot cause. It fell to men of Connecticut to furnish the inspiration for the expedition to capture the fort, while Massachusetts men from Berkshire county and Vermonters constituted the chief part of the armed force, with a Ver-

monter the first and third and a Massachusetts man second in command.

On the 27th of April (eight days after Lexington and seven weeks before Bunker Hill), Samuel H. Parsons of Connecticut having obtained from Benedict Arnold at Hartford, who was marching with his company to the siege of Boston, an account of the state of affairs at "Ty" took counsel with Silas Deane, Samuel Wyllys, and others, and projected the capture of the fort, their prime object being to secure the ordnance stores. These were members of the legislative assembly of Connecticut, then in session.

On the 28th of April Noah Phelps and Edward Mott were sent forward to learn definitely the condition of the fort and strength of the garrison. On the 29th a message was sent to Ethan Allen in the New Hampshire Grants, later called Vermont, to have him hold men in readiness for the enterprise.

May 1, the party, now sixteen in number, set out from Salisbury, Ct. At Pittsfield, Mass., they were joined by John Brown, a young lawyer, and Col. James Easton, and volunteers from Berkshire county, Mass., about forty men. They joined Ethan Allen at Bennington, Vt. Forces were gathered and preparations were made secretly for a few busy days.

On Sunday, May 7, the handful of Connecticut men, the Green Mountain boys, and about fifty men from Massachusetts under Colonel Easton, rallied at Castleton, about fourteen miles east of Skenesboro at dusk. One writer says 270 men, others speak of a smaller number. Benedict Arnold, the ardent patriot of

those days, the hero of Quebec and Saratoga, the traitor of West Point, the barbarous invader of his native state and the author of the butchery of Ft. Griswold, the devastator with fire and sword of Virginia, is mentioned in all histories of this expedition, but from all we read, we conclude he was an insignificant factor in the capture of "Ty" and it would have been captured just as well and as surely if he had not come on to intrude his claims to command.

Arnold, who, on arrival at Boston from the march before mentioned, full of the idea of capturing "Ty" had applied to the Committee of Safety for authority to lead an expedition for that purpose, and had been appointed colonel with authority to raise men and take the fort, arrived at the rendezvous at Castleton, with not more than one attendant, if any, and claimed command. Ethan Allen was, however, elected commander unanimously, holding thus only the commission of the soldiers of Massachusetts, Vermont, and Connecticut, by election, a commission which proved more than paramount to the commission of Arnold from the Committee of Safety of Massachusetts. Arnold went along as a volunteer.

The forward march began on the 8th of May. During the evening of the 9th, Allen and his men reached the eastern shore of the lake, opposite Fort Ticonderoga, at the place called Orwell (another says Shoreham). Allen was first, Easton second, and Seth Warner third in command. That night (still the 9th) or toward morning of the 10th, Ethan Allen leading on, eighty-three men were ferried over the lake, Seth Warner and the others being left behind

because what was done must be done by surprise and before daylight. There was a scarcity of boats.

In the dusk of the morning of May 10 the men were drawn up on the shore, below the fort, under the beetling cliffs, and Allen made this speech: "Friends and fellow-soldiers: We must this morning quit our pretensions to valor, or possess ourselves of this fortress, and inasmuch as it is a desperate attempt I do not urge it on contrary to will. You that will undertake, voluntarily, poise your firelocks." Every firelock was poised. Who would dare to flinch now?

What if some alert sentinel had heard that speech or the unusual commotion at the water's edge? Lethargy and carelessness were Allen's allies. The garrison slept on and the sentries nodded. "Face to the right," was the order, and Allen led them up the steep ascent, Arnold at his side. The gate of the fortress was shut but the wicket (or small gate within the larger) was open. The sentry snapped his weapon at Allen. Its missing fire was indicative of the lack of vigilance and poor ammunition at the fort, where they had not yet heard of Lexington and Concord and a state of war.

The Americans rushed in on the heels of the fleeing sentry, darted upon the guards and raised a war-whoop. They formed a hollow square facing the barracks. A disarmed sentry showed the way to the quarters of de Laplace, the commander. Said Allen, as he thundered on the door with his sword hilt, "Come forth instantly or I shall sacrifice the whole garrison." De Laplace appeared at the door, his

wife looking over his shoulder, and came out undressed, bringing his clothes in his hand. Allen said, "Deliver to me this fort instantly." "By what authority?" queried de Laplace. "In the name of the great Jehovah and the Continental Congress." This is the version in the school books and what may be read in the halo of glory that crowns the fame of Ethan Allen, but one of his men who was but a few feet away at the time, reported to a brother, who related to B. J. Lossing, the historian, seventy years afterwards, that he added the fashionable clincher to all strong assertions in those days, the emphatic adjunct "by God."

Allen's drawn sword quenched the desire of de Laplace to question a man who could cite two such authorities as the Jehovah and the Continental Congress, however little claim he had really to the sanction of either, and gave up the fort, and the garrison of forty-eight men was marched off to Connecticut. Thus a fort that cost Great Britain eight million pounds sterling, several campaigns, and many lives, was taken without the loss of a man or the shedding of one drop of blood, or the burning of a grain of powder except the "flash in the pan" of the flintlock of the sentry at the wicket.

The captures of war materials were of immense importance to the patriots, consisting of 120 iron cannon, 50 swivels, 2 brass cannon, 2 10-inch mortars, 1 howitzer, 1 cohorn, a lot of shells, 100 small arms, 10 tons of musket balls, 10 casks of powder, 3 cartloads of flints, 30 new gun carriages, quantities of flour, pork, beans, and peas.

Seth Warner and his division came

up just after the surrender. On the 12th Crown Point surrendered to Warner with all its stores.

Arnold tried to assume command after the capture but was not permitted. But with some volunteers he went down the lake in boats and captured St. John. Such is the plain story of the capture of the strongest fortress in America (save Quebec). It was a capture of untold value to the patriots. The spoils of war were extremely serviceable to their cause. Its cannon hauled by oxen on sleds to Cambridge, armed many a fort and earthwork around Boston. The prestige of success at "Ty" was an inspiration to the patriots of the thirteen colonies, encouraged their hopes and nerved their arms to new efforts.

The fort was retained for more than two years when it was evacuated by General St. Clair, after being hemmed in on the mainland by the overwhelming forces of Burgoyne, July 6, 1777. Burgoyne's forces held it until his surrender in October and ever after it remained in possession of the young American nation. During days of peace its massive walls became convenient quarries for builders far and near along the lake and its warlike battlements were despoiled of their glory by this ruthless vandalism, and it has for many decades been a mournful ruin.

But what of the leader in this bold enterprise, whose deed of daring has fired the imagination of every school-boy in America, whose name has attracted to itself all the renown of the capture of this fort with name of thundering sound, while the names of the other heroes have gone down in oblivion? What the origin and

what the future career of the man whose bold assumption on the spur of the moment gave voice to the majestic command "In the name of the Great Jehovah and the Continental Congress, by —."

Ethan Allen has ever since been a name to conjure with in Vermont. He was born in Roxbury, Litchfield county, Conn., in 1738. Little is related of his boyhood and early manhood. At twenty-five his family removed to a farm near Bennington, Vt. Those were the days when the settlers were becoming the unhappy victims of the rival claims of New York and New Hampshire to the region extending from a line twenty miles east of the Hudson to the Connecticut river. The charters of New York, Connecticut, Massachusetts, and New Hampshire conflicted. New York claimed to the Connecticut river. Between New York on the one hand and Connecticut and Massachusetts on the other it was at length decided by the crown that the line of division should be twenty miles east of the Hudson. New Hampshire claimed jurisdiction equally far west. Gov. Benning Wentworth of New Hampshire asserted his province's rights by granting a charter to a town with Massachusetts on the south and this imaginary twenty-mile limit on the west, which became known as Bennington. Nor did he cease to grant charters until 138 towns had been chartered in the disputed territory. The settlers came in rapidly and bought largely of the town proprietors, and settled and opened, with axe and plow, hundreds of farms. At length the dispute was decided by the crown in favor of New York and the country of the New Hamp-

shire Grants was awarded to the latter province. The political consequences of the change of provincial government from New Hampshire to New York were not of themselves serious, but New York proposed to ignore the property rights of those who had purchased under the New Hampshire title and to take away from them the fruits of years of toil and hardship in clearing the land and making themselves homes in the wilderness. Resistance was organized to the measures of the New York authorities, and Ethan Allen was the chosen leader of the defense of their homes and just rights.

The military organization known as the "Green Mountain Boys" was formed with Ethan Allen as its head with the rank of colonel. They, under his leadership, prevented the service of writs of ejectment against the settlers and dispossessed New York claimants of properties they had seized. The law and the courts were against them, but they were not intimidated, and in the end won the fight.

Governor Tryon, the last royal governor of New York, in 1774 offered a reward of 50 pounds each for the capture of some minor leaders, and 150 pounds for the capture of Allen. With Tryon's courts and sheriffs baffled at every turn, the stirring events of 1775 left the matter of title to the New Hampshire Grants in abeyance, while the thoughts of the New York speculators and real estate sharks were forced into other channels.

We have seen how Allen easily became the leader of the Green Mountain boys and of the men of Massachusetts and Connecticut, in

the capture of Ticonderoga. He received the thanks of congress.

Congress authorized Allen and Seth Warner to raise a regiment of Green Mountain boys to be officered by the men selected by the rank and file, the officers so selected to nominate to congress the field officers. It seems passing strange that in this organization the hero of Ticonderoga was rejected, and Seth Warner was elected to be chief commandant. Allen was left out and was connected with the army this year only as a volunteer. It is intimated by one writer that while the men doubted not his bravery, they did doubt his judgment.

His military career was short and the estimate of his judgment by the Green Mountain boys was confirmed by a rash move in the campaign in Canada which ended his military career and resulted in his prolonged captivity. He was sent into Canada during the siege of St. Johns, by the American commander, General Montgomery, to test the temper of the Canadians, and, if favorable, to enlist them in the American service. After sending back glowing accounts of his success and announcing his intention to return with his levies to assist in the siege of St. Johns, he was persuaded by Captain Brown, who was on a similar errand, to coöperate with the latter in a sudden attack on Montreal. Allen fell into the snare. He crossed the St. Lawrence in the night below the town, intending to attack next morning simultaneously with Brown's attack above. But Brown did not cross at all and Allen's little force, or as many as did not desert him, was captured with himself. This was September 25, 1775.

At the barrack yard in Montreal, Prescott, the British brigadier, asked him,—

“Are you that Allen who took Ticonderoga?”

“I am the very man,” quoth Allen.

Then Prescott in great rage called him a rebel and other hard names, and raised his cane. Allen shook his fist and said,

“This is the beetle of mortality for you if you offer to strike.”

“You shall grace a halter at Tyburn,” said Prescott, with an oath.

The renown of his exploit at Ticonderoga cost him dear in prolonged imprisonment, severe usage, hardships, humiliation, and disappointed ambition. He was handcuffed, shackled to a heavy bar of iron, and thrown into the hold of a vessel at Quebec. He was sent to England handcuffed and confined in Pendennis castle until the spring of 1776, then sent to Halifax and confined in jail until autumn and then was chiefly on parole in New York, but sometimes in a New York prison until May, 1778, when he was exchanged for Lieutenant-Colonel Campbell. Thus, after two years and eight months of irksome captivity he regained his Vermont home, and was received all along the route with tumultuous joy.

This bloodless victory at Ticonderoga was his only military service that brought him any renown. This service showed no genius, and the capture would have been effected with Warner in command or Colonel Easton. While the merit of that service was eclipsed on almost numberless bloody battle-fields, in the long struggle, no one became so popular a

hero as he. He never was in the Continental service again although congress conferred the title of lieutenant-colonel upon him. But he was appointed general of the Vermont forces, that people having declared themselves an independent state and having erected a state government. Then he became the agent of the state to gain admission to the union of the colonies, which was not brought about until 1791, during Washington's presidency and after Allen's death.

After the peace he lived a quiet life of retirement. During this period he wrote an extravagant “Compendious System of Natural Religion,” denying the tenets of the Christian faith, but not atheistic in its views, and passed among orthodox Christians as a free thinker and an infidel. An eccentric freak of his mind is said to have been a belief in transmigration of souls, and that he had formerly lived on earth as a white horse.

He was blunt, honest, of purest virtue and sternest integrity. He wielded a facile pen and wrote voluminously, if not scholarly. His was a trenchant pen, if not well regulated or systematic. He was the devoted servant of the Vermont people, and their fearless defender. To his bold leadership and devotion to their cause in their struggles for their rights of property and their political independence we must look for the source of his popularity among his people rather than to his military achievements. He was never self-seeking, but was and is regarded as a sincere patriot, and his statue occupies the most honored place in the state house at Montpelier, Vt.

THOUGHTS OF YOUTH.

By Mary E. C. Upton.

*" Oh ! to be a boy, with a heart full of joy,
Swinging in the grape-vine swing."*

—Chorus of old song.

'T was only a song in a quiet room,
While the evening shadows fell,
And the singer knew not of the joy she gave,
But she told her message well ;
For she sang to the heart and not to the ear,
And her voice had a charming ring—
" Oh ! to be a boy, with a heart full of joy,
Swinging in the grape-vine swing."

I have never been in the " sunny South,"
With its wealth of treasures rare ;
'T is only in dreams I have tasted its sweets
And breathed of its perfumed air ;
But the heart of the child and the heart of the man
Are the same when all is done,
When reared 'mid the frosts of a wintry clime
Or nurtured in summer's bright sun.

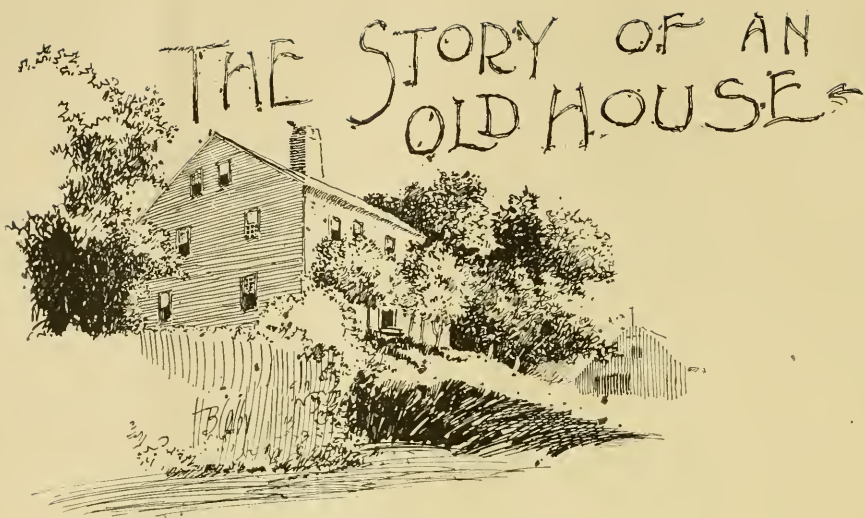
The cry of the heart for days passed away,
For chances that come not again,
Goes up from all climes and conditions of men,
In sorrow, remorse, and in pain.
So no wonder the song with its sweet refrain
To my senses sad memories bring ;
" Oh ! to be a boy, with a heart full of joy,
Swinging in the grape-vine swing."

The cares of life and the falsehoods of men,
The losses that caused me such pain,
The trust I had given to those that I loved
To find it was only in vain—

The remembrance of these was taken away
While I heard that sweet voice sing—
" Oh ! to be a boy, with a heart full of joy,
Swinging in the grape-vine swing."

Happy the singer who values her gift
And sings for the hearts of men !
Happy the poet who breathes into verse
The thoughts that shall live again !

For ever and ever the cry returns,
In man's fevered brain it will ring—
" Oh ! to be a boy, with a heart full of joy,
Swinging in the grape-vine swing."



By Miss A. A. Dalton.



ONE of the highest hills in New Hampshire there stands an old, two-storied farmhouse built long before the days of the Revolution. There are three roads by which this farmhouse may be approached, but all lead over hills so long and steep, and roads so stony and narrow, that few trouble themselves to make the trip. Occasionally a party of summer tourists climb the hills for the pleasure of the magnificent view, glance curiously at this old landmark and pass on, and the old house is left standing almost as solitary as in the days when John Mitchell and Margaret, his wife, builded it, literally, with their own hands.

Possibly the idea that they could keep a better outlook for Indians influenced their selection of the site. If so, no better place could have been chosen, for from any point of view one can see miles upon miles of the surrounding country.

Whatever their reasons, it seems

that the young couple, with all the hope and courage characteristic of those times went bravely forth into the wilderness, took up a large tract of land and made a home for themselves.

Wood and timber were plenty enough, and they were fortunate in securing carpenters to put up the frame of the house and to build a "long hovel" near it. Then, as the harvest time approached, all the laborers deserted them to attend to their own affairs, leaving the young couple with only a long hovel, which was to shelter numerous flocks and herds, that as yet existed only in fancy, and the frame of a large Colonial house.

They owned neither horses nor oxen, but the valiant Irishman and his equally determined bride were not to be daunted. Two miles away, at the foot of one of the long hills before mentioned, a rude sawmill had been erected. Thither they went, sometimes making four or five trips a day, each time returning with

the freshly sawed boards on their backs, the young man gallantly carrying two, while his wife took one. So the house was boarded, and, in time, completely finished.

It was made after the old Colonial style, two large square rooms in front with a short front entry between, and a long kitchen at the back, while a great chimney was built through the middle of the house. The walls of the two square rooms were wainscoted, and the small paned windows provided with wooden shutters on the inside that could be pushed back into the wall when not in use.

Evidently John Mitchell and his wife were loyal subjects of the king, for in one of these square rooms there still hangs a print of George II, issued by one "John Bonde, Printer, at The Black Horse in Cornhill."

The usual old-fashioned fireplaces were in all the rooms downstairs, with the addition of a brick oven in the kitchen. All this might be found in almost any house of that period, but now comes a strange part of it. Between the front entry and the chimney there is a hidden room, the existence of which would never be suspected by the ordinary observer. It is about nine feet square and perhaps six feet high. Three of the sides are made of brick, one of these being the chimney, while the fourth is the partition between this room and the front entry. Possibly it was intended as a hiding place from the Indians, or it may have been used as a private madhouse, such things being not uncommon at that time. It could hardly have been meant as a treasure-room, for their valuables could not, at that time, have been so numerous as to have needed so large

a room. Whatever its purpose, we shall probably never know. It has been sealed up for nearly fifty years, the present owners, who are direct descendants of the builders, never having had the curiosity to examine it.

The years went by, and John Mitchell and his wife prospered as one would expect such an energetic couple to do. Many children were born to them, John, Charles, and Michael being among the eldest.

The long hovel was supplemented with a barn, and the long-dreamed-of flock, and herds had materialized. All the land for several miles on both sides of the "highway," which went by the house, belonged to them. Then, in the course of time, the sons and daughters married and left their old homes. Charles was the first to go and John soon followed.

Two farms had been set apart from the father's extensive claim for the two eldest sons when they should marry. One on the upper side of the "'way" contained many acres of rich and fertile land, but the one on the lower side, though equally as large, was wet and marshy.

Charles had been a good and faithful son, always working willingly. The father felt the "upper farm" should go to him.

But John was the eldest and his mother's favorite, with his handsome face and dashing ways, so it is needless to say that the best farm was given to him.

"For," as the mother logically said, "Charles will make a living anywhere. He works well. But John would not be contented with a poor, swampy place. He has too much ambition. He would be dis-

couraged and would not try. He might even go away!"

The sons accepted the farms and built themselves houses which were the exact counterparts of their old home. But, such is the irony of fate, not a vestige of John's house can be seen now, while Charles's stands as firm and as substantial as when it was first built. The brilliant, handsome John, through idleness and drink, lost the large amount of land given him, while Charles, by hard and steady work, at length owned both his farm and John's. This sounds like a chapter from a Sunday-school book; but it is all true. Charles married well and his wife brought many valuable heirlooms with her. One of the most interesting of these is a little, black

earthen teapot, the first ever used in the town of Plymouth, but this, as Kipling says, is another story.

Years after, all the sons and daughters had left the old home and John Mitchell and his wife Margaret were alone. One spring Michael, who had made himself a home close at the foot of the longest hill revisited the old homestead.

As he was leaving he stuck a willow wand into the earth in front of the house and said to his mother, "Let it be there, mother. Let it take root and grow, and when you see it you will think of Michael."

Michael's cane is now a gigantic tree, and has given shade to many generations of his descendants, just as the old Colonial house has sheltered them.

THE WAYSIDE TREE.

By J. B. M. Wright.

I stand beside the dusty way,
With branches strong and high,
And give my cooling welcome shade,
To every passerby.

Once I was but a tiny seed,
That lay within the earth,
But He who ruleth saw my need,
And gave my beauty birth.

When all the world is clad in green,
I wear my garment fair,
And wild birds come my boughs between
To find a shelter there.

Oft in their hours of peaceful rest,
Their sweetest songs are sung,
While in each leaf-encircled nest,
They guard and rear their young.

THE "SMILE STORY."

By S. B. Baker.



HAD heard the story a great many times but it never impressed me as it did on that particular Thanksgiving day, when we were all, aunts, uncles, and cousins, at Grandmother Grey's, and the younger element in the "square room," as it was called, gathered around Great-aunt Rhoda's chair, listening to the stories which the dear old lady seemed to be reading from the fire.

In this room was the only fireplace in use in the house; stoves having become so popular that people were even "building their houses," as little Ruth expressed it, "on purpose for them." And only a day or two ago, the small granddaughter of this same Ruth, while telling me about the new house which they were planning, said,

"Mamma says, 'we're going to make the fireplace first and then build the house around it.' She wants to be sure of the fireplace."

I am sure the children who sat around that one at Grandmother Grey's never outgrew their love for the ingle nook, and it is while looking into the coals on my own hearth that the "Smile story" as we children used to call it, comes back to me as plainly as though to-day were that clear, cold day in November when Cousin Mary coming into the room with her baby brother Ned said,

"Have you told the 'Smile story,' Grandma Rhoda?"

Aunt Rhoda smiled as she said to her step-granddaughter,

"No, dearie, I was waiting ^{for} you."

For you see this was Mary's favorite story, though we never *could* see why she, a grown-up girl, should like it so well. *We* did n't believe ghost stories; had n't our mothers taught us better? If Alice did n't like to go down cellar alone it was n't because she was afraid, at least, that is what she said, and as it grew darker in the room Tom moved nearer the circle before the fire, but then *they* were younger than the rest of us.

Well, it *was* funny that Mary believed this story and I said so once, but Rob, who always stood up for her, replied,

"Aunt Rhoda believes it and she is a great deal older than Mary."

After that there wasn't anything to say, but *'t was* funny, anyway.

So Aunt Rhoda began, when Mary had seated herself close by her side:

"You know, children, when I married Amos, he had three children, Joe, Mary's father, Tom—just here we heard Tom say, 'that was Pa'—and little Hope—she was only five. *Such* a good child as she was!"

"She would appear to be thinking sometimes and then she would ask me something about her mother (her real mother, as she said). I had never seen her, as our folks did n't move to the place until six months or so after she died, so there wasn't anything I could tell the child, ex-

cept that the real mother had gone away off to a place where she would n't be sick any more, and would be very happy, that is, if her children were good; for it always seemed to me she would know if anything should happen to them.

" ' But is n't she ever coming back again? ' Hope would ask, and I could n't bear to look at her big gray eyes (that would look so much as Mary's do sometimes) as I had to tell her that I did n't think her mother could come back, but if she was a good girl she could go to her mother sometime.

" Well, one cold night in winter Amos came in from the barn, as I sat there cutting up my apples to put in my mince meat that I was to make next day, and says,

" ' Why, I had n't an idea 't was so cold, Rhody, till I went out. It's the coldest night we've had this year. Children gone to bed? I wanted to tell Joe that—' "

" ' Yes,' says I, not noticing that he had n't finished what he was saying, ' an' I do n't know as they'll be warm enough. It's so comfortable here that I did n't realize how cold 't was growing. I guess I'll step up stairs and see if they have got enough over 'em,' and I set down my pan of apples and started.

" It looked as though Tom *was* cold for he'd pulled the bedclothes over to his side so that Joe had curled himself up under one corner of a comforter that did n't cover him very well. I straightened out the clothes so that I did n't think even Tom could kick loose, and turned to go down stairs. Hope was so little she slept with us in the bedroom off the kitchen, and I was just thinking about her as I

started to go down stairs, holding the candle so that I could see where to step (I was always careful not to trip), when something made me look up and see a woman standing in the hall.

" 'T was n't anyone I had ever seen before, but there was something about her face that looked like someone I *had* seen. I do n't know what she had on, but I noticed near her mouth a small red mark as the candle flared suddenly. As I looked at her she *smiled*; not the way people smile when they're pleased to see you, it was more than that. It was as though I had done something for her and she was going to thank me, but she did n't have a chance to speak, even if she had wanted to, for as I took the next step my foot slipped and the candle fell from my hands.

" Amos, hearing the noise, came hurrying out, but as he had to come through two rooms and the long hall, by the time he got there with a light the woman was gone.

" ' What happened to ye? ' he asked, as he helped me to my feet.

" I tried to answer but could n't for a minute, for my ankle, which I'd sprained in my fall was paining me, and Amos had to carry me out to the kitchen.

" When I was feeling more comfortable (he had 'tended to it right off; he always knew just what to do), I says,

" ' Where did that woman go to? ' "

" Amos looked at me kind o' curious and said,

" ' What woman are you talking 'bout? ' "

" I guess he thought the pain had gone to my head, for when I answered,

"The woman that was standin' out in the hall' he only said,

"I did n't see any there,' as though he thought he must agree with me.

"She went before you got out there. She was standing at the foot of the stairs as I was comin' down, and she looked at me and smiled. Just as I held up the candle to look at her, I missed my footing and fell, and when you come she had gone.'

"What did she look like?" asked Amos, as though he still thought I was n't quite right in my mind.

"Well, I don't know. She had dark eyes and looked like someone I've seen, but I can't think who 'tis, now. There was a red mark, I noticed, near the left side of her mouth. I know who 'tis now,' I said, as it came to me in a flash, 'it's *Joe* that's got just such a look as she had.'

"Amos looked kind o' sober as he said,

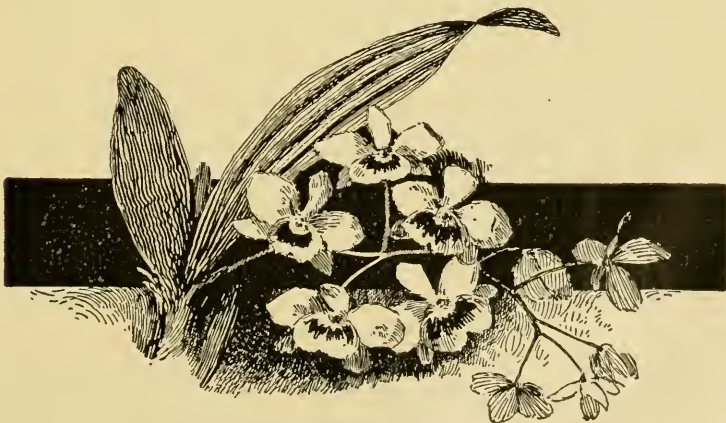
"Joe looked like his mother. She had a red spot near her mouth,' and then after a few minutes he

added, 'There has n't been any woman in here since you went out,' as though it had just occurred to him to answer my question.

"I got over the sprain in a few days, but I could n't help from thinking about the woman, and somehow I did n't mind the worries when I thought of the *smile*, and afterwards when little Hope went away I used to think how glad her mother would be to see her baby, and the question in the big eyes must be answered now.

"I told it to Mis' Bean that lived at the next house and she told someone else till it came back to me, that some of the neighbors that believed in signs and warnings thought Hope's mother came back to call her, but I never thought of it that way. . . . At any rate, I'm glad I saw her that once. . . . She had a real nice face."

By the look on the sweet old face we knew that the story was ended and Aunt Rhoda was thinking of the little girl whose death had caused one of the deepest sorrows of her life.



BIRDS MUST SING.

By C. C. Lord.

'T is eve : a slight bird trills a song ;
The hawk looks down in airy flight,
The owl peers through the waning light,
Yet song and shadow both grow long.

I muse upon this little bird
That sings, although the hawk doth prey,
The owl doth ravage on his way,
And each the buoyant song hath heard.

Perchance a bird hath faith to dare,
Despite the hawk at once may stoop,
The fell owl may each moment swoop,
And hence these blithe notes on the air ;

Or yet, a simple song may win
Some mercy from a hawk that lists,
An owl that hears through evening mists,—
A savage breast hath warmth within.

O well ! Each gift will have its spring ;
The hawk flies till the day is gone,
The owl takes wing when night comes on,
But God loves song, and birds must sing.

APPLE BLOSSOMS.

By George Bancroft Griffith.

They 've wreathed and mantled every bough
Till each is a glory and wonder now !
With a flush of pink did May illumine
Their gauzy beds of rare perfume,
Where birds will revel and sweet birds nest
And soft winds whisper of Sabbath rest.

As by the touch of a loving hand
One by one did each bud expand,
Tinged through and through with the peerless hue
That comes to the cheek when Love is new !

Over the mossy and broken wall,
Softly, softly their pure flakes fall;
Over the mound where our baby lies
Whose blue eyes opened in Paradise,
And drift to the portal of shaded aisle
To whiten the spot where lovers smile.

O apple blossoms baptized with dew,
Whose leaves are folded and shaped so true,
Be our good deeds like your perfumed tide
Till promised fruitage in fond hearts bide?

A GREEN MOUNTAIN ROCK.

By E. N. Hunter.

Oh! Mighty rock! Majestic in your bulk and outline!

In geologic ages, long since past, when Nature played mad frolics with our continent, the frost king tore you rudely from the parent ledge, and, tossing on a sea of ice, you drifted from your home.

Resisting with your might the captor, yet, were you powerless; for in those days old Winter was a god, and Ice was king.

Until, at last there came a time of sunshine and of warmth that caused the king to halt; and, while he paused, soft breezes played sad havoc with his heart.

Vanquished by tenderness, he cast his burdens over hill and vale, and left you, bold, defiant, in the place where now you stand! For centuries untold you've stood there; but to-day, in every atom of your substance, you are true. Environment can never sully your bold nature; but, in time to come, slowly, and by degrees, you'll wear away to dust.

Old rock, I'm glad I met you. Full many a lesson have you taught me. You've taught me that, however rudely from my kind I'm torn, I should outride all storms, stout hearted, and be brave. I've found that gentleness will melt the coldest hearts, and vanquish mighty foes. You've told me to be constant; and I will. You've strengthened me in every fibre of my soul and body; and, wherever on this earth I roam, soft flattery and cold disdain shall never change my nature; but, remembering you, I will be constant to my Maker, flag, and friends.

Good-by, old rock. I leave you here, grim sentinel. Long years to come the thunder of the mountain storms shall echo from your massive sides, reverberating through the mists of Time.

THE HEART OF NATURE.

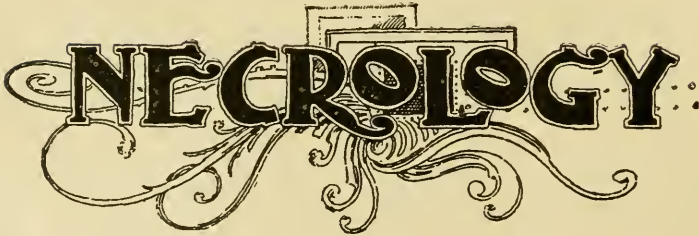
By Alice P. Sargent.

Our hearts are hollowness within
Battered and scarred with this thing—sin
But thy heart, Nature, when revealed
Shows spotless purity concealed.

Our hearts are narrow, only wide
Enough for self,—a few beside—
Your love knows naught of race or kin
But takes all of God's children in.

Lead us beneath the pines apart
Where we get closer to thy heart ;
Or where upon the rocky shore
The waves are breaking evermore.

There, 'neath the heaven's dazzling blue,
Oh, teach us to be pure, like you,
To cast our worldly hearts aside
And in thy perfect peace abide.



HON. PERSON C. CHENEY.

Hon. Person C. Cheney of Manchester, ex-governor of New Hampshire, died at the residence of his son-in-law, Charles H. Fish, of Dover, Wednesday evening, June 19, at the age of seventy-three years.

Person Colby Cheney was born in Holderness, now Ashland, February 25, 1828, being the sixth of eleven children of Moses and Abigail (Morrison) Cheney. He passed his childhood at the place of his birth, but the years of

youth and early manhood were largely spent at Peterborough, where his father was engaged in paper manufacturing, and where he gained an intimate knowledge of the business, attending school, however, to some extent, at the academies in Peterborough and Hancock, and at Parsonfield, Me. After a time he engaged in the paper manufacturing business on his own account in Peterborough, where he continued until 1866, serving meanwhile for a brief period as quartermaster of the Thirteenth Regiment, New Hampshire Volunteers, in the War of the Rebellion. He took an active part in politics during his residence in Peterborough, and represented the town in the legislature in 1854. In 1866, during which year he removed to Manchester, he was elected a railroad commissioner, serving for the term of three years.

He engaged at Manchester, upon his removal to that city, in company with Thomas L. Thorpe, as a dealer in paper stock, and in the manufacture of paper at Goffstown. In 1868 the firm of E. M. Tubbs & Co., of which Mr. Cheney had been a member for three years, bought out the interest of Mr. Thorpe, and the business was continued under the name of the P. C. Cheney company. In 1870 the mill at Goffstown was destroyed by fire, but was replaced by a new mill, and the business enlarged by rebuilding the old mill at Amoskeag village.

In 1871 Mr. Cheney was elected mayor of Manchester by the Republicans, and in 1875 was the nominee of that party for governor, failing of an election by the people, but being subsequently chosen by the legislature. He was reelected by the popular vote the following year. In the fall of 1886 he was appointed United States senator by Governor Currier to fill the vacancy caused by the death of Austin S. Pike and served till his successor was chosen by the legislature. He also served, for a brief period, during the administration of President Harrison, as United States minister to Switzerland. He was a delegate at large in the Republican National convention of 1888, and was the New Hampshire member of the Republican National committee from 1888 till 1900. He had been for some years a trustee of Bates college at Lewiston, Me., and received the honorary degree of A. M. from Dartmouth college while governor of the state.

Mr. Cheney was a member of Altamont Lodge, A. F. and A. M.; of Peterborough Chapter, No. 12, R. A. M.; of Peterborough Lodge, No. 15, I. O. O. F.; of Louis Bell Post, G. A. R.; of the Massachusetts Loyal Legion, and of the Army of the Potomac. Although he was always a liberal contributor to many religious organizations, his membership was with the Unitarian society.

May 22, 1850, Mr. Cheney married Miss S. Annie Moore, daughter of Samuel Morrison Moore of Bronson, Mich. She died January 7, 1858, leaving no children, and June 29, 1859, he married Mrs. Sarah White Keith, daughter of Jonathan and Sarah (Goss) White of Lowell, Mass. One child was born to them, Agnes Annie, wife of Charles H. Fish of Dover, agent of the Cocheco Manufacturing company. His second wife died in Boston on the 4th of April last, and he had been in declining health since that event.

WILLIAM S. BRIGGS.

William S. Briggs, son of Eliphalet and Lucy (Brown) Briggs, a native and almost lifelong resident of Keene, born September 17, 1817, died at Montpelier, Vt., May 27, 1901.

Mr. Briggs was engaged in the cabinet and furniture business in Keene for many years, his father having carried on the leading cabinet and furniture establishment of the town, which he continued. He represented the town in the legislature of 1862 and 1863. He was a trustee of the Keene academy and Cheshire Provident Institution for about forty years, and for a long time a director of the Cheshire National bank. From his long residence, observing turn of mind, and good memory, he was well versed in the history of his native place and performed much valuable literary work of a local and historical nature, the most noteworthy being his "Mortuary Records," in which he numbered each burial lot and transcribed the inscriptions upon the gravestones in the several cemeteries. He also wrote many local reminiscences, among which were a series of articles on the "Old Landmarks" of the town.

In 1856 he received the degrees of Freemasonry in Philesian Lodge, No. 40, at Winchester, for the purpose of assisting in the revival of Social Friends Lodge, No. 42, at Keene, and subsequently became a charter member of the Lodge of the Temple. He took the degrees in the chapter in 1860, to continue the body formed in 1816, which had been dormant many years, and in 1863 went with others to take Templar orders in Vermont Commandery, No. 4, at Hartford, Vt., to enable a few to institute Hugh de Payens Commandery, now so large and prosperous.

Mr. Briggs leaves one son, William A., of Montpelier, and is also survived by a sister, Mrs. Amos Holbrook of Lockport, N. Y.

COL. LEVI BARKER.

Col. Levi Barker, born in Westmoreland, August 1, 1813, died in Worcester, Mass., June 10, 1901.

When a young man he enlisted in Westmoreland Light Infantry, and was inspired with a love of the military which never lessened until his last illness. He speedily rose from private to colonel and gained the title which has never since deserted him. At the outbreak of the Mexican War Colonel Barker tendered the services of his regiment, but it was never called out.

He removed from Keene to Worcester in 1846, and engaged in the manufacture of boots and shoes for many years.

When Worcester was incorporated as a city, in 1848, Colonel Barker entered the field of politics, and, always a staunch Jacksonian Democrat, bent all the energies of his strong nature to the success of his party. In 1852 and 1853 he was elected to the common council from Ward Six, and in 1856 and 1858 represented Ward Five as common councilman. Under the mayoralty of Isaac Davis, Colonel Barker, in 1861, was appointed city marshal of Worcester and served with marked ability in that capacity.

In 1849 Colonel Barker was elected captain of the Worcester Light Infantry, and was the oldest living commander of that veteran military organization. He retained his interest in the militia until the time of his death.

Colonel Barker was married in 1840 to Miss Mary Munson, of Keene. She died in 1890, shortly after the celebration of the golden wedding of the aged couple. Two daughters survive, Miss Lizzie A. Barker, formerly assistant registrar of deeds, and Eva L., wife of John E. Allen.

THOMAS H. WHITE.

Thomas H. White, born in Marlborough, May 22, 1839, died at Keene, May 22, 1901.

Thomas Herbert White was the son of Thomas and Lucretia B. (Lewis) White. He was educated in the common schools and at the New Hampshire Conference seminary at Tilton. He was for many years, in early life, engaged as a traveling salesman; was subsequently in the pottery and wooden ware business, and for some time employed in the freight department of the Cheshire railroad at Keene. He then engaged for several years in farming in his native town, but later engaged as a nursery salesman, and then went into the nursery business on his own account, in Harrisville, where he retained his home up to the time of his death, though he had been removed to the Elliott hospital in Keene for care during his last illness.

Mr. White was best known through his active connection with the grange, of which he was one of the most prominent and active members in the state. He was a charter member and the second master of Silver Lake grange of Harrisville, and the first master of Cheshire County Pomona grange. He was long a special deputy, and from 1897 to 1901 general deputy of the State grange, and had organized more granges than any other man who ever lived in the state. He was also an active Free Mason, Odd Fellow, Knight of Honor, Knight of Pythias, and Red Man. Politically he was a Republican. He had served five years as a member of the board of selectmen and represented Harrisville in the legislature of 1899. He married Fidia E., daughter of Joel Bancroft of Nelson, who survives him, with one daughter, Bertha C., born May 22, 1870.

WILLIAM T. CASS.

William True Cass, son of Benjamin and Sarah (True) Cass, born in Andover, February 7, 1826, died at Tilton, where he had long resided, May 26, 1901.

Mr. Cass was educated in the public schools and at Holmes academy, Plymouth, and at the age of twenty-one years, in 1857, was elected cashier of the Citizens' bank at Sanbornton Bridge, now Tilton, in which position he continued till June, 1865, when the institution was converted into a national bank, of which he was also chosen cashier, continuing till his election as president in 1870. He was also treasurer of the Iona Savings bank, organized in 1870, holding both positions up to the time of his death.

For several years Mr. Cass was the moderator in town-meetings; for two years he was town treasurer, and he had also been supervisor of the checklist. For sixteen years he was treasurer of the New Hampshire Conference seminary, and a member of the board of trustees of that institution for years. In politics he was originally a Democrat, but after the breaking out of the Civil War he became a Republican.

On September 18, 1851, Mr. Cass was married to Mary Emery Locke of Concord. Of their four children two survive, Mary Addie, wife of Abel W. Reynolds, and Representative Arthur T. Cass.

JAMES H. PEARSON.

James H. Pearson, a prominent citizen of Chicago, who had made a fortune in the lumber trade and banking, died in that city May 12. He was a native of the town of Haverhill, a son of Maj. Isaac and Charlotte (Ather-ton) Pearson. He lived in Haverhill until 1851, when he removed to Chicago. He had extensive lumber mills at Saginaw, Mich., where he was also connected with banking and other business interests, as well as in Chicago. He retained a strong love for his native town, and it was through his munificence that the Haverhill academy building was rebuilt a few years since. He married Sarah Elizabeth Witherell, and left one daughter and three sons.

AMOS A. PUTNAM.

Amos A. Putnam, born in Winchester, April 11, 1824, died in that town May 21, 1901.

Mr. Putnam was the son of Amos and Susan (Wheeler) Putnam, and had spent most of his life in his native town in which he had been prominent in public life, having served nine years on the board of selectmen, three as chairman, and three terms as a representative in the state legislature. He was a Democrat and a Universalist, and is survived by two sons and two daughters.

THE GRANITE MONTHLY

A New Hampshire Magazine

Devoted to Literature, Biography, History, and State Progress

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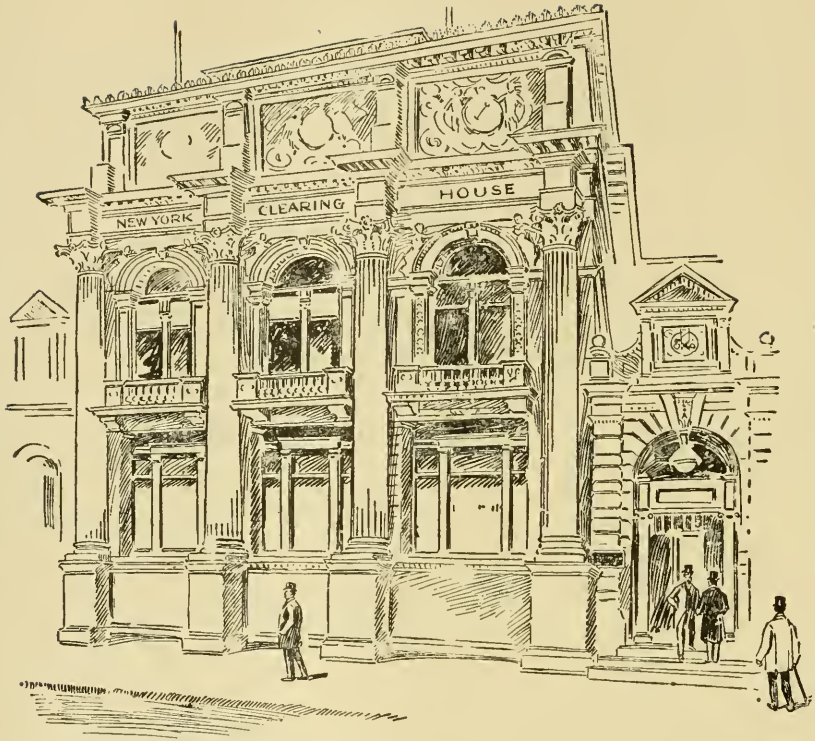
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The president of one of the most important of the National Banks in New York City, the banking center of the continent, said of Ripans Tabules in a recent letter: "I extend my hearty congratulations on their growing popularity and sale. I use and recommend them." The man whose stomach can be upset by annoyances, either resulting from sudden losses, unexpected risks, or even by being persistently worried by a bore who can not be shaken off, will frequently find relief in ten minutes after swallowing a Ripans Tabule. It may not sound reasonable, but the statement is absolutely true, as many a business man can tell.

A new style packet containing TEN RIPANS TABULES in a paper carton (without glass) is now for sale at some drug stores—FOR FIVE CENTS. This low-priced sort is intended for the poor and the economical. One dozen of the five-cent cartons (120 tabules) can be had by mail by sending forty-eight cents to the RIPANS CHEMICAL COMPANY, No. 10 Spruce Street, New York—or a single carton (TEN TABULES) will be sent for five cents.



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View in Swanzy Centre.

SWANZEY—PAST AND PRESENT.

By A. J. Day.



SWANZEY lies south of Keene, in the Ashuelot valley, which is supposed once to have been the bed of a lake that extended over what is now the city of Keene and lowlands of Swanzy.

In the early history of the Ashuelot valley Swanzy was called Lower Ashuelot, not being chartered by New Hampshire until 1752, when it was given its present name. This town, with others in the valley, was late in settlement compared with

other portions of southern New Hampshire. Monadnock mountain, and the high range of hills that extend north of it, seem to have been a temporary barrier to the progress of settlement, as it moved westward from the early settlements in the southeastern part of the state.

No effort seems to have been made to settle this valley until 1732. Northfield, Mass., was then a prosperous settlement, and its people were looking about for new territory to occupy. Many hunting ex-



Baptist Church and Parsonage, West Swanzy.

cursions had been made, up the valley, by these Massachusetts settlers, so they well knew the inducements offered for settlement.

The boundary lines between Massachusetts and New Hampshire were at this time in dispute, but the Massachusetts settlers supposed the boundary to be much farther north, which would have brought the Ashuelot valley within the boundary of their native state.

In 1733 the general court of Massachusetts appointed a committee consisting of Joseph Kellogg, Timothy Dwight, and Wm. Chandler to lay out the townships of Upper and Lower Ashuelot, now Keene and Swanzy. These townships were six miles square and Lower Ashuelot was divided into sixty-three lots.

One of these lots was to be reserved for the first minister to be settled in the town, one for the support of the church, and one for schools, the remaining sixty to be for settlement. The conditions of settlement and ownership were, that each settler should pay the committee five pounds, which should be used to pay the cost of the survey, and the balance to help build a meeting-house. Each settler must live on his land within three years

from time of settlement and continue to live there at least two years, erecting a house and clearing eight acres of land ready for cultivation. If any one failed to do this he lost the title to his lot. It seems that but few of the sixty pioneers remained and became residents, for in 1747 there were only seven of the original number remaining.

The first meeting of the proprietors was held in Concord, Mass., June 27, 1734, and the records of the meeting are as follows:

Concord, June 27, 1734.

At a meeting of the proprietors of the lower township on the Ashuelot river, Mr. Nathaniel Hammond of Littleton was chosen moderator, Ephraim Jones of Concord was chosen clerk and sworn.

Voted that John Flint, Esq., of Concord, Mr. Joseph Hill of Billerica, Mr. Thomas Cutler of Lexington, Mr. Ebenezer Robbins of Harvard, and Mr. Nathaniel Hammond of Littleton be a committee to manage the prudential affairs of said township.

Voted that the meeting be adjourned to Wednesday the 18th day of Sept. next, and then to meet at said township of Lower Ashuelot at ten o'clock in the forenoon.

Frequent meetings were held by the proprietors during the next three years, although little seems to have been done towards actual settlement until the spring of 1737, when many of the proprietors came with the in-



Methodist Church, West Swanzy.

tention of remaining and making homes. These early settlers seemed to have the correct idea of making a town, for one of their first acts was to give Ephraim Jones two hundred acres of land at Great Falls, now West Swanzey, if he would build a

farther south than it was supposed to be. The settlements must now look to New Hampshire for protection. The nearest fort was Fort Dummer on the west side of the Connecticut river, then within the bounds of New Hampshire, and the nearest New



View of Swanzey Lake.

sawmill. From this time the settlement seemed to make rapid growth.

It is supposed that Nathaniel Hammond built the first house on the spot where the Woodcock house now stands at Swanzey Centre. Records show that a meeting was held at his house on September 7, 1737, when it was voted to build a meeting-house, raise money to pay for preaching and lay out a road to Great Falls, where Ephraim Jones was to build the sawmill.

The settlers were disappointed to learn they were citizens of New Hampshire instead of Massachusetts, as they had supposed,—the boundary dispute having been settled, with the boundary line much

Hampshire settlement of any size was in the Merrimack valley. To add to their troubles, a dispute arose between the states, as to which should support Fort Dummer. New Hampshire claimed that as it was as much protection to Massachusetts towns as theirs, Massachusetts should help support it, while the latter pleaded that they had done their part by supporting it up to that time.

The uncertainty of protection from either states led the settlers to build forts, in 1741, around the houses of Nathaniel Hammond and John Evans, in a distant part of the town, and one on Meeting-house hill. At this time the settlement consisted of only thirty-three owners who had ful-



View on Main Street, West Swanzy.

filled the requirements necessary to entitle them to their lots. Their houses were far from each other, being situated, as they were, all along the valley from Keene to Winchester, and it is not strange that when reports came of Indian troubles in the north they became alarmed and prepared to leave their homes should the troubles come nearer.

Previous to this time the settlers had not been troubled by Indians, but they were not to be long so favored. During the war between Great Britain and France the Indians made the most of the opportunity for revenge on the white settlers by driving them from their homes, wherever they could find an unprotected settlement. On March 26, 1745, a party

of Indians appeared in the neighborhood and burned the house of Rev. Timothy Harrington, on Meeting-house hill, near where the house of Geo. Carpenter now stands. No further damage was done at this time, and not for some time after, but neighboring settlements continued to suffer.

On April 23, 1745, a large party of



Universalist Church, West Swanzy.

Indians made their appearance in Keene, evidently intending to destroy the town. Fortunately they were discovered while in the outskirts of the town, and an alarm was given in time to enable most of the people to reach the fort in safety. A few were overtaken in the race for the fort, and either killed or taken prisoners.

The commander of the fort in Swanzy on hearing of the attack at Keene sent a messenger to Winchester and Northfield. From there the message was hurriedly sent to headquarters at Northampton. The commander at this place sent a force of four or five hundred men to the relief of Keene, but the Indians had disappeared before they arrived.



The Ashuelot River above the Bridge at West Swanzy.

Massachusetts furnished men to garrison the fort in Swanzeý until the latter part of 1746, and no open attack was made on the town while so protected. At this time Massachusetts withdrew her troops from the fort, and the town was left without protection, New Hampshire refusing to send soldiers to take the place of those that left.

In April, 1747, reports came that a large party of Indians had made their appearance near Northfield, and the settlers made hasty preparations to leave their homes. They gathered together such property as could be taken and sought safety among their friends in Massachusetts, leaving their homes to the mercy of the savages. They left none too soon, for



Congregational Church, Swanzeý Centre.

the Indians soon commenced a raid up the valley, burning the houses and destroying all the property in Winchester, Swanzeý, and Keene. This must have been a very sad time for these home-makers, for they saw the results of years of hard labor destroyed through lack of assistance from the sources they had a right to look to for protection.

However, their misfortune did not seem to discourage them, for as soon



Evans House, West Swanzeý.

as Massachusetts again sent her soldiers to garrison the fort, in 1748, the men came back and commenced to make improvements on their lots. Their families remained in Massachusetts, and it is doubtful if much progress was made toward settlement again before 1752, when most of the former settlers brought their families back, but only a few who had no property to call them back cared to run the risk of further Indian troubles. These conditions continued until 1762, when all danger from Indians had passed, new settlers came in goodly numbers, and the town was again in a prosperous condition.

At the outbreak of the Revolutionary War Swanzeý seemed to have



Elm House, Swanzeý Factory.



High Water at West Swanzey.

her share of fighting men. Some years previous there had been a regiment of state militia organized in Cheshire county with men from Winchester, Keene, Swanzey, Richmond, Hinsdale, Chesterfield, Westmoreland, Surry, and Gilsum.

Twenty-two of the Swanzey members of the regiment enlisted in the Continental army at the first call, after the battle of Lexington and Concord. These men were attached to several different regiments, some in New Hampshire and others in Massachusetts. Jonathan Whitcomb was made captain of one New Hampshire company, and eleven Swanzey men were in his company, which did gallant fighting at Bunker Hill. Others enlisted in a regiment that was sent into the wilds of Canada, where, in May, 1776, they were captured by the British and held prisoners for eight days, suffering many hardships, and when released were deprived of guns, blankets, leggings, and in fact about all that would be of any use to their captors.

When the inhabitants heard with much alarm that Burgoyne was marching towards Ticonderoga, forty-one Swanzey men, under Col. Joseph Hammond, joined the regiment to

march to the rescue of the fort. Swanzey is credited with twenty soldiers under General Stark in the Battle of Bennington. One hundred and twenty-four Swanzey men enlisted during the war. Other towns probably sent more, but it is doubtful if many can show a larger number in proportion to their population. Some of them were in about all the engagements in New England and they are all such as their descendants may feel proud of.

Col. Joseph Hammond, so prominent at this time, was great grandfather to Joseph Hammond living at West Swanzey at the present time at the age of ninety-three years. The Hammond family have been prominent in the affairs of the town, from Nathaniel, one of the first settlers, down to the present day. Nathaniel Hammond was moderator of the first proprietors' meeting held in Swanzey, and built the first house in the settlement, as before mentioned. Each succeeding generation have taken a prominent part in the civil and military affairs of the day.

The training received during the Indian and Revolutionary wars led the people to take a great interest in



The Holbrook Homestead as it is to-day — Holbrook Farm.

military affairs, and the man who had been to war was a hero in the eyes of the rising generation, while those who were fortunate enough to have "Col." or "Capt." attached to their names were the great men of the town, whose advice was sought on all questions great and small.

Whitcomb of Swanzev was major-general of the third division of the state militia at this time, which added enthusiasm to the occasion. The plains near Swanzev Centre were selected as a muster field, from which fences were removed giving them a clear field two miles long for



Shady Drive approaching the Holbrook Farm.

The annual September muster was an event eagerly looked forward to each year. Each town tried to outdo the others in its military display, and much time and money were spent in fitting the companies to meet their neighbors in the muster field.

Swanzev was honored by being selected as the place for muster in 1810, and it is doubtful if a greater event ever took place in the history of the town. The attendance was said to be the largest of any muster held by the brigade. Philemon

their drills and sham fight. General Whitcomb, with his two sons as aids, reviewed the brigade in its maneuvers and evolutions with much pride. Four thousand soldiers, and as many more spectators, were in attendance, making it an event long to be remembered.

The first settlers of Swanzev early turned their attention to manufacturing. As before stated, Ephraim Jones was given two hundred acres of land at Great Falls, now West Swanzev, on condition that he would



Whitcomb Manufacturing Company.

build a sawmill and maintain the same for ten years. The mill was built on the east side of the river, and probably the material for many of the houses built before the town was abandoned was prepared in this mill. No doubt this mill was to the town in those days what the larger mills are to the town to-day. It shared the fate of all other buildings in town when the Indians made their raid up the valley. The owner died before the settlers returned, and his possessions went back to the proprietors.

On the return of the people, in 1760, Capt. Joseph Whitcomb appears as the leading manufacturer of the town; having been given four acres of land situated on both sides of the falls, he built a sawmill and grist-mill on the east side where the Jones mill had been burned. During the next twenty years the captain and his son, Joseph, seemed to be the leading men in the growing town. They seemed to have a prophetic idea of the future business at the falls, for they bought about four hundred acres of land on each side of the river, so the future growth of the town meant dollars in their pockets. They built mills on the

west side of the river, into which the saw- and grist-mill business was moved, leaving the vacant mills for other kinds of work. The next few years brought many changes at the mills, both in ownership and variety of goods manufactured.

In 1786 Otis Capron was running a cloth dressing business which seems to have been carried on by several owners until 1842, when the manufacture of wooden ware was com-



Residence of George E. Whitcomb.

menced by Isaac and Alfred Stratton, who were the first known to have made buckets by machinery, and, although their business was only carried on for a short time, it was the pioneer in the wooden ware industry, which has been a leading factor in the growth of Swanzev. The manufacture of pails and buckets was carried on in a small way, through frequent changes in ownership, until 1885, when C. L. Russell and Geo. E. Whitcomb bought the business and formed a partnership under the name of C. L. Russell & Co. Under their management the business constantly increased until the plant was burned in the spring of 1899.

A stock company was formed and incorporated under the name of the

West Swanzy Improvement Co., soon after the fire, for the purpose of erecting another plant. Two large steam mills were erected north of the village and leased to the Whitcomb Manufacturing Co., the firm consisting of Geo. E. Whitcomb, A. H. Whitcomb, and Geo. E. Whitcomb, Jr. The box business of A. H. & G. E. Whitcomb, Jr., which was burned at the same time the pail factory was burned, was combined with the pail business, and both are now being carried on, on a much larger scale than formerly. This firm, in addition to their manufacturing, are extensive dealers in lumber. They have several portable mills in operation, and their dealing covers a large



Residence of C. L. Russell and Post-Office.

section of the southwestern part of the state.

In 1894 the West Swanzy Manufacturing Co. built a shop near the bridge and leased it to E. H. Snow, C. L. Russell, and S. W. Snow, under the firm name of Snow & Russell, for the manufacture of boxes. S. W. Snow soon afterwards sold his interest to Mr. Russell, and in 1900 Mr. Russell sold to M. A. Dickinson. The new firm was incorporated as the West Swanzy Box Co. Additions

were made to the plant, which largely increased the production. The capital stock of the company has recently been increased, and N. C. Carter purchased a third interest. A new building is being built for them on the east side of the river, which, when completed and in operation, will double the production of the company. Their shops are equipped with the latest improved machinery and when the additions, now being built, are completed, it will be a valuable addition to the business of the town.

Another box manufactory is that of F. L. Snow, situated near the railroad. This shop was built in 1884 and occupied for some time by F. L. Snow in the manufacture of pails, and S. W. Snow & Son in the manufacture of boxes. In 1894 Mr. Snow sold his pail machinery, and the box firm moved to the new shop near the river. The building was unoccupied until 1897, when it was thoroughly repaired and box machinery put in, and the business has since been very successful. Mr. Snow has an agent in New York who secures many contracts from the largest manufacturers, keeping a good number of hands continually employed.



Residence of F. L. Snow, West Swanzy.



West Swanzezy Manufacturing Company's Woolen Mills.

While the pail, box, and lumber business has done much toward the growth of the town, the woolen business has done its share. This line of manufacturing in town was commenced more than a hundred years ago, but its continued success seems to date from 1866, when Obediah Sprague, O. G. Dort, Latou Martin, and John Bowker formed a company and bought the water power and all the mills on each side of the river. This company, known as the Stratton Mills Co., enlarged the mill and, under the management of Mr. Sprague, commenced the manufacture of beaver cloth and flannel, which was continued with only minor changes until 1887, when a stock company was formed, and the name changed to the West Swanzezy Manufacturing Co., with Ansel Dickinson of Winchester, president, and Mr. Sprague, treasurer and manager.

The Dickinson estate bought the Bowker interest in 1892, and M. A. Dickinson was made treasurer and manager. Extensive improvements were made, and new machinery put in at this time, which would enable them to manufacture a greater variety of goods. The business depression that came upon the country soon after affected their business, as it did all others, and the factory was



Summer Boarding-house of John L. Winch.

closed for a time. It is in successful operation now with a full force, turning out a good grade of fancy dress goods that are meeting with ready sale. This company has done a great deal for the village and town, not only furnishing employment for a large number of men, but with its capital it has developed the water power and built mills for other manufacturers.

Swanzy is a large township, and its business is divided among the five villages of varying size in the town. Westport, two miles below West Swanzy, now has only one manu-



Methodist Church at Westport.

facturing enterprise, the pail factory of James Marsh. The steam mill, near the depot, was successfully operated by J. C. Field, for several years, until sold to a western firm, who have let it remain idle. For more than a hundred years the water power furnished by the falls at this place has been utilized in a great variety of manufacturing, from shoe pegs to carriages, but the pail and bucket business has been the most staple of any.

James Marsh bought the mill and business in 1865, and has since been continually in the pail business. The old mill was burned in 1897, and a



The Maples, Summer Boarding-house of Calvin Hills.

new and much larger one was built the same year. Mr. Marsh now has a modern plant and is turning out a large quantity of pails. This is the oldest business in town, having been carried on, without a change in ownership, for thirty-six years.

East Swanzy has several concerns engaged in the manufacture of wooden ware. Wilder P. Clark of Winchendon, Fitch & Ballou, James M. Ramsdell, and A. A. Woodward are each engaged in the pail business, and E. Wilcox & Son manufacture boxes at their shop below East Swanzy.

Spragueville and Swanzy Factory were once thriving manufacturing villages, but fires and changes in business have left them out of the race. However, they are located near Keene, and many people working in Keene find it convenient to reside there. Obediah Sprague built two large mills at Spragueville in 1879, and operated both, one as a woolen factory, and the other for wooden ware. The business was carried on very successfully, employing nearly one hundred hands, until burned in 1882. The wooden ware factory was rebuilt and operated by the Cheshire Box Co., with Mr.



Mt. Cæsar.

Sprague principal owner, in manufacturing boxes and tables. This business continued until the factory was burned, in 1892, and has not been rebuilt. The water power is now utilized by the Keene Electric Light Co.

Swanzy Centre is without water power, and but little manufacturing has been done there. The location of this village, as was that of nearly all the first settlement, is away from the river, and as business comes in, new villages spring up where there is water power. Yet these quiet villages have their attractions, which draw people looking for freedom from the troubles and cares of business. Swanzy Centre is near historical Mt. Cæsar, and every place has had some part in the early history of the town. The Geo. Carpenter place, at the foot of Mt. Cæsar, seems to have been the center of activity in the

early days. The old road was built over the hill, from what is now the Thurber place to the present road, near the brick church. The old fort, church, and schoolhouse stood on this hill, near where Mr. Carpenter's house now stands, and the well that furnished water at the fort now supplies the Carpenter residence. Visitors at this spot can now see the large, smooth rock on which the first church was built. History tells us that at one time trustees had held a meeting at the church and had just left the building when a hurricane passed through the town, and the church was turned part way around on its smooth rock foundation, without seriously damaging the building. It was allowed to remain in the new position in which the wind had left it.

Rev. Ezra Carpenter, who was the second minister settled in town, was

the great-grandfather of Geo. Carpenter, now living on the place where his ancestors first settled. He was born in Attleboro, Mass., April, 1698; graduated from Harvard college, and after preaching twenty-one years in Hull, Mass., moved to Swanzezy in 1753, remaining there until 1769, when he moved to Walpole, where he died in 1785. The generations following him, and all residing on the home farm, have been Greenwood, Elijah, and George. This is probably the only place in town that has been occupied since the settlement of the town by the successive generations of one family. This historic place was selected and surveyed for the location of the county buildings, when a county seat was being looked for, but through lack of the necessary influence or support Swanzezy lost the prize that might have made it a close competitor to Keene, if it had been secured.

This village was the home of Mt. Cæsar seminary during its existence, from 1842 to 1867. During this time many small towns had flourishing academies. Many of them were denominational, and the Universalists of the county felt the need of an institution near home for the higher education of their children. A county convention of the churches was called and plans were made for building and furnishing a seminary in the town that would give the largest amount to the society toward the building. The people of Swanzezy subscribed enough to meet all the needs of the society, and it was decided to build there. The building was promptly erected and furnished with all the necessary apparatus to be used in a thorough course of study.

The school continued in successful operation for twenty-five years, some of the time having over one hundred



View on Winchester Street, West Swanzezy.



Mt. Caesar Union Library, Swanzev Centre.

students in attendance, when the competition from larger and more wealthy institutions proved too much to meet successfully, and its work had to be abandoned. Its record, however, will long remain in the class of students that graduated during those twenty-five years. Many of them have gained a wide reputation in their various lines of work. Prominent among them may be mentioned Hon. Carroll D. Wright, United States commissioner of labor at Washington; Irving A. Whitcomb, of the Raymond & Whitcomb Excursion Co., Boston; Geo. W. Gay, M. D., of Boston, a prominent surgeon, and for many years connected with the City hospital in Boston; H. H. Metcalf of Concord, well known in newspaper work throughout the state, at present editor of the *GRANITE MONTHLY*; Chas. Holbrook of San Francisco, of the Holbrook, Merrill & Stetson Co., one of the most successful merchants on the

Pacific coast; Gardner C. Hill, M. D., a successful physician of Keene; S. H. McCollester, D. D., of Marlborough, a student, and for a number of years principal of the seminary, an able minister of the gospel, extensive traveler in the holy lands, and author of several books, descriptive of his travels and research; Geo. Carpenter of Swanzev, prominent in town and state affairs, donor of the seminary building to the Library association, and a liberal contributor to its support. Many others deserve mention, but space will not permit.

When the seminary was closed Geo. Carpenter bought the interest of the other shareholders and presented the building to the Mt. Caesar Union Library association. The building was well adapted to its new use, the ground floor being used for reception and cloak rooms, while the second floor is occupied by the library and antiquarian collection, the latter being a valuable and interesting collection of articles in use long ago, Indian relics, etc. The library now contains two thousand volumes, and the number is increased each year by additions of the latest books. It is well patronized, and



Stratton Library at West Swanzev.

the people of the village and neighboring districts give it liberal financial support.

The Stratton library at West Swanzev was established by Geo. W. Stratton of Boston, a native of Swanzev, who has won fame and fortune as a

The library is free to the townspeople, and its management is in the hands of a library association, and funds for its support are raised by voluntary contribution.

Not until within a few years did the people of Swanzev give any at-



A View from Thompson Park in Winter.

musical composer, and wished to do something for his native town. The building was built by Mr. Stratton in 1885, at a cost of about ten thousand dollars. It is of Roman architecture, designed by Mr. Stratton from studies made during his travels abroad. The walls are brick with granite trimming, the floor is marble, making the building fireproof, solid, and substantial.

The library contains 2,500 volumes and about two hundred pieces of sheet music which is given out the same as books. The walls are hung with over two hundred pictures, collected by Mr. Stratton in his travels.

tention to the business of entertaining summer boarders. There are now several farm-houses open to summer guests, and the number increases each year. The records of 1899 show that one hundred and seventy people were entertained at the farm-houses and cottages during the summer of that year. Nature has done her part in this work by giving to us the beautiful scenery, lakes, and streams, and forests through which good roads have been built, making pleasant drives which are so attractive to our city friends. With these attractions, the people have only to open their homes to the

summer visitors to receive their share in the reward that is coming to the people of New Hampshire. Holbrook Farm, Frank Atkinson, John L. Winch, and Calvin Hills entertain the greater part of the summer visitors.

The three former are pleasantly situated on the hills in the southern part of the town overlooking Swanzev lake and the surrounding hills, with old Monadnock in plain view in the distance making a picture long to be remembered. Denman Thompson in looking for a landscape for the scenery in his "Old Homestead," selected this view and had his artist paint the picture from the Holbrook Farm. John Herreshoff, the blind boat builder of Bris-

tol, Conn., has a cottage on the Holbrook Farm, where he with his family spend many pleasant weeks each summer.

The farm-house of Calvin Hills, "The Maples," is situated a little out from the center, on the Keene road, and is an attractive spot for rest and recreation. It is conveniently located, and has pleasant shady drives in all directions, over hills and up and down the Ashuelot valley.

Swanzy lake is gaining in favor as a resort for cottagers looking for a quiet vacation. Its clear water, sandy beaches, groves, and surrounding scenery have only to be seen to be appreciated.

No sketch of Swanzy would be



Residence of Mrs. Chesley.



Residence of Dr. G. I. Cutler, West Swanzy.



Residence of Joseph Dickinson, West Swanzy.



Residence of Frank Thompson.



Denman Thompson.

complete without mention of Denman Thompson and the "Old Homestead" and the characters it represents. It is here that Mr. Thompson spends nearly all his time when off the stage, having a fine residence in West Swanzey and a delightful cottage at Swanzey lake. The great success of the play has introduced Swanzey to the world. It is distinctly a Swanzey play written by Mr. Thompson, who spent the greater part of his life among the people he portrays on the stage, giving him an opportunity to study their character and peculiar expressions, which have

made the play so original, yet true to the country life fifty years ago. The old well sweep and bucket and flax wheel, such attractive features in the play, were once in actual use in the neighborhood.

It is not probable that the people of this neighborhood and the life they lived differed materially from those to be found in any secluded community at that time, but the "Old Homestead" so combines the lives of several, taking the most peculiar characteristics of each to make the unique character presented, that the audience naturally asks if there



Residence of Denmar Thompson, West Swanzy.

ever was such a collection of people in Swanzy.

"Uncle Joshua Whitcomb" is a combination of Joshua Holbrook and Capt. Otis Whitcomb. Uncle Joshua, with his brother Aaron and sister, Rhoda—"Aunt Matilda" of the play—lived on the farm now owned by Mrs. Julia Holbrook, previously mentioned as the Holbrook Farm.

It is here that these people spent their quiet lives, content to let the outside world move along, if it would not disturb them. Hard work and rigid economy had brought them a comfortable fortune. The accumulation of wealth was probably the ambition of their lives. Aunt Rhoda was the tailoress for the neighborhood, going from house to house with her outfit, working early and late to supply the demands of her customers. Some of the boys of her day, now the old men among us, remember their first suit as the product of her labor.

When the old home passed into the hands of the late Charles Holbrook, after the death of Aunt Rhoda, Joshua protested strongly

against some of the changes made about the place by the new owner. The removal of the high board fence around the house was seriously objected to in the following manner: "You've taken five hundred dollars off the place!"—showing the value set on old associations.

The old brick house still stands, but so changed in appearance that none would recognize it as the same. Many people visit it each year and enjoy the beautiful scenery from the farm, which to the people of long ago was like a hidden picture. Joshua and Rhoda died before the play was put on the stage, but Capt. Otis Whitcomb lived to see and enjoy it, going to Boston the year before he died to see the play at the Boston theater. His life was spent on the place now owned by Leonard Whitcomb at Swanzy Centre; he was of a different make up from Uncle Joshua. It is said that he furnished the comedy and Uncle Joshua the more serious part.

Cy Prime, the bashful lover in the play, lived near the Holbrook homestead, on the place now owned by

John L. Winch, and it would not be strange if some part of this love romance was true, for what would have been more natural than for him to tire of his lonely life and look with longing eyes toward the thrifty Rhoda, but, lacking the courage of his convictions, he died with his secret untold.

Seth Perkins, Rickety Ann, and Eb. Gansey were imaginary characters, whose laughable antics are so woven in with the acts of the others that the group is made complete.

While the play has been a financial success it is not in this way alone that its success is to be measured. An evening's visit to the theater witnessing this play has been the turning point in the life of many

a young man, who after going out into the world has broken away from the influence of the home and needs something to turn him back. This simple home scene, representing the father's anxiety for the welfare of his son; the dream and the bar-room scene with the song, "Where is My Wandering Boy To-night," the trip to New York, and the meeting of father and son in front of Grace church cannot fail to set such a wanderer to thinking of the home he has left. A young man in a Western city had neglected to write to his parents in their Eastern home, until many months had passed without a line to cheer the old home. The feelings of this young man are expressed in his own words to Mr. Thompson:



The Home of Joshua Holbrook, the Original "Old Homestead," with Joshua near the House at the Right.

“ When I saw the great anxiety of and I am going to write every week
the father for his son, and the dream, of my life. You know I was raised
I cried like a child, and I went in the country and the play took me
straight to the hotel and wrote home, back to my old homestead.”

“THE OLD HOMESTEAD.”

By Eugene Field.

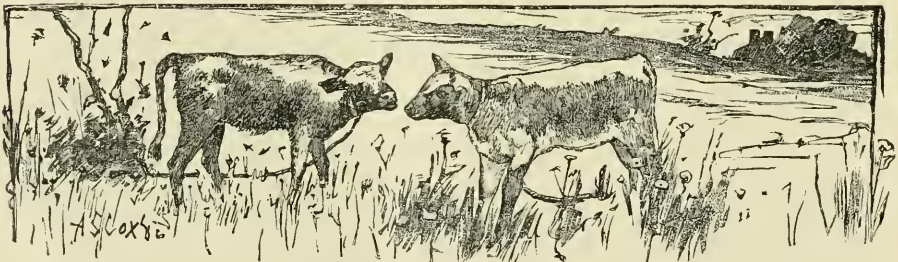
Jest as atween the awk'ard lines a hand we love has penn'd
Appears a meanin' hid from other eyes ;
So in your simple, homespun art, old honest Yankee friend,
A power o' tearful, sweet suggestion lies.
We see it all—the picture that your mem'ries hold so dear—
The homestead in New England far away ;
And the vision is so nat'ral like we almost seem to hear
The voices that were hushed but yesterday.

Ah, who 'd ha' thought the music of that distant childhood time
Would sleep through all the changeful, bitter years,
To waken into melodies like Christmas bells a-chime
An' to claim the ready tribute of our tears.

Why, the robins in the maples an' the blackbirds round the pond,
The crickets an' the locusts in the leaves,
The brook that chased the trout adown the hillside jest beyond,
And the swallows in their nests beneath the eaves—
They all come troopin' back with you, dear Uncle Josh, to-day,
An' they seem to sing with all the joyous zest
Of the days when we were Yankee boys an' Yankee girls at play,
With nary thought of livin' “ way out West ”

God bless ye, Denman Thompson, for the good y' do our hearts,
With this music an' these memories o' youth—
God bless ye for the faculty that tops all human arts,
The good ol' Yankee faculty of Truth.

NOTE.—Many of the illustrations in this article were made from photographs taken by William Ide.



WE'RE COMIN' BACK FOR HOME WEEK.

(To the mothers of the old Granite state.)

By William Hale.

Yes, we've got the invitation,
An' your lovin' letter, dear;
An' we're comin' back for Home Week,
Comin' home your heart to cheer.

Mother, we're all a-comin'—
Me an' Mary, Paul an' Pete,
Bess an' Hannah, little Margie,
All a-comin', you to greet.

Yes, an' there's another youngster
We aint writ about afore—
Wouldn't you like to hold him, mother,
Same's you did me, in the door?

From our tiresome, rollin' prairies,
From the "wild an' wooly" West,
We're comin' to the mountains,
An' the land of peace an' rest.

Tho' the grain rot on the praires,
Tho' the cowboys steal the sheep,
We're comin' 'long o' mother
Hampshire's ol' Home Week to keep.

We'll kill off some o' the critters—
Thank the Lord, there's some to spare
It'll seem to make us richer,
What we can with mother share.

What's a dozen head o' cattle?
That do n't jar us, not a mite,
With our sweet an' saintly mother
An' ol' Home Week in full sight.

We sha'n't wait another year, dear—
Got your pictur' t' other night;
An' we see—we hate to tell it—
That your hair is turning white.

Jest be patient with us, mother,
While we wipe away the tears,
While we set an' let God's goodness
Drive away the risin' fears.

Let me whisper soft, dear mother—
Guess, somehow, I've ketched a cold,
Bless me, how this strong hand trembles!
Mother, dear,—you 're growin' old!

So we 're comin', comin', mother—
It ain't best too long to wait—
Me an' Mary, with the youngsters,
Jest to help you celebrate.

Mother, are the birds still singin'
As they used to in the laue?
Rather hear 'em thrill than Patti
Mid the clover-tops again.

Are the bobolinks a-bubblin'
O'er with joy, the band to beat?
Countless little thro'ts a-burstin'
With their liquid music sweet?

Golden cups a-brim with sunshine,
Blossoms still the tulip-tree?
Hnn the bees there thro' the buckwheat,
Hivin' sweets for you an' me?

Mother, do the golden robins
Raise their broods still in the nest
Jest above the attic window,
Lookin' off toward the West?

Is the ol' well-sweep a-creakin'?
Lurks the trout within the pool?
Hangs the moss-green oaken bucket
By the drippin' curb so cool?

Are the brown mud-turtles sunnin'
With the bull-frogs in the pond?
Is the mockin' cat-bird callin'
From the cool grove jest beyond?

Do the boys yet gather mornin's
Down by the ol' swimmin' hole?
Dead an' buried? You do n't mean it?
Lord, how swift the full years roll!

Stands the little saffron schoolh'us'
At the crossro'ds by the lane,
Where we had our eddycation
Sandwiched in with piles o' pain?

Does big *Rover* tease the heifers
Down there on the heater-piece?
Does the sorrel colt still trample
Poor grand-daddy's squawkin' geese?

Do you send to mill ol' *Robert*
With abbreviated tail?
Gives ol' *Whitey* still good measure,
Brimmin' o'er her ten-quart pail?

Are the high-bush huckleberries
Still a-purplin' in the air
Where the great lone pine leans lovin'
High above the stone *Armchair*?

Grown the sweet-fern an' the bayberry
By the ol' red pastur'-bars,
Where in the sweet summer evenin's
Late we linger's with the stars?

Is it time for flapjacks, mother?
Is it early for mince pies?
Strange this pen should work so poorly!
Strange how dim these lovin' eyes!

Are the ducks an' pullets fatt'nin'?
Can you spare a prime spring lamb?
Will you break a box of honey?
Will you let us steal the jam?

How about the doughnuts, mother?
Keep the pancakes nice an' hot;
We are hurryin' home to try 'em—
Think you that your boy's forgot?

How about the apple-dowdy?
Are the watermelons ripe?
Do n't you mind these blots, my darlin',
Wait a minute, while I wipe!

There! enough of foolish questions!
One thing more, afore I close,—
There's one spot on our ol' homestead
That each year more holy grows.

If you 're goin', mother, darlin',
Over by the cattle-run,
Where the white slabs of our dear ones
Slant a-shinin' in the sun,

You can knell there in the clover,
Where the faded flag yet waves,
An' tell dad an' all we 're comin'
It will cheer them in their graves.

Mother, dear, our eyes are streamin'
An' our fond hearts throb an' ache,
When we think of you alone, dear—
We 're comin' for your sake.

What are endless, wheat-white prairies?
Lowin' cattle, burstin' tills?
Kansas is n't in it, mother,
With New Hampshire's rugged hills!

We 're comin', comin', mother,
Comin' home to take the farm;
Livin' is n't livin', mother,
Without you the way to charm.

I must put *this* in the letter,
Else I should n't do my part;
Tho' it's fur from home to Kansas,
'Taint so fur to mother's heart.

This one thought for me an' mother,
Jest this word an' then I 'm done;
Nothin' in this world can sever
Lovin' mother, lovin' son.

There, there, mother! do n't take on so!
Did n't mean to make ye cry—
Ain't it strange how gladness sets us
Weepin' like an April sky?

Bless you, dearest, do not tremble!
Tho' we 've lingered long an' late,
We 're comin' home to mother
An' the grand ol' Granite state.



THE OLD CORNER PRINTING HOUSE, WALPOLE, N. H.

By Carlisle Clark.



ONE hundred and ten miles from Boston, Mass., situated in the southwestern part of New Hampshire, in the Connecticut valley, is Walpole, where, about as many years ago, a printing house was es-

ment of the generation that was born during the Revolutionary period.

Some six years ago a research was begun and these facts concerning "the old corner printing house" and those connected with it, have been unearthed, which have been collected from various and reliable sources.

It was on April 11, 1793, that the publication of *The Farmer's Museum* was commenced by Isaiah Thomas, L.L. D., and David Carlisle, Jr., with the distinguished Joseph Dennie, Esq., as editor. The paper was published in Walpole, on the upper floor of the building shown in the cut, while the lower floor was used for the bookstore and was then prac-



The Old Tavern and Printing House Fifty Years Ago.

tablished which made that quaint, picturesque little town a literary centre for nearly fifty years from 1793.

There, amid the changes of a century, on the corner of Main and High streets (N. E.), has stood the building, not a modern sky-scraper, with elevators to the tenth floor, but a small common-place structure of two stories, in which, beyond doubt, some of the most talented and progressive men of their day commenced and conducted an enterprise devoted to the moral and intellectual develop-



Old Corner Printing House and Bookstore as it is to-day.

mentally the same in appearance as now. The periodical was known as *The New Hampshire Journal and Farmer's Museum*. "It was a remarkable publication," says *The New Hampshire Book*, "and became widely celebrated for its wit, talent and originality. Dailies were entirely unknown,

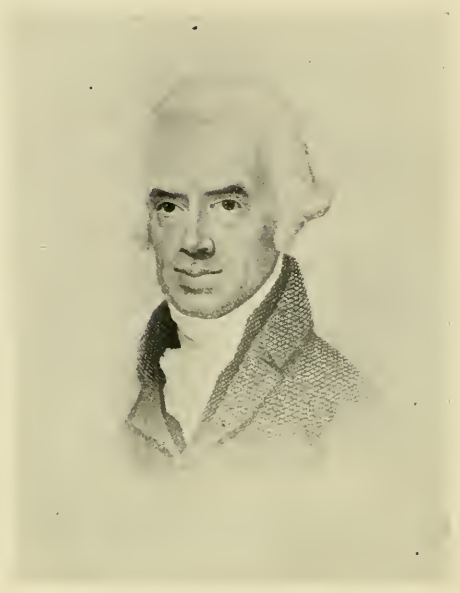
weeklies were uncommon and book publication was an art new and rare in the United States.

The Museum was of high class, for its regular contributors were such men as the famous jurist, Royal Tyler, Esq., of Brattleboro, Vt., David Everett, Isaac Story, Rev. Thomas G. Fessenden, and others, whose literary abilities are unquestioned.

Among the books written by them and published by Thomas & Carlisle were "The Ferrago," "The Lay Preacher," "The Shops of Colon and Spondie," "Peter Quince," "Simon Spunky," "The Hermit," "Peter Pendulum," "The Desk of Beri Hesdew," "The Rural Wanderer," which, together with specimen copies of *The Museum*, may be found in the public library, Walpole, and the preservation of these early publications is entirely due to the forethought and efforts of Mr. Thomas B. Peck of that town. Copies of *The Museum* are also on file in the state library at Concord.

Among the books published in this establishment (a copy of which may be found in the library at Walpole) is one which deserves special mention, not only because it was published at such an early date, but because it was the first American novel to be honored with republication in England. The book was written by Royal Tyler, and was printed by David Carlisle, Jr., in the year 1797. Its title is "The Algerine Captive, or Life and Adventures of Dr. Urdike Underhill, Six Years a Prisoner Among the Algerines."

Isaiah Thomas, LL. D., was born in Boston, Mass., January 19, 1749, and was a well-known publisher in Colonial days. During the Revolu-



Isaiah Thomas. LL. D. 1749-1831.

tion he was editor of *The Massachusetts Spy* and during his life conducted extensive publishing houses in Newburyport, Boston, Worcester, Mass., and Walpole. He published the *New England Almanac*, familiar for years in almost every household before calendars were commonly used. He died in Worcester, Mass., April 4, 1831. An interesting sketch of his life was written by his grandson the late Benjamin F. Thomas, Esq.

David Carlisle, Jr., was born in Walpole, August 23, 1771, and when last seen was descending the stairs of a burning building during the great fire in New York city, December 16, 1835. The building collapsed and he perished in the flames. Mr. Carlisle was a son of Capt. David Carlisle of Walpole, formerly of Lunenburg, Mass., who was a commissioned officer of Col. Abijah Stearne's regiment, Co. No. 1, Worcester, Mass., 1776.

Opposite the printing house on Main street, on the site now occupied by the hotel, stood "The Old Tavern." The old stage-coach, the one-horse shay, the Colonial dress and customs, all familiar scenes a century ago, have passed away, and the contemplation of men and the manners of those who lived a hundred years ago, leaves an impress upon our minds like a grand spectacular play.

If tradition can be relied upon



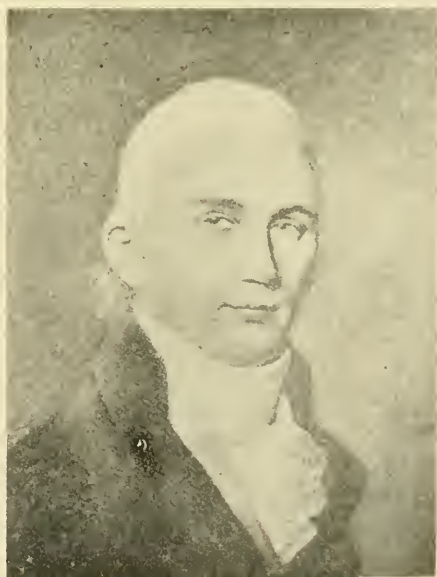
David Carlisle, Jr. 1771-1835.

"The Old Tavern" has been the scene of many social festivities. Among those gathered to celebrate July 4, 1797, was David Carlisle, Jr. During the evening he was informed that his wife had given birth to a little boy, whereupon a toast was offered, his health proposed and drank, and, at the suggestion of some eminent man present, the child was named Julius Quartus, in honor of the day. It is supposed the name

was suggested by the famous editor of *The Museum*.

Joseph Dennie, Esq., was born in Boston, Mass., August 30, 1768, and died January 7, 1812, aged 44 years, and is buried in St. Paul's churchyard, Philadelphia, Pa. An interesting account of his career may be found in the *New England Magazine*, August, 1896.

The publication of *The Museum* was suspended twice for a short period, but was revived the last time in 1827, with A. Godfrey as editor, and remained in Walpole about two years. From May 2, 1828, it was edited by Nahum Stone, and was then removed to Keene. The first few years of its existence *The Museum* was neutral in politics. In 1800 it became the exponent of the Whig party, and is now published in Keene, by Mr. Oscar Colony, under the name *Cheshire Republican*, and is the only Democratic newspaper printed in Cheshire county.



Joseph Dennie, Esq. 1768-1812.

Not only had *The Museum* a celebrated corps of writers and correspondents, but here, on March 5, 1796, Joseph Tinker Buckingham, the successful and well-known publisher of a later date, began his career as a printer. An account of his experience as an apprentice (I say apprentice, for, according to his story, he was not an ordinary printer's devil) may be found in "Men and Manners, in America, One Hundred

Years Ago," Sans Soucie series. He was born in Windham, Conn., December 21, 1779, and died in Cambridge, Mass., April 11, 1861. He was at one time editor of the *New England Magazine*.

Thus briefly have we reviewed the history of a project which stands as a monument to the memory of those who were connected with "the old corner printing house and bookstore, Walpole, N. H."



A PICTURE.

By Clara B. Heath.

A barren isle—white drifts of shelly sand—
 As if storm-built by an up-heaving sea ;
 A gentle breeze that like a fairy wand
 Upturned the scanty leaves on shrub and tree ;
 A few white sails far out beyond the strand,
 The morning sunlight flashing far and free,
 Across cool waves, that rose with gentle swell,
 Broke into curves, and slowly sinking fell.

Inland a quaint and quiet olden town
 Lay by the shore, a mile or two away,
 Along its outskirts mansions old and brown,
 And winding roads that struggled towards the bay ;
 Beyond, a sunny hill with wooded crown,
 O'er all the stillness of an August day.
 Along the rocks we saw the seaweed cling,
 Far out the glitter of a sea-gull's wing.

A perfect picture for an artist eye,
 One that could catch the beauty of the hour,
 The quivering light that flashed o'er earth and sky,
 Turned every nook into a fairy bower.
 It touched the foam-wreaths as they floated by,
 Transforming each into a regal dower
 Of blazing gems ; while eastward, sky and sea,
 Were lost in one great wave of harmony.



Deer Island Pines.

DEER ISLAND—REMINISCENT.

By Dr. Horace G. Leslie.

Touch lightly Merrimac the rocks,
That like sharp ploughshare turns thy tide,
To where tall towers stately stand,
And iron cradles safely ride.

Blow gently breeze on time-worn pines,
The years have to their harping sung ;
They 've heard the century's Ang'lus bell,
And were old when its dawn begun.

Deer Island's ancient lordly pines,
The last of that unnumbered host,
Whose long line stood in firm array,
From mountain side to wave-washed coast.

Where their deep shadows circling swept,
Like fingers on time's dial plate ;
Lived he of wisdom, lord and wit,
With unbarred door and unlatched gate.

Men came as to the fount of thought,
And quaffed wit's goblet with its king :
They come no more, his chair is draped,
And round its rungs the amaranth clings.

Why should life's beaker be broken,
When its lips are purpling with wine ?
And *why* should its shards be scattered,
At the root of love's tender vine ?

We ask, and the Sphinx on life's sands
Is mute to our wearying cry,
We hear but the mist-wreath's echo ;
A moan in the wind passing by.

That mariner silent and gray,
Whose bark is full laden with tears,
To sorrow brings never a balm,
Save the draught of nepenthine years.



Chain Bridge, Deer Island.

RUTH DARRICOTT.

By Mary M. Currier.

[CONTINUED.]

CHAPTER IV.

SNARES AND SMILES.



JUSTIN CRAIG heard the stairs leading to his office creak and groan, and he sat down at his desk, put a pencil behind his right ear, and stuck his pen into the shallow ink-bottle with a quickness and ease that showed him to be quite accustomed to performing these exercises. In fact, no one had ever failed, on entering the office, to behold him at his desk, with the red pencil—or another red pencil just like it—behind his ear, and his moistened pen on the point of writing something very important.

His visitor did not come directly in, but stopped at the head of the stairs, probably either to rest a moment on the landing, or to listen, or to read the notice on the door, and Mr. Craig sat during this time with the pen in position, and waited for matters to develop.

At length the door opened.

It was a strange-looking piece of mortality that appeared, and the lawyer at first glanced stealthily, and immediately afterwards glared furiously at it. But to his astonishment neither the glance nor the glare appeared to make the faintest impression on the creature before him. It

stood just within the door, and though its eyes roamed about the room its face gave no evidence that they saw anything, and Mr. Craig felt for an instant an instinctive shrinking from them, for they looked like a blind man's eyes. By its attire it asserted that it belonged to the male portion of humanity, but its face was beardless, though not young, and the stooping shoulders were narrow and sloping as though they ought to be a woman's.

It stood so long there motionless, except for the movements of its eyes, and silent, that when it did speak Mr. Craig was startled at the shrill tones, and he felt something as one might feel if he should hear a dead man speak.

"You're a lawyer, ain't you?"

"Yes," he answered, recovering himself, and speaking hurriedly as though pressing business necessitated great haste in the disposing of any little matter that he might wish to bring up.

"Can you 'tend to me now?"

"I am very busy this morning, as you can see (that is, if you *can* see, he interjected to himself), but I can spare you a few minutes. Will you sit down?"

The creature actually grinned. It was quite alive. There was no longer any doubt about that, however it looked. And it could see, too, for it

took a chair, tipped it back against the wall, and put its feet on the round.

"Well, what do you want?" inquired the lawyer after waiting for his client to begin, and making up his mind that he was never going to speak again unless he had help.

It grinned again. Evidently it had business of an extremely agreeable nature to transact.

"I wants you to write me a letter," came forth in the wake of the grin.

"You can't write, then, I suppose. That's unfortunate. Can you read?"

"Nope."

Mr. Craig produced a sheet of paper and an envelope from the desk; but he stopped short in the act of dipping his pen into the ink, and glared round at the figure in the chair.

"Can you pay me for writing this letter?"

"Yep."

"Very well, what shall I write?" He turned back to the desk and took up a penful of ink.

"Jest say, 'I've found the place,' that's all; they'll know 'bout it."

Down it went—"I've found the place."

"What name?"

"Jest write 'Jo,' that's all."

Down it went.

Mr. Craig took up the envelope, put the sheet in, sealed the envelope, turned it over, and asked again,

"What name?"

"No name; jest box 135, Pondville, Pensilvany."

And down that went. What a haste the lawyer was in, and what an immense amount of business he must do?

Jo fumbled about in his dirty

pocket, making a great jingling of pennies, nails, and keys, and finally produced a dime which he deposited in the lawyer's outstretched hand.

"Much obleeged," he said. "Mebbe I'll hev another letter for you to write sometime. I s'pose you'll do it."

"Yes, I'll do it. But where do you live? You are a stranger here."

"I lives to Widder Conner's an' does chores. Where do you live?"

The lawyer began a most terrible glare, but it collapsed into a gasp of astonishment.

"Why, that—that—isn't any of your business," he stammered.

The little creature grinned gleefully, and backed towards the door with the letter in his hand.

"No more it ain't none of your business where I lives," and with a parting grin he slunk down the stairs.

When Jo had had time to reach the other side of the road Mr. Craig walked to the office window, peered out, and looked eagerly up and down. Ah! there he was. He had just come out of the post-office, and was shambling off up the road. Mr. Craig watched him out of sight, and then went back to his desk.

For some time he plied his pen diligently, though not without calling into service a more than ordinary amount of will power to keep his mind on his work. At length, in spite of all his efforts, he found himself making ds for gs, crossing his ls instead of his ts, and now and then writing words over twice. Then his mind got into another humor, and he began to leave out words. And by and by his brain became so confused between the regular current of his

every-day business thoughts, and a swift, contrary, undercurrent of some capricious and altogether unusual thoughts, that he got the two mixed up together; and sometimes he put down parts of one, and sometimes parts of the other.

Twice he got up and looked out of the window, but nothing in particular was to be seen. And both times when he came back to his desk he looked as though he was disappointed about something, but at the same time was rather relieved, too.

Finally he threw down his pen, moved away from the desk, and lighted a cigar. He heard the stairs creak, and glided into his accustomed place. Nobody came in, and after waiting a while he opened the door and looked out. There was no one there. He relighted his cigar and sat down again. But he could not sit still, and after looking out of the window once more he put on his hat, locked up the office, and made his way down the protesting stairs. Taking long steps he turned up a road leading northward from the village, the road upon which lived Caleb Todd, Asa Cudworth, Ruth Darricott, and the Jordan family.

It was a smooth, pleasant, country road, not very hilly, and with not many houses upon it after one had gotten beyond the quarter of a mile nearest to the village. Part of the way there were well-cared-for fields on both sides, and now and then it passed a cow-pasture on the side farthest from the river; for it was in a rather narrow valley that had a small river winding down through it, and beside the river, following its crooks and turns as closely as it could without piling its passengers over into it,

was a single-track railroad. Occasionally a thick growth of pine, that had come up in what had been a pasture years ago, extended down to the road, and now and then a wilderness of half a dozen kinds of trees, crowded the road on both sides for a little distance, and the stray birches and maples, and the alder bushes, ventured so near to the traveled way that their rash branches were bruised and broken by passing wagons.

As Mr. Craig approached John Darricott's house he saw him out with his tin sprinkler watering his garden, but Mr. Darricott's back was towards him, and he did not speak. As he came nearer he saw Ruth sitting by the west window sewing. She was humming quietly to herself, and was so busily occupied that she did not see him till he gave a little cough. Then she looked up somewhat quickly, and on seeing who it was blushed as she bowed.

He had now gone nearly a mile and had come in sight of Caleb Todd's small white house. "I'll call in and see Todd about his insurance," he said to himself, slowing up, and giving a glance at the building. "He ought to put high insurance on that. That could be saved easily enough if it should start to burn, it's so near the river. Yes, fine buildings those, valuable buildings. I must talk them up to him." He opened the gate and went up to the door. "And he must put the furniture well up, too; that could n't fail to be saved with neighbors so near."

His knock brought no response. The door was fastened. Caleb was gone.

"Up to Cudworth's," he muttered.

"Precious two-year-old! That's the best string to Asa Cudworth's bow."

For a moment he stood irresolute. Then he turned back and with slower steps retraced his way. Ruth was not by the window when he had again reached Darricott's, but Mr. Darricott was still in the garden.

He was a tall, spare man. How curious it is that we say a man is spare when he has nothing to spare. John Darricott never had anything to spare, no flesh, no good temper, no time, no money, no love. Oh, he was a very spare man indeed! He was facing the road as Mr. Craig came along this time, and the lawyer called up and spoke.

"How are you, Darricott?" he said familiarly.

"Very well," answered Mr. Darricott, taking off his gold-bowed spectacles, which he only wore to carry out the fiction of his having poor eye-sight, under the cover of which he managed to elude such people as he did n't want to see. He gave Mr. Craig a searching look, and then replaced the glasses. "I'm quite well. How's business?"

"Dull — stupid — dead as the grave."

"Is that so?"

"I never knew times to be worse."

"You sold that lot to Furrow yet?"

"Yes."

"Well, what's the matter, then?"

"You've got the blues to-day."

The lawyer remained silent.

"That was a good trade for one no bigger. You've got his five hundred, I suppose, and a mortgage on a house worth eight hundred or more, for your three hundred and that old

mountain lot that ain't worth one year's taxes on it."

Mr. Craig admitted the truth of this supposition.

"I should call that good times enough. It ain't every day that you can find a fool like Furrow."

Mr. Darricott's attempt at jocoseness was unheeded by the lawyer.

"Did you ever hear of the trade that Colonel Cole made?"

He had not heard of it.

"That was a trade, I tell you—a trade! It was more than twenty years ago. I was knowin' to it, myself. I won't claim exactly to been in it, though I won't say that I was n't, but I was knowin' to it all the way along.

"Let's set down here. Well, you see, this is how it was. It was a feller that he fell in with on the cars, that he traded with. The colonel was a sharp one, and he had the greatest way of spotting the right kind of a feller, and gettin' into conversation with 'im, that you ever see. The talk went on from one thing to another till by an' by Cole found out that this feller had some money to invest, and that he'd been thinkin' o' puttin' it into a lumber lot. He wa'n't no fool, either. He wa'n't much like the chap you and Cy had to deal with. He was a man that had traded in lumber considerable, and had made money that way, an' he knew what lots was. It happened that he was on his way then to look at a lot that he'd heard of an' was thinkin' o' buyin'; an' after a spell the colonel let out that he'd got a lot, a mighty fine one, too, but he said he wa'n't in no hurry to git red of it, for the stuff was a gittin' bigger, an' the lot was a growin' better

every year; still he 'd like to have him take a look at it sometime, seein' he was interested in the lumber business.

" 'All right,' says the feller, 'I'll do it.'

" 'Wall,' says the colonel, 'I've got to be away on business for a few days—can't get back inside o' ten days anyway—but most anybody in town can show you the lot; just tell 'em you want to look at the Weeks lot—that's the name it goes by—and you'll find they've heard of it.'

" 'I'll stop off on my way back, I guess. I sha' n't hev no better time,' says the feller, as interested as could be. Then he asked for the names o' two or three o' the business men in town, an' the colonel give him a couple.

" 'Well, the colonel kept on about his business, an' the other man went his way about his.

" 'Now, you see, Colonel Cole had a partner to help him out on just such occasions as these, an' this partner had considerable business to do 'round near the depot just about that time—happened to have, you know, and pretty soon back come the colonel's man, an' when he got off the cars there was the partner standin' there lookin' for somebody that had n't come, as natural as life.

" 'The stranger looked round a minute—there wa' n't more 'n half dozen men in sight, an' the partner was one o' the best-dressed an' best-lookin' of 'em—an then he come up, an' he says,

" 'Can you tell me where Mr. Foote or Mr. Stevens live?'

" 'Why, yes,' says 'e. 'Stevens, that's my name.'

" 'That's lucky,' says the stranger.

'That's goin' to save my hunting you up. Can you show me the Weeks lot?'

" 'Yes, sir,' says 'e.

" 'All right; let's take a look at it.'

" 'Well, along they went, the colonel's man praisin' up the lot every step o' the way. Finally they come to it, an' it was a handsome old lot, an' no mistake. How the feller's eyes stuck out! He was so taken with it that he was bound to trade from the first minute he see it, an' 't wa' n't long before Colonel Cole had the bargain all closed, an' the documents passed over. That was a trade, sir, a big trade.'

" 'But I don't see,' began Mr. Craig, manifestly disappointed with the story.

" 'Why, man alive, that lot was n't his, that's all. Cole had a lot, of course, and it was his own that he deeded, but the lot that the other feller see wa' n't his, an' never was.'

" 'Oh, I see,' said Mr. Craig.

" 'There's a little trap going to spring on the Jordan's—Everett more particularly,' he added presently.

" 'That's so? How do you work it?'

" 'Why, just like this,' replied the lawyer, giving a hasty but searching glance about the garden, while Mr. Darricott took off his spectacles to be able to see the speaker more plainly. " 'This is how 't is. Jordan is going with the Parker girl. A fine girl she is. I have a little influence, as you might say, there. He expects to marry her, and they're engaged now, but it ain't much known yet. He's only waiting to get together what money he can, and then he's going to strike out in business for himself.

He's got a little property of his own, and he's going to get what he can out of his father—that won't be much, though Mr. Jordan's just had something willed to him—an' with what he can borrow of Miles he thinks he can make a start. The trap comes in here," and he lowered his voice considerably, "the girl wont marry him unless he promises to make half the property over to her. This he kicks on doin', but he'll come round to it, I'm sure he will when he sees she won't give in.

"Well, as I said before, I have a little influence, as you might say, there, with the girl, your know, and she'll come to me now and then to see about laying out the money. If Jordan tries to boss her, she'll be mad, but if she comes to me for advice, and I tell her what to do, she'll feel as though she was doin' business for herself."

"Your advice will be valuable and disinterested," said Mr. Darricott, and he put his spectacles on. "But I wouldn't give much for all you can get out of the Jordans. You'll find its pretty small potatoes, and few in a hill."

"Miles is rather sweet on Ruth, ain't he?" inquired Mr. Craig.

"Rather," returned Mr. Darricott, dryly.

"Well, I do n't care for *that*, but it's got to stop there."

"You mean he ain't goin' to marry her?" and Mr. Darricott took off his spectacles with the greatest possible haste.

"Of course."

"But why not?"

"Because he ain't."

"Yes, yes," he said impatiently, "but why not?"

"No matter," replied the lawyer abruptly, and without any more words he walked off towards the village.

At the same time a slight figure might have been seen hurrying across the potato-field that lay between the Widow Conner's house and Asa Cudworth's. It was tending towards the widow's. When it reached Mrs. Conner's back gate, which, by the way, always squeaked faintly when it was opened, it put its hand on the top rail of the fence, and flung itself noiselessly over. Then creeping along to the back kitchen window, it stole a look within.

How it grinned! It must have been a happy dispositioned creature to grin so all to itself. And yet, was it any wonder? For in that kitchen were Caleb Todd and the Widow Conner, neither of whom had remarkably small mouths, and they were both grinning, too, or, to be more elegant where a lady is concerned, perhaps I ought to say smiling.

Caleb was in his most amiable humor, and if anything had previously been lacking to his happiness, it lacked no longer when Mrs. Conner produced some Dutch cheese and a custard pie. The cheese, which Caleb was uncommonly fond of, was enough, of itself, to induce a smile, and when it was accompanied by a custard pie, the Widow Conner's pie, too, and, more yet, when there was the smiling Widow Conner opposite, casting more than neighborly glances in his direction, under all these circumstances, I say, who could blame him? And who could have the heart to tell him that he was exhibiting a somewhat tobacco-stained and defi-

cient set of teeth, and stop, if it would stop it, that crescent smile.

And as for the widow—bless her!—she had even greater cause for smiling than he had. Her teeth were white and—new. And there was a neat, shining bit of gold in them, just far enough back to be visible only when she smiled broadly. To be sure she had n't much gold besides that shining bit, but then that was n't any matter. Had n't Caleb Todd money enough for two? And was n't he a bachelor not over fifty-six? And had n't he told her that she made the best custard pie he ever ate? And was n't his house-keeper going away in the fall? And did n't the neighbors say that Caleb ought to get married?

Of course he had. Of course he was. Of course he had. Of course she was. Of course they did. Hence her smile; hence his smile; hence the grin on the countenance of the forlorn creature in the back yard.

"I could n't persuade you to take another piece of pie, could I?" she asked, as the last triangle on his plate joined the trapezoid before it.

Caleb leaned back in the chair, with his knife in one hand and his fork in the other, and seemed to be engaged in a calculation respecting the relative cubic contents of the quarter of pie that remained, and his remaining stomachic space.

"No, thank ye; guess not. That 's good pie, though, good nuff."

"You'd better have the other piece," said she, pushing the plate towards him.

"No, thank ye," he repeated, drawing away from the table.

She put the things in the cupboard and sat down.

"Who you goin' ter git ter do your hayin'?" inquired Caleb.

"I do n't know of any better hand than Caleb Todd," she replied coquettishly. "But maybe I could n't get him."

"I should n't wonder if ye could. I'm gittin' on first-rate with mine. How does Jo turn out to be—pritty good help?"

"Oh, he does very well for chores, but he do n't seem to be able to do any real hard work. I ought to have a strong man to help me, instead of a fellow like him, but I can't afford to pay the wages of one the year round." The widow sighed deeply.

"He's a queer-nuff lookin' chap," pursued Caleb, on whom the sigh was wasted.

"Yes, poor fellow! I feel real sorry for him. And though there's things that have to be done that he can't do, I'm glad he's got a good comfortable home here."

"It's a lucky thing for 'im."

"Yes, so 't is. I 'spose he ain't to blame for bein' such a poor, miserable thing. I think he ought to be well took care of."

"He will be here, that 's sartin," and Caleb bestowed an admiring smile upon her.

"Thank you, Mr. Todd," answered she, showing the bit of gold.

He rose and put his hand on the latch.

"Do n't go yet, Mr. Todd," she exclaimed. "Wait a spell, and take your other piece o' pie."

"Oh, I can't stop no longer now, I've gut a lot o' putt'r'in' 'round to do when I git home."

"Now, if that ain't too bad! That custard 'll sour before I can eat it up,

and Jo do n't like custard pie at all. I can't get him to touch it."

"'T is a pity," said he, with deep regret in his tone. "Wall," he continued, resignedly, "set it on. It won't take me but a minute. I hate to hev it wasted."

The pie and cheese were again produced, and Caleb once more fell to.

"Everett's goin' to get married, I hear," observed Mrs. Conner.

Caleb paused with a huge mouthful uplifted.

"Is? I hain't heerd nothin' 'bout it."

"Oh, it's a secret yet," laughed she so merrily that the bit of gold was more plainly disclosed than ever. "You must n't tell a word of it."

"Who's he goin' to marry, that Parker girl that he's been goin' with some, or Bill Burnham's girl?"

"I can't tell another word. I absolutely can't. I really ought not to have spoken of it all, but I thought to you, you know, would be no hurt. You wouldn't mention it." The bit of gold reappeared.

"Oh, it's all right with me. I won't say anything about it. But do n't you know anything more? When is it goin' to be? Come, now, let's hev it."

"No, no, not one other word." She put out her hand as though to ward off the temptation with it.

"Now, that ain't right," said Caleb, reproachfully, and he reached out his hand to take hold of hers, but the widow with a terrified little scream hastily gathered it in.

"Oh, yes it is," said she.

"You might tell *me*," said Caleb, as he rose again and edged towards the door.

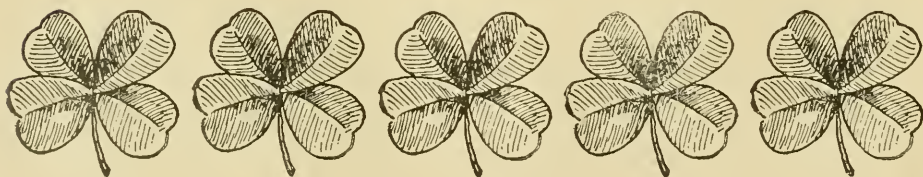
"Come in agin'," said she following him to the door.

"Oh, yes, I'll be in."

"Maybe I can tell you the rest of the news when you come in next time."

"I'll be in soon, then," and with a final exchange of smiles they parted. But instead of going straight home to attend to his important duties there, he called in a few minutes to see Asa Cudworth, and there, though he had hoped to learn something more about Everett Jordan's marriage, so far was he from accomplishing this, that, prevailed upon by Asa's amiability and his cider, instead of gaining any additional light, he forgot himself to the extent of revealing the gleam emanating from the Widow Conner.

[To be continued.]





“THE OLD HOME.”

By Mrs. Nancy Morey Paul.

How I long to hear the patter
Of the little childish feet
Making music on the yellow kitchen floor,
How I miss the fond caresses
Of the “baby fingers” sweet,
Of the little hands, that come to me no more!

How I miss the song and sunshine
That were mine for many a year,
How I miss the patient love and tender care
Of the one who stood beside me
With the group of children dear.
Yes! I miss my darlings—miss them everywhere!

All are gone from out the home-nest!
Some have flown to world’s more fair,
And my weary heart seems breaking with its load,
But these lips shall keep on smiling
With the love my heart doth bear
For the dear ones who are left me on the road.


Let me sit once more—in silence
’Neath the sacred walls of “Home,”
E’en though strange faces greet my coming there;
Let my heart in full submission
Know the will of God—alone—
While I lift my suppliant soul to Him in prayer.

For the “jewels” that are spared me,
For the friends I hold so dear,
For His grace and strength to bear what He hath given,
While amid the deep’ning shadows
Of the twilight I draw near
To the pearly gates that open into heaven!

THE FRANCONIA NOTCH.

(See frontispiece.)

By Paul R. Jenks.

“RE you familiar with the Franconia notch?”
“Oh, yes; I’ve been through it twice, and been another time by the railway to the Profile House and taken dinner there. It’s a great place, isn’t it?”

Pretty much like this is American familiarity. I do not reprehend it, for it bespeaks acquaintance with wide areas, and a broad general knowledge that is admirable. Thoroughness is indeed but a relative term, the absolute never attainable. But I have been thinking lately what a zero of experience it is, comparatively, to have known the Franconia notch only as the tourist whom I have quoted. For in the last year I have passed through it well nigh a score of times, at every season, and I realize that I know it far better than before, just as you know your friend only when you have seen his inmost soul in sternness and in pleasantry, in expectation, and in disappointment. So, assuming that my readers know best the notch of July and August, the tourist’s notch, come with me in other months, afoot and awheel, in sleigh and on snowshoes, and see if you will not enjoy it then.

In early October the temptation of the last trip of the White Mountain express had taken me to Littleton by train, just at the time of the most glorious autumn colors; a warm day, with no suspicion of chill, for the

snow on Washington seemed to belong to a different world. But on Monday morning how painfully thin was a summer outing suit against a wintry wind, clouded skies, and snow-squalls, as I started to wheel south. But my mind was on something higher as I passed through Franconia village,—on Bald mountain, the sentinel of the notch, on the clouds above Cannon and Garfield, on the snow and cloud which crowned Lafayette. The forests were dull under those skies, not bright as on Saturday and Sunday, but all to me was fascinating as ever, being in striking contrast to their appearance when I had last seen them, in the sunrise light of May 31.

My coat was off for “Three Mile Hill,” where over forty successive water bars from the Profile Farms I push my wheel without a mount. At the summit I leave it, and I know you will follow me to Artists’ Bluff, for a party has come up from Plymouth, and I assure you good company. Cannon mountain is a mass of dull red and yellow deciduous trees, that dovetail into the dark spruce above, which in turn gives way to the new snow upon the perfect curve of the upper ledges, where the sun has nearly broken through. Echo lake, at our feet, is open, black, bordered with snow; one of the sternest color effects in nature. Then mighty Lafayette, his head

among the clouds, his spurs, "like knotted muscles," not suggestive of finite strength, with the mystery that envelopes every cloud-wrapped peak. Squalls on the other mountains, no distant eastward view. Though chilled by the wind, we linger, fascinated by the wavering clouds. Just as we turn to go, Lafayette lifts his cap in courtesy; there is a glimpse of the rocky cone and summit, black and white; then down again comes the cap, this time over his ears, for, as we sweep past the Profile House, we face a driving snowstorm. Never have those walls of rock seemed so high and black, or the setting of the "Old Man" so fitting, as seen that day through the snow. Well might the house be closed, for who would care to stay there now, unless he loves to be alone with Nature's power?

Three miles south the storm nearly ceases and the lower altitude brings warmth; into the Flume come alternately snow and sunshine, and though there is white mingled with the brown of the Campton meadows, by contrast with the notch it is like coming indoors to the warmth of the open fire.

On the last day of January we climbed Lafayette, and next morning I started up the road from the Profile Farms. It was a typical winter day, ideal in fact, except for the squalls that persistently capped Lafayette. Eighteen inches of light snow had fallen three days before, and six inches the previous night. The notch road is, of course, little traveled in winter, but it is kept open by Mr. Davis, who stays at the Profile House. The big snow roller is kept at the height of land, and, unless the

storms are too severe, is used as far south as the clearing, where the Lincoln line is met. But it would be impossible to drag it back up the hill from Franconia, and all the road-breaking that is done there consists in driving down and back with a pair of heavy grain sacks dragged behind the runners of a bobsled. This is more effective than might be supposed, except that it is not easy to turn out from such a road after the snow is deep and hard.

The walk up the hill was slow, but there was the exhilaration and stimulation that always comes with snow and cold, and as I passed over the height of land on my snowshoes, shuffled and loped down through the light snow, I felt that it was good for me to be there.

Did it seem very different from summer? No, not to me. When one first sees the woods and mountains in winter, everything appears utterly new and strange in a formerly well-known spot, but after a few winters' experience the general correspondence of winter and summer landscape becomes familiar, and only details claim examination. Indeed, I could not help contrasting our bewilderment when we first climbed Osceola in winter with my feeling of recognition here; the difference was only that Nature had a new and fairer gown that set off her strength and beauty more strongly.

Can anyone look upon a snow scene and not smile? Does it not bring a true, concentrated pleasure like nothing else which reacts so strongly upon the physical system? No one could come down that road that morning without feeling in him something that responded warmly to those great black

cliffs, to the snow, either dull or sparkling white, and to that sharp northern wind.

It is only a little past eight o'clock, and the sun has not risen in the notch. I take on my camera at the Profile cottage and decline a ride on the bobsled with Mr. Davis, for I must stop to photograph the "Old Man." Profile lake is, of course, in the shadow, which reaches almost to the great face. On the mountain side, where, in summer, the foliage is so thick that the slope seems covered with soft drapery, the snow shows everywhere through the trees, and corresponding to the bare trunks, the Old Man's chin seems of sharper outline and his features more gaunt. The clouds fly past his face, and with numbing fingers I wait minute after minute for a clear sky. So against the blue I have him, the sunlight upon his face, the snow upon his forehead; the snow-white dome of the mountain behind, the shadowy woods and shadowed lake below.

The southerly storm of the night before had driven the snow against the ledges of Cannon, and it still clung there, not yet blown or melted off. From the clearing two miles down the road I carry away this scene, not in effect like the usual appearance of New Hampshire mountains, but suggestive of European views. The valley is still in shadow, the snow on the ledges is dazzling white in the direct reflection of the sun's rays; black angles of rock penetrate here and there, while at the left to the top and side of the plate extends the second dome of the mountain, giving an idea of indefinite height not reproducible.

Above the Basin the logging teams

come in, and traveling is easier, especially when a teamster bids me get on the end of his load. At the Flume House Mr. Elliott says that if we will get back from the Flume at half past one he will give us some hot coffee and doughnuts, and will take us with him on a sled to North Woodstock.

The winter Flume is not for the transient visitor, to be explored in a few minutes and abandoned as "done." Walks and railings are useless, for the snow slopes down over them, and every foothold must be broken out level. The snow is not as deep as in the woods, perhaps three feet. You can climb up through the cleft, but I would rather not. Of all Nature's winter shrines there is none I desire to hold in mind undisturbed by the snowshoe print so much as this. Let us stand at the entrance and look and feel, and quietly turn away. For there is a sense of solitude not felt in summer, the brook being lost to sight and sound, unless you are right upon it. Into the narrowest part I believe the sun cannot penetrate for many months, for it would set behind Pemigewasset too soon. There is twilight at noonday, emphasized by the black wall of rock on the northern side, and the almost equally dark ice on much of the southern. I would like to be there in the dusk. It seems to me that there, as nowhere else, one could catch the secret of a winter nightfall.

But confessedly, we returned in haste to the coffee and doughnuts, and this is substantially what we found. Hot roast turkey, potato and gravy, corn and tomato, white bread and brown bread, hot mince pie and cheese, *doughnuts and coffee*. Was there ever the like? Oh, Mr. Elliott,

of all your guests, none could ever have appreciated your kindness as we did, for it was so fitting. All the forenoon we had been preparing a "*spot*," and all this went to the "*spot*" exactly. As afterwards we swing down the road in the sled, even in the keen wind there is the easy pleasure that comes from thorough warmth and satisfaction; ears are almost chilled before we know it, we feel our bodies so amply comfortable.

Three weeks later, with that friend who never surprises me, even when he proposes to climb in winter the "kopjes" Liberty and Flume, we came into North Woodstock by train, amid a "January thaw." Though the sound of rain during the evening was not reassuring, we had the pleasure that comes when two brother trampers meet after a year for another trip. Toward morning it grew colder, three inches of light snow fell, and when we came down stairs we found the sun trying to break through, though it was still storming around the mountains. Soon, with horse and sleigh, and all the paraphernalia requisite for anything from a thirty-mile drive to an exhausting climb, we started northward in that delightful state of mind in which we do not know nor care what we may finally decide to do.

In fact we do nothing but enjoy ourselves; for first the wind, coming down across the flats a few miles up the road, warns us not to climb; and later we are in a driving storm. Now you who were sitting that day in easy chair, in the comfortable warmth and luxury of city home, you, not we, were missing something out of life. We were in the heart alike of the

mountains and of the storm; either is company, both doubly such; and when beside you is your friend, who also loves them both, what dearer quartette of friends can there be?

From the clearing at the Lincoln line the road is marked with stakes on either side, so that though the road may be drifted over level, the big roller can be driven in the same path each time and the snow packed evenly hard. In the open by the Profile House the stakes are especially necessary, for there is no other sign of a thoroughfare. We are truly shut in on all sides now, between walls of mountains, the white earth and the gray sky, here so little above us.

Since we cannot climb, we will not disdain the thought of dinner, and we drive on over the hill to the home where I know we are sure of both hearty dinner and hearty welcome at the hands of Mr. and Mrs. Bowles at the Profile Farms. Let no man say that the hills of New Hampshire do not bring forth as fine men and women as ever in the past, but that rather, as the remoter districts are brought more closely in contact with the world, there are living and growing up generations with the same physical, mental, and moral vigor, with the same earnestness of purpose as of old, and with greater breadth of view. As I look at the four sturdy children in this home, or at them and a hundred others in the rooms of the academy in the village, I cannot see signs that the sources of that life-stream will fail which drains from country to city and enables the country boy by sheer force of latent energy to climb the ladder of urban success.

By the time we are back at the top

of the hill it is getting dark, and before long it is dark, that is, as much so as it can ever be amid the snow. But what of that? We are the same quartette of friends, the storm and the mountains, the doctor and I. What matters it night or day? Every mile cancels the weariness of a day's work, and puts care further behind us. Our supper, long since served, you would say was spoiled. To us it was one more means of honest, healthy enjoyment, soon crowned by sleep, unbroken or dotted with vistas from our drive.

In early May I next saw the notch, when I walked through from Littleton. The leaves were not out, few of the birds had come, the roads were unsettled. It was that period of expectancy when nature seems to be doing so little, while really the life forces are rapidly at work. I had no time to stray from the road that day, but the steady walk was a pleasure. One learns much more detail from walking than from wheeling or driving, for the simple reason that he has time to perceive more, and so long as our thinking is dependent upon a correlative physical process, it will always, thank heaven, be the same. Never will nature's mode of locomotion lose its charm, though the exigencies of time may often force us to resort to human contrivances. I thought that day how my friend had once expressed it. We had thrown ourselves down beside a spring at the foot of Osceola toward the end of a day's continuous tramp in the virgin forest, and were fairly reveling in the pleasure of mere physical existence. Thinking back over the day's pleasure, he said with the most intense conviction, "If God had meant us to

ride bicycles He would have given us wheels, but he did n't, He gave us legs."

This walk gave me the basis for a theory upon the local bird migration, which I confess has few definite observations behind it, but if I do not claim it as a scientific fact, I may be permitted to state it. Finding the bird life much less abundant as I proceed up Three Mile Hill from Franconia, least at the height of land and increasing again below the Flume, I offer the hypothesis that birds do not migrate through the notch. Does not the superior altitude delay the appearance of vegetable and animal life in spring, so that there would be a resulting difficulty of subsistence for the birds? Let some ornithologist in the Ammonoosuc valley see whence his migrants come, and if they come up the Connecticut valley, this would, perhaps, account for the observed fact that the orioles, abundant in Littleton, are rare in Franconia. Upon our supposition, to reach the latter would involve a southern flight, contrary to the general direction of the migration.

I realized that day that no one knows New Hampshire brooks who has not seen them in May. In summer they are low unless raised by a recent rain, when the water loses its purity. But in May and early June you find the exquisite combination of abundant yet limpid water, fed by the snows, which, away up among the spurs of the mountains, are gently disappearing, to appear metamorphosed in the brooks below. Every brook is now most musical, with a note of strength which will be missed later, while the water is just as clear

as you have ever seen it when reduced to a silver thread among the stones and mosses—in short, it is from the mountains of New Hampshire.

The last time I saw the notch, except as in imagination I have recalled it a thousand times, was when toward the last of May I once more wheeled through. I can linger a bit now to watch the birds. Though some who should certainly know thought differently, it seemed to many of us who lived in New Hampshire that the birds were uncommonly abundant in the spring of 1900. At any rate I well remember the wealth of feathers and of music that made that ride memorable. In the first place the piece of open at the foot of the hill, as one passes from Littleton to Franconia, is a real aviary, where it is my hope sometime to spend many an hour, for merely in passing a few times I have seen that it is alive with birds, but I have never been able to follow them up, though tantalized by unfamiliar songs. Then the woods and fields all along the road seemed full of them that day, and when I came to Franconia, to the house where I always call (for who could pass the man who led the way up the cone of Lafayette in the driving snow?), I exclaimed enthusiastically, "I would like to spend a week covering those five miles!" But Mr. Torrey has told us of "May in Franconia," and I must hasten on.

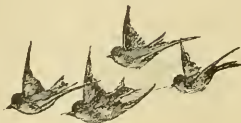
I think I heard a wood thrush when well up the hill out of the village, and I remember how kindly a pair of rose-breasted grosbeaks came out of the woods to see me, for I can call it nothing else. But now as I pass over the height of land I must

dismiss the birds to make up lost time by coasting wherever possible. I resume them only when I leave my wheel to go up to Lonesome lake. I noticed how the black-throated blue warbler would sometimes cut short his little song and speak of the "trees, trees," only twice. The white-throated sparrow I had already found doing the same thing, as well as extending his triplets to five, six, or seven. This extension I attribute to sheer excess of spirits; the reduction to the fact that he sees me and thinks it prudent to keep quiet, while the same high spirits make him break out (like the irrepressible boy) before he can control himself to inhibit the impulse.

A "harricane" had visited the fine timber lands about Lonesome lake the fall before, and the forest was a wreck. But climbing in and out and up and over, I finally reach a prostrate trunk whence I can look across to the great Franconia range, and see the lake near me and the wooded domes to the north. The sky is overcast and it seems fitting. There are still traces of snow. My senses give no evidence of another human being in the world. But do I eat my lunch in silence? Not at all! My orchestra was the winter wren, and need any more be said to those who know him? Now in the distance, now close beside me, but still provokingly invisible, I hear this song, in perfect harmony with all else, the bird's interpretation of the woods and the mountains, in some way a real expression of what life among them means to him.

My last visit to the notch. Dear old mountains! I shall see you again, I trust, in summers to come,

but never so familiarly as I have known you for the last few years. You have never treated me but kindly; under a sometimes cold exterior I have always found a warm heart. Happy the man who can enter your gates at will and catch the secrets of your life!



THE LIFE OF THE BROOK.

By Kate D. Barrington.

Babbling—babbling—babbling,
Over all the pebbles;
Little brook a-rippling
All the sharps and trebles.

Brooklet, little brooklet,
How far do you run?
Till you see the fisher's net?
Is your work then done?

Thus the brooklet answered me
"Watering fields is my first task,
As I flow unto the sea
By the turtles where they bask.

"O'er my surface, never dim,
Flies and insects, other things
Lightly, lightly ever skim,
Dragon-flies with gauzy wings.

"Men and children fish and play
All along my brink;
Beasts by night and birds by day
All come down to drink.

"This my work is, little one;
Now you know it well."
This is what the brook told us,
One day, in our dell.

A NEW ENGLAND HERO.

By Esther Robertson.



THOSE of us who still remember the Civil War as if it were a thing of yesterday, are perhaps inclined to feel a little jealous lest the heroes of that sad time should be forgotten among the later, but certainly not more noble, acts of heroism of the late Spanish-American war. Will you hear of one?

Many will remember the time when Louis Bell came to study law in the little village of Charlestown, on the Connecticut river, formerly called "Number Four." He was the son of ex-Governor Bell, and had three older brothers, one of whom was the chief justice of the supreme judicial court, and another a distinguished lawyer and United States senator, while the third was Dr. Luther V. Bell, long remembered as the head of the McLean Asylum for the Insane at Somerville, Mass.

Louis had been sent to Charlestown to study law with Judge Cushing, after graduating at Brown university, where he had made a speciality of chemistry. Many young men had come to Charlestown, from time to time, but none of them had made quite so deep an impression upon the people as this young man. One remembers him at that time as over six feet tall, stalwart and graceful, with a straight military bearing and having an air of one born to

command, with auburn hair which curled tightly to his head, thick and standing out like a brush; merry blue eyes, full of candor and sincerity, instinctively filling the beholder with confidence, full of laughter, yet withal, a keen, searching look in them.

The old townsmen shook their heads and predicted a sad end to his extravagancies, for he was full of energy and daring, combined with the highest spirits; but if these qualities met with the disapproval of the seniors they also made him the much admired leader of the gay young set that enjoyed life to the utmost in the quiet little village in those days. Are there any such young people now? Have they vanished from this busy world? Or, perchance, it may be that we, who were then young, have now joined the ranks of those who used to shake their heads and never knew when we did it.

One of the young man's freaks will tell the story of the rest. Far up on the hills which surround Charlestown are Minot's Falls, which are well protected by the dense forest which then grew about it. These falls roar so loudly in the spring as to be heard all over the little village, but in the summer, when they are easy of access to the explorer, they dwindle down to a very pretty and picturesque little stream falling over a precipice of about fifteen feet in

height into a rocky basin whose walls are lined with moss and ferns.

Our hero invited his friends to an excursion to the falls in March, when they were in their glory and the snow waist deep in the woods. Of course they were not to walk, and he, himself, would drive the party up there. Horses and sleigh were hired for the purpose, and the party set off in spite of the great disapproval of older and wiser heads. Sad was the plight in which they returned. Nevertheless, they had seen the falls, and though they were all wet through to the neck and were obliged to walk home, the sleigh a wreck left behind them, and our hero leading the horses, no one was the worse for the adventure, and all thought it well worth the trouble, even the young lady who had fallen on her back in the icy stream with her feet up stream.

Later we find him married, admitted to the bar, settled in Farmington, N. H., and solicitor for the county of Strafford. He was well established in his work, with the most flattering promises in the future, when the war broke out. The honor and welfare of his country were more to him than money and fame, and at Lincoln's first call for men he responded and was commissioned captain in the first regiment of New Hampshire Volunteers. For the first six months his company was on picket duty in the Army of the Potomac. During this time, and ever after, he gained first the respect and then the love of his men. Of a deep religious feeling, he alway scarried a little pocket edition of the psalms and read from it daily. As a consequence the men understood that no

profane words, gambling, or any other vice would be upheld by him and in time they were almost wholly suppressed.

In the fall of 1861 the Fourth New Hampshire was formed and Captain Bell was commissioned as lieutenant-colonel. Later he was made chief of General Sherman's staff and inspector-general, the brave general recognizing the ability of the soldier.

The Fourth was very constantly under fire from this time. It has been said of Colonel Bell that he was always cool in battle, always at the head of his men, leading them on; and when the battle was over he made it his first thought to see that they were bivouacked in the safest and most comfortable position that could be found. He was slightly wounded twice, and when the regiment was engaged on engineer duty in a series of operations against Charleston, the knowledge of chemistry acquired in earlier life came into play, as he experimented with success on a new shell fuse and Greek fire intended to produce conflagrations.

In April, 1864, the regiment was ordered to join General Butler in the Army of the Potomac and Colonel Bell was placed in command of a brigade. During this year he was engaged in a series of struggles, in every one of which he gained new honors and the reputation of a brave soldier, "without fear or reproach."

It was not until the beginning of the year of 1865 that one of the most terrible battles of the war took place, the taking of Fort Fisher. Colonel Bell had been engaged in the two expeditions against it before, and this time it was well understood there was to be no failure.

One can imagine the Fourth, after a long and exhausting march through the deep mud of Virginia, opening their knapsacks only to find a general mixture of coffee, bread, sugar, tobacco, and whatever else they might contain. And yet they tell us that the most skilful of housewives can give us nothing to compare with that same coffee made in a tin pail over a camp fire; moreover that the brave fellows on the other side were sometimes glad to find a piece of corn bread in their pockets at the end of a day's march. Well, we can imagine them taking what comfort they could, and building winter quarters for themselves out of planks and rails, taken not always with the leave of the owners, and settling down for a little rest when orders come to move. When? At once. Where? No one knows. There was nothing for it but to move and leave the little huts for luckier men.

Down the Potomac they sailed and then met a terrible storm on the Atlantic, so that they were obliged to lighten the ships by throwing over the poor horses, and then, when finally landed under the protection of the guns, again began the endless digging of trenches that made one of our men reply to a rebuke for having a dirty gun,—“I know my gun is dirty, but I've got the brightest shovel you ever saw.”

Colonel Bell had received permission to go home on furlough the day before the battle, but he would not leave his men and post of duty when danger was threatening. There was a little son at home whom he had never seen, as the boy had come into the world after his father had left.

Loving hearts were waiting impatiently for this furlough, and there was to be a christening of the baby with general rejoicings. They must wait till after the battle.

Standing impatiently behind their earthworks, soiled and grimy from their toil and long, stormy passage, with envious eyes the Fourth saw the marines in fresh uniforms, colors flying, and bands playing, charge across the narrow beach toward the face of the fort. They were gallant sailors and fought bravely, but while the soldiers were watching the assault they saw the marines first waver and then retreat under the fearful fire. The soldiers then in their turn dashed forward while the exultant enemy were pouring their fire into the retreating marines. It was one of the most terrible charges ever made in history. A broken bridge barred the way, but the ditch was soon filled with the dead and the living still charged over the bodies of their comrades.

It was while gallantly leading his men that Colonel Bell was shot by a sharp-shooter from the fort just before he gained the bridge. He asked the surgeon if his wound was fatal.

“I am fearful that it is,” was the reluctant reply.

He half raised himself from the stretcher and said:

“I want to see my colors on the parapet before I go.”

The next moment, as if in obedience to the dying man's command, the smoky, tattered flag was planted within the fort. A contented smile passed over the colonel's face.

“I am satisfied,” he said, and that night passed quietly to his last sleep.

As if in mockery, the next day

the secretary of war arrived at Fort Fisher conferring on Colonel Bell the brevet rank of brigadier-general.

The little son was indeed christened at home but over his father's coffin.

A few months later his little daughter came down to her grandmother weeping and terrified. "Manmma told me to go with her to the cemetery," said the child, "and now she is lying on the bed and I cannot wake her."

The grandmother went at once to

the room filled with a nameless foreboding and found the child's report was only too true. The gentle heart was broken and the wife's spirit had gone on to join her husband in the unknown land.

Every year the Grand Army post of Manchester, named in Colonel Bell's honor "The Louis Bell Post," visits his grave and decorates it with flowers and the flag which he loved so well as to lay down his life for it.

ELEANORA OF CASTILE, 1254-1290.

By Frederick Myron Colby.

The summer sun was shining
O'er Windsor's turrets grand,
And mirth and joy and gladness
Reigned in the English land.
The streets were gay with color,
The trumpets pealed in air ;
O'er castle, cot, and palace
Waved banners everywhere.

She rode a milk-white palfrey
With housings all of blue ;
Strewed was her fragrant pathway
With garlands wined with dew.
The joy bells they were ringing
To welcome Edward's queen,
And England's proudest nobles
Among her train were seen.

A face fair as the morning,
With hair of gleaming gold,
And eyes with Spain's dark beauty,
Merry and arch and bold.
So rode the young queen, Eleanor,
Through seas of flower-wreathed foam
Beneath the trees of Windsor,
Unto her castle home.

The muffled bells were tolling
 Through autumn's chilly air;
 The trembling notes went sighing
 O'er England's meadows fair.
 Again a queen was passing
 With pomp of pall and plume,
 This time 't was not her bridal,
 They bore her to the tomb.

Bowed were the heads of warriors
 With grief for their dead queen,
 And drooped the solemn banners,
 And tearful eyes were seen.
 The halls of stately Windsor
 Were shrouded in deep gloom,
 With funeral tapers burning
 In *that* sad, silent room.

Within the dim, old abbey
 The mourning cortege passed;
 By sleeping kings and warriors
 They laid the queen at last.
 All England, robed in sadness,
 Thronged in the stately nave,
 And mighty Edward's lion heart
 Was buried in that grave.

AN OLD-TIME MINISTER.

By Mary Spofford Cutler.



AMONG some carefully cherished mementoes in my childhood's home was a piece of perforated card on which was wrought in threads of silver hair, the name, "Rev. L. Ainsworth," a name well known in southern New Hampshire a hundred years ago. I remember that the sight of it used to give me a shivery feeling, for it brought to mind a bitterly cold ride I had once taken with my parents through the snow-drifts of Jaffrey. They had been summoned from home at this unseasonable time by the illness of my grandmother in another town, and on their return were visiting relatives in Jaffrey, where my father's school days had been spent. Among the friends he wished to see here was the old minister of the town who had always shown a cordial interest in the young people of his parish and won their lasting esteem. Having often heard his great age spoken of, I looked forward to seeing a person quite different from other

old people I had known, for there seemed to me something almost uncanny in the idea of being a hundred years old. And so when thoroughly benumbed with the cold we drove up to a house where my father said we would stop and warm us, it never occurred to me that the kind old gentleman who greeted us so heartily, and who took me by the hand and led me close to the blazing open fire, was the "Priest Ainsworth" of whom I had so often heard. Had I sooner realized that it was he, I might have remembered some of the things he said, but I was more interested in the quaint old room than in the conversation, and only came to my senses when, as we were about to go, he put his arm kindly about me and said with a merry smile, "Now remember that you came to see 'Priest Ainsworth' when he was almost a hundred years old."

He seemed amused at my ill-concealed surprise, and we soon bade him good-by. He lived to be nearly a hundred and one years old, and the little memento we prized so much, wrought from his long silvery hair, was sent us by his friends.

Mr. Ainsworth's pastorate of about seventy-six years over the church in Jaffrey was not only the longest in New Hampshire, but has been claimed as the longest in the country. During the last twenty-eight years, however, he had the assistance of colleagues, although he attended public services until near the close of his life; and only the Saturday before his death he was able to lead the devotions of his household.

Mr. Ainsworth was born in Woodstock, Conn., July 19, 1757. In consequence of a severe sickness in his

childhood, he lost the use of his right arm. His attention was thus turned toward a professional life, and he entered the Sophomore class at Dartmouth in 1775. When he had finished his collegiate and theological studies, being at Hanover on Commencement day, 1781, a committee from Jaffrey met him and engaged him to preach for them. He began his services there the next autumn, although not ordained for over a year. The following extracts from the town records, found in Dr. Cutter's "History of Jaffrey," are of interest in this connection:

In April [1782] the town "voted to hear Mr. Ainsworth on probation; in order to give him a call." In July the town

Voted unanimously to concur with the church and give Mr. Laban Ainsworth a call to the work of the Gospel Ministry in this town.

Chose John Gilmore, Joseph Bates, Eleazr Spofford, Moses Worcester and Abel Parker, Comee to draw up articles concerning the encouragement the town will give Mr. Ainsworth to settle with us in the ministry and report.

The following is their report:

We the aforesaid Comee think the first minister should have the North end of the two Senter Lots, also the mountain Lot, (No. 3, Range 2) and in money thirty Pounds, and to quitclaim his right to Lots disposed of belonging to the first minister.

This last item refers to three hundred acres of land reserved by the original proprietors, to be given—aside from his salary—to the first settled minister of the town, but which the town seems to have disposed of before Mr. Ainsworth, their first minister, came.

After hearing this report the town

Voted that the comee report be given to Mr. L. Ainsworth for an encouragement to settle with us in the ministry.

Voted to give Mr. Ainsworth as a Salary seventy Pounds while he supplies the Desk in this town.

In September the town

Voted to grant Mr. Ainsworth liberty annually to visit his Friends twice each year of two Sabbaths at each time, if he accept the call of the town.

Voted To alter the sentence in a former vote, to as long as he is the Gospel minister of sd town; instead of while he supplies the Desk in sd town.

In November, 1782, the town

Voted that the Ordination of Mr. Ainsworth be the second Wednesday in December next.

Chose Mr. E. Spofford, Lieut. Emery and Mr. John Gilmore a Comee to Provide for the Concil on sd day.

Chose Samuel Pane, Capt. Spanlding, Nathan Hall, Lt. Bass and Samuel Emery to take care of the meeting house on sd day.

The following minutes of the council have been preserved :

Newhampshire, Jeffry, Dec 10 1782

At an ecclesiastical council being convened by letters missive from the Chh. of Christ in the town aforesaid to assist in setting apart for the work of the gospel ministry Mr. Laban Ainsworth, their pastor elect, were present the following chh's. represented. The Chh. of Christ in New Ipswich, Fitzwilliam, Dublin, Keene, Woodstock (Con) Ashford (Con) and Temple.

1. Made choice of Rev. Mr. Farrar Moderator of sd concil.

1. Examined a copy of the proceedings of the Concil in forming the Chh.

2. The call and offers made to Mr. L. Ainsworth for his encouragement by the Chh. and freeholders of Sd town.

3. His answer to' their call, In the affirmative.

4. His Confession of Faith.

5. He presented himself for examination to answer such questions as might be proposed to him. He exhibited several pieces of his sermons.

6. Opportunity given for objections.

7. Adjourned till Wednesday ye 11th at 9 o'clock.

Wednesday ye. 11th. Having met according to adjournment.

1. Mr. Ainsworth received as a member of the Chh. in consequence of a letter of recommendation from the Chh. of Christ in Woodstock.

2. Unanimously agreed to proceed to ordination.

The programme of the ordination service then follows, beginning with

"The introductory prayer to be performed by Noah Miles," and other parts are very much the same as in more recent times.

Mr. Ainsworth was noted in "all the country round" during his younger days because of his liking for practical jokes. One of these, perpetrated upon the neighboring minister of Dublin, has often been told. One day this minister, who was sadly deficient in practical knowledge, though very learned in theology, came riding over to Mr. Ainsworth's in great dismay and announced that the Lord had cursed his beans for they were all growing wrong end up. Mr. Ainsworth mounted his horse and rode back with his brother minister to survey the unfortunate beans. He then gravely advised him to pull them up and plant them right, and left him to perform the task.

According to a tradition that has been handed down in our family, this same minister came at another time to call upon Mr. Ainsworth, and left his horse so insecurely fastened that, while the two were busily discussing some knotty point in theology, the animal became restless and broke away. An aunt of my father's, then a school-girl, secured the horse and noosed the bridle in the ring of the hitching-post. When the minister was ready to depart, instead of unfastening the bridle he stood gazing at it in blank amazement until Mr. Ainsworth came out to see what was the matter.

"See," said the minister, with consternation in his looks and tones, "my horse must have gone through that ring!"

And Mr. Ainsworth stood calmly

by while the perplexed minister came to the conclusion that there was no other way out of his difficulty than to cut the bridle, which he proceeded at once to do.

As Mr. Ainsworth grew older we do not hear of his amusing himself thus at the expense of others; nor would he ever tolerate any petty or ill-natured criticisms of his brethren in the ministry. When a young divine once remarked how his neighbor minister carried his head bent over, Mr. Ainsworth turned upon him with the question, "Did you ever see a field of rye?" Being answered in the affirmative, Mr. Ainsworth continued, "Which were the full heads, those which bent over, or those which stood erect like yours?"

Although Mr. Ainsworth was a zealous defender of the faith, and though he could be stern if occasion required, yet his relations with his colleagues seem to have been uniformly pleasant; and one of those who knew him best in his latest years says, "We love to remember the tenderness of his affection towards his brethren in the ministry."

Mr. Ainsworth was married in 1787 to Mary Minot, daughter of Jonas Minot of Concord, Mass. She died in 1845. They had two children; a daughter, who died a few weeks before her father's centennial birthday, and a son, William, who became a successful lawyer and occupied various public positions in New Hampshire. He died in 1842.

A grandson of Mr. Ainsworth

was killed at Port Royal, Va., in 1862.

The name of this old-time minister survives in that of the assistant librarian of congress, Hon. Ainsworth R. Spofford, whose grandfather, Dea. Eleazer Spofford, owned the farm where the village of East Jaffrey now stands, and who built the first mills on the Contoocook river at this place. Here the father of the librarian and of the late Judge Spofford of Louisiana—Rev. Luke A. Spofford—was born in 1785.

Dea. Eleazer Spofford was warmly attached to his pastor, and sometimes intrusted his children to Mr. Ainsworth's care while they were pursuing their studies. One of his sons thus met a sad fate. On an ill-starred night the house of Mr. Ainsworth was burned, and the fire was not discovered in season to rescue the unfortunate lad.

One generation has entirely passed away since those olden times. Their children into the third and fourth generation are scattered over all the earth. Not many remain within the shadow of the dear old mountain under whose watchful eye their fathers were reared. Yet there are few, even of those who have wandered the farthest, who do not sometimes look back to see

"Monadnock lifting from his night of pines
His rosy forehead to the evening star."

And for all "the strength of the hills" that has entered into their restless lives and helped to make them what they are, they give silent thanks.

WAVES OF THE OCEAN.

By E. M. Haines.

Down here at my feet are the glad billows dashing.
They 're whirling and dancing like children at play ;
Now lost in oblivion ; now heedlessly rushing,
They 're caught and are kissed by the rocks in the bay.
Untrammelled by fetters of high-handed fashion,
Unconscious of beauty, yet fair as the light,
They 're clad in soft tissue of filmy white laces
Whence thousands of jewels now sparkle in sight
With hearts all transparent, where honesty dwelleth,
With never a touch of deceit in their smile,
Their purity symbols the life of the angels,
All blissful enjoyment and freedom from guile.
Their breath is delightful and cool are the kisses
They scatter promiscuous over my hand.
Like frolicsome elves from an untraveled country
They come to enchant with their fairy-like wand.
Low music, as sweet as was Orpheus' singing,
Is rippling over and under the stones,
With visions of restfulness soothing the weary,
Or calming the saddened with sympathy's tones.
Like stars to the night are the waves to the ocean,
Detailing the work that Infinity wrought,
Relieving the tedium of learning by pictures
Illustrating lessons to those who are taught.
Advancing, receding, they yet are fulfilling
The plan of creation, from day unto day.
Now polishing pebbles and tossing them upward ;
Anon drawing backward like creatures at bay.
Oh ! beautiful waves of a beautiful ocean !
That merrily play when the soft breezes blow,
Your strength is unbounded when storms rage around you
And often breaks forth in destruction and woe.
And yet ye are grieving ; e'en now I can hear you
In low moaning whispers repenting your deeds.
Ye are not deceitful ; your trumpet is sounded
Whenever your army to battle proceeds.
Accept, then, the homage of one human spirit,
Who earnestly prays to the Father above,
That, pure and transparent as waves of the ocean,
The life of His child may irradiate love.

NECROLOGY

HON. CHARLES A. PEABODY.

Charles Augustus Peabody, born in Sandwich, July 10, 1814, died in New York city, July 3, 1901:

Judge Peabody was the son of Samuel and Abigail (Wood) Peabody, and a descendant of that Richard Peabody who was a prominent officer in the Revolutionary army. He was also a descendant, through his grandmother, of the famous Sir Matthew Hale. He was educated by private tutors and at the academies in Wolfeborough, Gilford, Tilton, and Gilmanston. He taught for a time in Beverly, Mass., and in Baltimore, and commenced studying law in the latter city in 1834, in the office of United States District Attorney Williams. Two years later he entered the Harvard Law school, from which he graduated in 1837. In 1839 he commenced the practice of his profession in New York city, where he identified himself with the Republican party upon its organization. In 1855 he was elected a judge of the supreme court for the city of New York, but served only one year. In 1858 he was appointed state commissioner of quarantine. In 1862 he was made judge of the United States provincial court of Louisiana, by President Lincoln, serving till 1865, the last two years as chief justice.

Returning to New York he resumed legal practice and continued the same for about twenty years, when he retired. He continued, however, to maintain an office with his son, Charles Augustus Peabody, Jr., at 2 Wall street, and, being of robust health, he generally visited his office every pleasant day. In the course of his professional career in New York city he was vice-president of the Association for the Reform and Codification of the Law of Nations, and in 1885 was a delegate for the United States government to the International Congress on Commercial Law. For a number of years past he had spent his summers at the Kearsarge House, North Conway, and was a familiar figure upon the streets of that village.

Judge Peabody was married three times, viz., in 1846, in 1881, and in 1890. His first wife, the mother of his children, was Miss Julia Caroline Livingston, a great-granddaughter of Robert Livingston, the last lord of Livingston Manor. His second wife was Miss Mary E. Hamilton, a granddaughter of Alexander Hamilton. His third wife was Mrs. Athenia (Livingston) Bowen, daughter of Anthony Rutgers Livingston, and, like his first wife, a great-granddaughter of the last lord of Livingston Manor.

Mr. Peabody is survived by a widow and four children, the children being as follows: Dr. George Peabody of New York city; Charles A. Peabody, Jr., who is counsel for the Astor and other large estates; Philip Glendower Peabody, a lawyer in Boston, and Mrs. Charles J. Nourse of New York city.

STEPHEN C. PATTEE.

Stephen C. Pattee, born in Warner, January 11, 1828, died in that town, July 1, 1901.

Mr. Pattee was the son of Asa and Sally (Colby) Pattee, and a direct descendant of Sir William Pattee, physician to Cromwell and Charles II, and a founder of the Royal Society of England, whose son, Peter, emigrated to this country in 1648, going first to Virginia, but subsequently settling in Haverhill, Mass. John Pattee, a great-grandson of Peter, settled in Warner about 1786, on the farm where Stephen C. was born, lived, and died. Stephen C. Pattee was educated in the Warner schools and at Bradford and Contoocook, and at the age of twenty commenced teaching in the winter, following the same for twenty years, in this state and Massachusetts. He always retained his interest in educational matters, serving for many years as superintending school committee and member of the board of education, and being a life trustee of the Simonds Free High school of Warner under the will of the donor.

Mr. Pattee had always been engaged in agriculture, on the home farm, known as "Maple Grange," pursuing mixed farming at first, and afterward taking up different specialties, as market conditions seemed to warrant, fine wool, lambs, horses, and milk, being for some years successively produced. He was for many years a successful wheat grower, and also received a diploma and medal for corn shown at the Chicago exposition in 1893. He largely increased his operations from time to time, owning 300 acres of land at the time of his death and for some years previous, in place of the original sixty acres owned by his father. He was for many years a frequent and instructive contributor to the columns of the agricultural press, and was often heard in agricultural institutes upon topics of farm interest. He was a charter member and master of Warner grange, and for six years a member of the executive committee of the State grange.

Politically Mr. Pattee was a Democrat. He served eight years as a member of the board of selectmen in Warner, and represented the town in the legislature in 1861 and 1862.

Mr. Pattee married, January 9, 1853, Sally Currier, by whom he had three sons, Jesse B. Pattee, a lawyer, and W. H. Pattee, physician, both of Manchester, and George Q. Pattee of Boston. Mrs. Pattee died May 5, 1895. Subsequently he married Mrs. Esther Davis, widow of Paine Davis, who survives.

EDWARD B. WOODWORTH.

Edward Baker Woodworth, born in Hebron, March 27, 1847, died in Concord, July 6, 1901.

Mr. Woodworth was a son of George and Louisa (Hovey) Woodworth. He spent his early life on his father's farm, but at the age of fifteen engaged in a store at Warren, with his older brother, Albert B. Woodworth, late mayor of Concord, with whom he was ever after associated in business, removing from Warren to Lisbon, and subsequently, in 1873, to Concord,

where he ever after resided, the firm being engaged for a time in the retail grocery business, but for the last twenty-five years in the wholesale trade in which it had long been widely known.

Mr. Woodworth, from his residence in Warren, became deeply interested in Mount Moosilauke and the development of the summer business in connection therewith, and acquired an interest in the hotel at the summit more than twenty years ago. He was a moving spirit, also, in the company which built the well-known Breezy Point House, at the base of the mountain in 1886, and for several years past had been the principal owner and general manager of that hotel, and in that capacity as well as in his regular business, and in his social relations had gained wide popularity.

He was a Republican in politics but never sought public office, and served only as a member of the board of aldermen in Concord, for a single term, under the administration of Mayor H. W. Clapp. In religion he was a Congregationalist, and an active member of the South church in Concord. In Masonry he was prominent and active, and had taken all the degrees to and including the thirty-second.

He is survived by a wife, one son, John W., and a daughter, Helen Frances, also by two brothers—Albert B., of Concord, and Artemus B., of Lowell, Mass.

JOHN F. CROCKETT.

John Frank Crockett, of Laconia, once prominent in railroad and business circles, died at his home in that city, July 8.

Mr. Crockett was a native of Meredith, where he was born in March, 1833. He was a machinist by trade, and a large portion of his early life was spent in the West, where he worked at this trade. When a young man he came East and entered the employ of the old Boston & Lowell railroad as a machinist in their shops in Boston. His close attention to work and his faithfulness soon earned him a promotion, and he was made foreman of the shop. He was shortly afterward promoted to master mechanic of the Boston & Lowell road. He afterward became master of transportation and finally the general superintendent of the Boston & Lowell division. He held this latter position until the Boston & Lowell system was leased to the Boston & Maine railroad.

He purchased the farm, where he died, about twenty-five years ago, but he had only occupied it as a permanent residence since his retirement from active work on the railroad. He married Vienna Houston, a native of Mexico, Me., who died about nine years ago. No children were born to them.

In fraternal circles Mr. Crockett was exceptionally prominent, being a member of Mount Lebanon Lodge, A. F. and A. M.; Union Royal Arch Chapter, No. 7, Pythagorean Council, No. 6, Royal and Select Masons, and a member of Pilgrim Commandery, all of Laconia. He was a thirty-second degree Mason, and also a member of Aleppo Temple, Order of the Mystic Shrine, of Boston. He was a charter member and first master of Laconia grange, and the first meeting of this organization was held in his house. He was also a prominent member of Belknap County Pomona grange.

HENRY A. HARRIMAN.

Henry A. Harriman, a native of Warner, born in that town July 26, 1844, who removed to Rockford, Ia., with his parents, at the age of sixteen, and was educated there and at Fayette, and located at Hampton in the same state in 1870, died there June 12, 1901. He had been engaged in agriculture and in banking, had studied law, been admitted to the bar and served for a time as clerk of the courts. He was made vice-president of the First National bank of Hampton at its organization, and devoted some time to the interests of the institution, but for some time previous to his death had been engaged exclusively in the real estate business.

Mr. Harriman had been successful in business and had accumulated a large property, but was widely esteemed for his high character and personal worth, being one of the most favorably known and universally popular men in his city and county. He married, November 2, 1870, Miss Helen M. Smith, by whom he had three children, two sons and a daughter, all surviving. He is also survived by two brothers, Dr. O. B. and Hon. W. F. Harriman, both of Hampton, and two sisters.

ISAAC EATON.

Isaac Eaton, born in Wendell, now Sunapee, May 28, 1825, died in Nashua, July 18, 1901.

The parents of Mr. Eaton removed to Deering during his infancy, subsequently to Hillsborough, and afterward, in 1838, to Nashua, where he was educated in the public schools, and at an early age went into the bobbin manufacturing business, which he continued long and successfully, being for many years a member of the firm of Eaton & Ayer, succeeding Josephus Baldwin, and subsequently head of the firm of Isaac Eaton & Co., retiring from business in 1891.

Mr. Eaton had been chief of the Nashua fire department, and many years city marshal, and since the establishment of the poor department, under the city government, in 1893, had been overseer of the poor. He was connected with all the Masonic bodies and was also prominent in Odd Fellowship. In politics he was a Republican, and in religion a Methodist, and had been a trustee of the Main Street Methodist Episcopal church of Nashua for forty-seven years. He is survived by a son, Elmer W. Eaton, and two married daughters.

PROF. FRANKLIN W. FISK.

Prof. Franklin W. Fisk, who died in Chicago, Ill., July 4, was born in Hopkinton, in 1820. His boyhood was spent near the village where his school life began. He worked his way through Phillips academy at Andover, and graduated at Yale. He began his work in the Chicago Theological seminary, when it was first organized, in 1858, and as professor and president he has for over forty years been identified with the seminary. When he accepted the position the school was very poor, with but few students, and a doubtful future, but through Professor Fisk's untiring efforts it grew steadily

until at the present time it is the largest Congregational theological school in the United States. Through his influence many endowments were made. He was, indeed, a father to the institution, and only retired from active work when his health failed him, in 1900.

He leaves a widow, a son, and a daughter. Fisk hall, at the university, was named for Mr. Fisk, and in this hall the funeral services were held on July 6. Thus ends the earthly career of the most widely known theologian and educator of the West, who, through his busy life, often visited his native town.

Died in Boston, Mass.,
April 4, 1901,
SARAH WHITE CHENEY.

Died in Dover,
June 19, 1901,
HON. PERSON C. CHENEY.

She was lonely, even in heaven,
And she watched with longing eyes;
And her longing drew him upward
To her home beyond the skies.

Her longing drew his spirit,
As he wandered in his dreams,
'Till he stood within the radiance
That out from heaven streams.

Then, soft she pushed the portal
For love had made her bold;
And now they walk together
Along the streets of gold.

—*Julia Knowlton Dyer.*

THE GRANITE MONTHLY A NEW HAMPSHIRE MAGAZINE

Devoted to Literature, Biography, History, and State Progress

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A man in the employ of the Philadelphia offices of the Reading Railroad says: "I have been a bookkeeper for over sixteen years, and ten of them I have spent with this corporation. My occupation being sedentary, I have always found that a little walk after meals did me a wonderful amount of good, and gave my food a chance for proper digestion. A few months ago, however, prior to the reorganization of our road, the work so accumulated that I was compelled to give it all my time and attention. Instead of going out for my meals as was my custom, I remained at my desk, hastily partaking of a cold luncheon and immediately returning to my work. This finally resulted in upsetting my constitution, and got my stomach into very bad shape. Complaining of my ill health at one time in the presence of one of our traveling agents, he advised me to try Ripans Tabules. I did so, and the effect was almost miraculous. The very first one brought me immediate relief, and within the short space of six days I found myself restored to my old time health and vigor. Ripans Tabules are certainly a wonderful remedy for ills resulting from a bad stomach. They have proved so in my case, and I take great pleasure in sincerely recommending them to all suffering from dyspepsia nervousness and severe headaches. One Tabule brings relief."

A new style packet containing TEN RIPANS TABULES in a paper carton (without glass) is now for sale at some drug stores—FOR FIVE CENTS. This low-priced sort is intended for the poor and the economical. One dozen of the five-cent cartons (120 tabules) can be had by mail by sending forty-eight cents to the RIPANS CHEMICAL COMPANY No. 10 Spruce Street, New York—or a single carton (TEN TABULES) will be sent for five cents.

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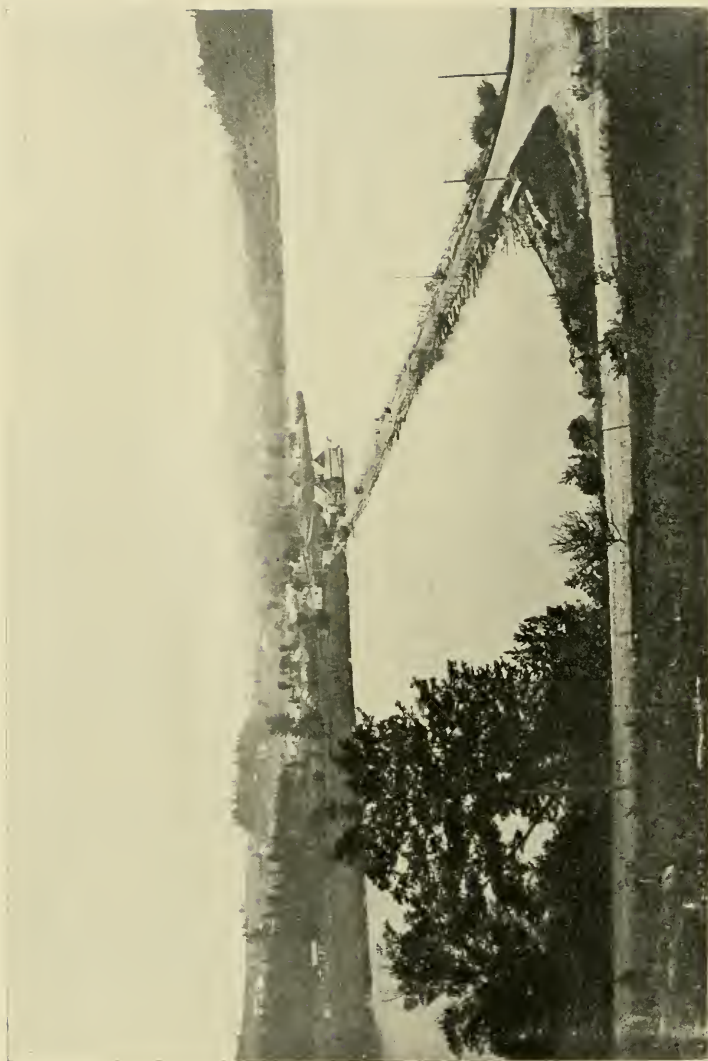
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SHAKER BRIDGE, MASCOMA LAKE.

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Looking toward the Islands from the Railroad Track.

LAKE MASCOMA—A CHARMING RETREAT AMONG THE HILLS.

By Wayland F. Dorothy.



CHARACTERISTIC of the hill country of New Hampshire is the peculiar structure of the several valley formations that compose its physical features. In them are retreats that resemble persons in many particulars. They have attractions that are in no sense extreme, but to a large degree conform to the golden mean. They do not appeal to those in pursuit of regions described only by superlatives, nor do they, at a surface glance, reveal their beauty, their inner reserves, and their secluded nooks to the whole gazing world.

The tourist who visits the White Mountains, Niagara, or the Adirondacks comes in touch with prominent points of interest which have no

equal in respect to the characteristics that make them of particular note, but they are not ideal spots for the busy vacation seeker of New England. His appropriate place for recreation is not at those resorts which all the guide-books spread out in pictorial display, neither is it, on the other hand, in regions secluded far back in the forest stillness, but, rather, where civilization and solitude clasp hands, as it were,—where he is at once within easy reach of the outside world, yet so far withdrawn from its enervating cares that he can breath in the free spirit of nature.

A section that furnishes these conditions is the Mascoma valley, and it can truly be said of the charming sheet of water that bears its name,



The Mascoma from Mt. Tug.

that locations which surpass its wonderful combination of accessibility and natural loveliness of appearance are rare indeed. If beauty of situation, if surroundings elevating in influence and picturesque in outline, if convenience of location and quietness of drives and sails, if plenty for rod and reel, are endowments that unite to commend a lake, then the Mas-

coma, surely, is profuse in the inducements it offers.

Mascoma valley extends in a westerly direction from Dorchester to the Connecticut, and in addition to its beautiful scenery is extraordinarily healthful and productive. The lake, nestled in this delicious vestibule, girdled with hills and bordered with grassy meadows, is fed principally by a river, also of the same name, which takes its rise in Lyme, and, in its course of twenty-five miles, has a fall of about 600 feet. The altitude of Mascoma lake, which is 768 feet above sea level, insures cool atmosphere during the season when such a condition is most to be desired. In length it stretches mainly from northwest to southeast, a distance of about five miles, and in width it is of varying distances. Its limits are confined, with the exception of a small portion along the west shore, to the town of Enfield. The possession of this para-



Entrance of Mascoma River to Lake Mascoma.

dise, fashioned by Dame Nature with the rare and the majestic, has caused her people to look upon it with increasing pride and in their merited appreciation have they, like the poet, felt within a "music sweeter than its own" as they have beheld its mystic charms from year to year.

The steamboat landing at Enfield is but a three minutes' walk from the railroad station of the Boston & Maine. Thus are quick communication and civilization near at hand. Measured from that greatest center of New England trade and traffic, Boston, they are only 133 miles away. A stretch of nearly three miles along the north shore is traversed by steel rails and flying trains, and while glimpses of a limited panorama are in view from the car window, the more important parts are not visible to the railway traveling world.

At this point it may be stated that the track along the bank has its



Among the Islands.

course through a "cut," sunken deep into the solid rock. The panting monsters rush through this gateway and other curious passages, in a winding course from curve to curve, which bears semblance to more noted "lanes" in the Alpine regions of New Hampshire.

The steamer *Bertha*, as it flies from



From Mont Clare.



The "Bertha."

shore to shore, keeps the settlements in touch with each other and with "every clime." This craft is in command of Capt. W. A. Saunders, proprietor of the Fairview on the west shore. The latter is a house of recent construction and is situated on a rising elevation, overlooking the lake. From its veranda is unfolded a striking prospect of rustic beauty and lakeside scenery. Here, every convenience is in waiting—all that

contributes to health, pleasure, and refinement. Beside regular daily trips the *Bertha* is available for excursions and private rides to the various attractive scenes of the lake. Opportunities availed of here by temporary residents are sufficient to enable "palefaces" to discard that title when they depart again to take up the cares of business life.

The earliest center of summer activity to be founded was Lakeview or the Head, situated on the east shore, and here scenes of liveliness and gaiety are most in evidence. On Crescent beach is a group of a dozen or more cottages whose occupants make the vacation weeks merry with sporting and social events. The varied and enticing situations spread out before the visitor render this spot the peculiar mecca for picnic parties and all intent on a brief outing. Here the Mascoma Valley Pomona grange holds its annual "field day," when, in connection with a basket picnic, are held literary exercises of



A Secluded Cove on the Mascoma.

which addresses by National and State grange officers and other prominent speakers are a feature of the occasion. This organization is in a flourishing condition in this section and its stimulating influence is felt in circles of life outside its own special sphere.

The grounds about Crescent beach are supplied with all the facilities for both sport and comfort. Connected with the Lakeview, a hotel affording excellent accommodations, is the launch *Princess*, which is seldom released from the evening cruise of restless passengers. Her master, F. H. Sargent, is proprietor of the Lakeview.

Inviting as are the innumerable other points of interest, *one* place is certain to attract the pilgrim of every caste. This is the famous Shaker settlement, which covers a distance of about two miles midway between the two extremes of the lake.

A full description of the property and habits of this organization of men



View from High Street, Enfield Village.

and women, banded together for mutual benefit, would be an extended one, and only a brief allusion is possible in this connection. The site and location of their little communities are suggestive of a quaint and foreign hamlet and they have characteristics that are decidedly "foreign," especially in these rapid, progressive, and prosperous times of the Twentieth century.

The Shakers are strictly temperate in all their modes of living, and are



Relhan Island.



John Bradford, Managing Trustee of the Shakers.

honest and industrious. They evidently believe in the old adage, "Early to bed and early to rise makes a man healthy, wealthy, and wise," for dusk is the prevailing hour of retirement. The institution of marriage is forbidden, but association of the sexes is permitted in a business and social way. All property is held in common. Whether this should be



Shaker Sisters Making Straw Bonnets.



Shaker Mountain.



Group of Shaker Sisters.

declared socialistic or populistic or coöperative, according to the Bellamy theory, is as yet an open question. The primary date of the establishment is 1782, on Shaker hill, but it was not till ten years later, in 1792, when they crossed the lake to their present location, that their settlement really began.

The plain between the lake and Mount Calm, at the south, is narrow,

and along this strip of land the three families, North, Church, and South, earn their livelihood. This consists, among other things, in raising botanic herbs for medicinal purposes, farming, and the manufacture of various articles in common use.

The buildings are delightfully healthful, overlooking the lake, and all are substantially built. At the Church family division is a large

structure, four stories high. The material is stone, the individual blocks being cemented and fastened together with iron pins.

At the time it was erected, in 1837, it was the finest edifice in the state, costing about \$50,000, at a period when labor and materials were at a level much lower than at the present time.



East Pond—Tributary to the Mascoma



Ice Breaking on Mascoma River.

Owing to their peculiar habits and theory of life their present membership is but a shadow of what it was when they were at their high tide of progress. Then they had an enrollment of about four hundred followers, and among them were men of considerable influence and ability. One of them, Caleb Dyer, was a person of exceptional business sagacity, which he exercised not only in local but in outside affairs as well. Through his efforts largely, two projects that have had vital connection with ultimate events were successfully carried through. These were the laying of

the Northern railroad in its present line, and the construction of Shaker bridge.

The old stage route from Boston, then called the "4th New Hampshire Turnpike," passed through the Shaker villages. Along this route would have been the natural course of the railroad, and, in fact, the original plan of survey was in its path, but since such a public affair would be detrimental to the fundamental principles of Shakerism, Dyer used his powerful influence with the railroad officials to have the road laid on the north side of the lake through



Cottage of F. C. Churchill—Lakeview.



Cottages, Crescent Beach.

what was at that time called North Enfield, now Enfield.

He succeeded in his attempt, though it was at a financial sacrifice to the railroad company.

After the railroad was built, in 1847, North Enfield became the principal centre for trade and communication, but as there was no bridge across Mascoma lake it was necessary to pass around on either side, making an additional distance of three or four miles. Thus the need

of a shorter way became pressing. Here again Dyer's business ability was exerted, and again successfully.

The narrowest portion of the lake is about midway from the east and west sides, and at this point, on both shores, the land runs out into the water in the shape of a peninsula, furnishing the most favorable location for a bridge. In the fall of 1848 the Shakers commenced the erection of the passage, ostensibly for their own use and at their own expense. When partially completed, the next fall, a town-meeting was called, and, as a result, the town of Enfield voted to accept the bridge at the compensation of \$5,000.

The crossing presents an odd appearance, the like of which there is probably none in the state or even in New England. Below the surface of the water the material is of logs and d bris covered above with gravel. An iron structure would have been more economical for the town as the annual expense for repairs is consid-



Surf along Crescent Beach.

erable, but in those days iron bridges were an improvement of the future.

The largest settlement on the borders of the lake is Enfield. This township was first granted as "Endfield," in 1761, the town being one of sixty chartered by the governor that year. The date was July 4, just fifteen years before the Declaration of Independence. Subsequently an attempt was made to have the town re-chartered as "Relham," but it ended in failure after an eleven years' "War of the Charters."

Enfield being not alone a growing community but one with an early history, further facts may be left for a future article. It is now a thriving manufacturing town of nearly 2,000 inhabitants. From the residences on High and Wells streets a wide stretch of the lake can be seen, and, with the aid of a glass, occupants of launches and rowboats are easily recognizable.



Surf along Crescent Beach.

Without a good variety of game-fish the Mascoma would be of little interest to the denizens enrolled in its summer census. Its crystal depths are, however, inhabited by nearly all the species of funny life found in New Hampshire lakes. Lake Mascoma owes its name to a combination of Indian words, *namas*, fish, and *com*,



Shaded Walk on Crescent Beach.



Looking into the Cut.

water, a fact which leads to the opinion that the tribes of Algonquins who invaded its shores appreciated its charms from a material, if not from a scenic, point of view.

Pickerel and black bass are present in greatest abundance, and smelt and perch are taken out in large numbers. Brook trout are angled for in the little streams that flow down and along

the hillsides to its waters, and horn pout yield to the knights of the bending rod. The supply of all varieties has increased since 1895, when a law was passed by the legislature prohibiting fishing through the ice. The results attained have fully justified the enactment of this statute. October brings with it splendid opportunities for duck shooting, not to mention the partridge and the rabbit, the gray squirrel, and the fox, and other game



High Water on the Mascoma.

sought after by the devotees of the gun.

The islands of the Mascoma, three in number, furnish attractive resorts for lovers of camp life. They are situated on the north shore, and though not large are adapted to cottage and tent use, and from their position near the main land are easy of access. The evening bonfires blazing from among their trees and the corn roasts on their shores are an illuminating spectacle for moonlight excursionists. On this side of the lake the shore retains its primitive condition, so that dwellers among its leafy abodes are permitted to pass an "Arcadian existence" free from molestation. They can sleep from eight at night till eight in the morning, wear old clothes, and know no care but the creation of an appetite as ravenous as that of a savage. Here



The Cut, Shaker Bridge in the Distance.

heavily wooded hillsides slope down to the water's edge, and the "points," jutting out, offer sightly locations for cottages.

An enthusiastic admirer of the lake, and one of its pioneers in cottage building, is Col. F. C. Churchill, now holding a government position in Indian territory. Perceiving the possibilities of the Mascoma as a summer resting-place he, in the early eighties, erected a cottage at Point Comfort, and, later, another on Crescent beach.

Absence of development on this side is due to the fact that there is no highway by which cottages can be conveniently reached. This difficulty would be overcome if the much-needed road was laid out from Lakeview along the base of the hills and



High Water on the Mascoma.

terminating on Main or Wells streets in Enfield, thereby affording a complete circuit of the lake. A private way has this year been opened as far as Point Comfort, and it is only a question of time when the remaining distance will be cleared for public travel.

Though the summer season is the delight of a much larger number of pleasure seekers, the winter is not without its advantages to lovers of pleasant pastimes. Not only wheel-



Freight entering the Cut.

men, navigators of ice boats, and skating enthusiasts enjoy its shining surface, but as a bicycle boulevard it is a popular resort, and under favorable conditions is a centre for exciting horse races.

Among the various branches of geological research none is more interesting than the exploration of



Looking out from the Cut.



"The Fairview."

landmarks which reveal changes of level that have affected the earth's surface during its process of cooling and in its later history. Science has demonstrated that alterations have been not only rapid but comparatively of recent occurrence. They would appear impossible were there not unmistakable signs of their presence to be traced in the paths they have left behind. Authorities in geology have proved to the satisfaction of all reasonable minds that at the close of the

glacial period the coast of Maine was submerged to a depth of 250 feet, the St. Lawrence valley to a depth of 500 feet, and other places to an even greater depth. Investigation has revealed evidences of a submergence also in Western Asia on a far more extensive scale than that just mentioned. In this respect Mascoma is of historical interest and offers an excellent study-ground for the devoted student of scientific research. Along its shores are indentations formed by the action of the water on a former shore forty feet or more above its present high-water mark. Logs have been discovered sunken from ten to twenty feet on land once covered by water and other distinct marks of an elevated shore are discernible in many places. Sediment washed up by the water and ledges worn smooth high above the waves are noticeable even at a casual glance.

The chief evidence of this disruption which lowered the shores is about two miles from the foot of the



A Quiet Drift.

lake in a narrow gorge which has every appearance of having once been closed. It is believed that owing to extreme pressure the wall at one time broke away leaving, however, its trail in the shape of ledges of rock shattered by the great rush of earth and water at the outlet—perhaps by a phenomenon resembling our “spring freshet.”

Reasoning on this information not only was nearly the entire present site of the village of Enfield anciently submerged, but the expanse of water spread out over a circle several miles beyond its present limits, and overflowing the site of the several hamlets in this vicinity.

The passing of the “pond” is nearly complete. Now the more noted of our summer resorts recognize that name only as it is linked with the past. Years ago when the



Along the Mascoma, Enfield Village.

word “lake” was seldom heard, and the “resort” had not materialized, the Mascoma was designated and spelled as “Mascomy Pond.”

The early steamers of Mascoma were as crude as one could imagine. The first craft of her steam navy could hardly have been more “democratic” in its shape and origin, and



Up the Lake from Fairview.



Beaver Point.

its history is somewhat curious. It was a flat bottomed affair and used by a Shaker, William Wilson, to tow bark across the lake to the tannery owned by Leviston Bros. This was purchased, remodeled by Capt. C. A. Packard, and christened *Sally Ann*. Two years later it was overhauled and the new name *Helena* given it. Later it was succeeded by the *Nina*, built and launched by Captain Packard in 1883.



Sunken Rocks near the Islands.

While most of the world does not think with Ruskin that mountains are to be looked at, not from, yet it is certain he must have experienced that unspeakable inspiration which is to be gained from repeated survey of massive outlines. They have been merited objects of prosaic and poetic appreciation by countless writers of famous name and lofty station; but how feeble have been their endeavors to repeat the inimitable language spoken by those rocky hills which describe the bounds of one's native town!

ing attention, are towering objects of fascinating interest. Each impart elemental lessons in the education of the imagination, and the higher attributes that are not contained in the



Cycle Pleasure Seekers in Winter.

"Touched by a light that hath no name,
A glory never sung,
Aloft on sky and mountain wall
Are God's great pictures hung."

Mount Calm, as it stretches away toward the south, Moose mountain, as it looms to the opposite direction, Tug, as it gracefully slopes in another, and Cardigan rising far away in the blue distance, continually command-

speller, the arithmetic, or books of classic lore.

From their verdant summits, from which even the heavens may "learn wisdom," no pensive mind can turn away without a more exalted conception of the "beauty of truth and the truth of beauty."

TWILIGHT.

By Ormsby A. Court.

A raindrop, passing, kissed my face;
I frowned and quickly brushed the place,
The raindrop ceased its merry day
And I passed on my silent way.

A sunbeam, playful, glanced at me
Where reared no welcome shading tree;
I crossed the path in humor ill
And wished that nature might be still.

A breeze in elfin fashion swept
From ocean's lap to highway's kept;
I fretful sought protected ways,
And *on*, creaked *on* the soulless days.

THE PISCATAQUA.¹

"And the spirit of the mountains was within him, and He was of them and one of them."

By William Hale.

O river, born amid the hills
And flowing to the sea,
How dear art thou unto all hearts
That mountain-girded be !

Fed by the very dew of heaven,
Where great peaks rise forlorn,
Thou sweetest as the fount of life,
O river mountain-born.

Nurtured by cloud-fed, leaping rills,
Suckled on mountain-breast,
Thro' vale and mead thou flowest forth
Upon thy solemn quest.

And ev'rywhere thou giv'st to all
So freely of thy cheer ;
Lo, here, perhaps, thou feed'st a flower,
Or there a timid deer.

And as thy valley broader grows,
And deeper runs thy tide,
Thou lendest to the lab'ring wheel
Thy powers multiplied.

At length, with joyous triumph-song,
Spurning the sluggard shore,
Thou leap'st unto the waiting sea,
Merged in its mighty roar.

Divine, O hill-loved stream, thy source,
Divine, thy chant sublime,
And grandly dost thou cast thyself
Upon the gray sea's rime.

And this thy holy message that
My utmost being thrills :
" The mighty sea his hand hath made,
His strength is in the hills."

¹The Piscataqua, having its source amid the White Mountains, and flowing into the sea at Portsmouth harbor, is one of the most picturesque rivers in America. It is noted for the beauty of its scenery and the swiftness of its tide.

Born amid the mountains, flowing for the greater part of its course through dense primeval forests and fertile meadows, it huris itself noisily at last into the sea with a mighty rush that the stoutest oarsman is powerless to resist.—W. H.

DEVELOPMENT OF WOMEN'S CLUBS.—THE CLUBS OF CONWAY.

By Mrs. Sarah E. Hamblen.

THE Nineteenth century has been called "The Woman's Century," for the reason that women have come to the fore, in various ways, as never before in the annals of history. It is true that there have been notable women in all ages; women who have ruled empires and exerted a powerful influence in their government; women who have led armies; women who have stood high in literature, art, science, and philanthropy, but what has been accomplished by them in these various lines has been more by individual effort than by the united effort of many. It would be interesting to look back and note for how long a time women's societies have existed; societies in which we might find the germ of club life and watch its development, but as this article is upon clubs of modern times, we forbear, only briefly referring to what has been done by women during the century just passed.

E. L. Didier, in the *Chautauquan*, a few years ago, paid the following tribute to our American women: "America," he says, "has cause to be proud of her women. In every walk of life, in every human pursuit, in literature, science and art, in society, on the stage, in every field of human endeavor, American women have shown themselves the peers of

American men." Whether or no, this is true, in all its length and breadth, we do feel that our American women, particularly in the last three or four decades of the century, have shown great ability and execu-



Mrs. Mary H. Shedd.

President of the North Conway Woman's Club.

tive power in conducting the various organizations that have sprung up and been controlled by them. Very early in the century there arose many women's societies in our country to raise funds for benevolent purposes. Our own Granite state



Mrs. Harriet A. Burbank.

*Vice-President and Press Reporter of the North
Conway Woman's Club.*

claims to have had the first organization for any object in America, officered by women, and this society is the New Hampshire Female Cent Institution. It has been at work since 1804, a period of ninety-seven years. The first annual contribution in 1805 reported \$5, the last of which we have any report, in 1898 or 1899, was over \$4,000. We know of a town in Massachusetts, which has a society that has been at work nearly sixty years for home benevolences, including not only the town itself, but the United States. The power for good exerted by such a society cannot be well estimated.

Until thirty or forty years ago but little sympathy was felt for women's societies of any kind that were not for religious or charitable purposes. The breaking out of the Civil War roused the energies of women throughout the whole country.

They then learned something of what they could do. The Soldiers' Aid societies, the sanitary and Christian commissions developed a great power for good in that they aroused the latent talents of women and stirred them into activity. When



Mrs. Lillian Waterhouse.

*Recording Secretary and Treasurer of the North
Conway Woman's Club.*

there was no longer "service in war," the developed energy sought other fields for labor; fields, wherein by united effort, they could do efficient work in moral, social, and intellectual relations, such as would raise their ideals, and fit them for whatever might arise in the future. The way soon opened before them. Early in 1868 the Press club of New York gave a dinner to Charles Dickens, then in this country. Several ladies connected with the press applied for tickets, but did not receive the consideration that they felt was their due. One of them, Mrs. J. C. Croly

("Jennie June"), suggested to a few other ladies the formation of a club of their own, "to supply the lack of unity and secular organization among women." The suggestion met with approval, and a club was formed with twelve members, Alice Carey, the poetess, being the first president. It was called "Sorosis." Mrs. Croly says, "This declaration of principle was the cause of much abusive criticism, as well as failure to obtain aid and sympathy. Had Sorosis started to do anything from building an asylum for indi-

desire that women should come together, *all* together, not from one church or one neighborhood, or one walk in life, but from all quarters, and take counsel together, find the cause of failures, whether from ignorance or wrong doing, and try to discover better ways and more intelligent methods."

In the constitution of Sorosis the object is said to be, "The promotion of agreeable and useful relations among women of literary, artistic, and scientific tastes. The discussion and dissemination of principles and facts which promise to exert a salutary influence on women and society, and the establishment of an order which shall render the female sex helpful to each other, and actively benevolent in the world." During the first year some notable events occurred which showed the trend of public opinion, and the readiness with which women could adapt them-



Mrs. Cora Eastman

Corresponding Secretary of the North Conway Woman's Club.

gent females to supplying the natives of Timbuctoo with pocket handkerchiefs it would have found a public ready made, but its attitude was ignorance and inquiry. It laid no claim to wisdom or knowledge that could be of use to anybody. It simply felt the stirring of an intense



Mrs. Ellen McRoberts Mason.

Past President of the North Conway Woman's Club.

selves to existing circumstances. First, the Press club of New York invited Sorosis to a breakfast and *did not* invite the members to speak, but simply eat and be entertained. Second, Sorosis gave a tea to the Press club, at which the speakers were all *ladies*, and the gentlemen drank their tea, and were, no doubt, highly entertained. Following the breakfast and tea was a dinner, at which ladies and gentlemen each paid their own way, and equally shared the honors. This was the beginning, but not the end. Women were ready for the movement, and began to organize societies according to their needs and environment.

In March of the same year, 1868, the New England Woman's club of Boston was organized, and it is said that it was the first to take the name of club. This club admitted gentle-

men, but the officers were all women. Prominent among its members we find the names of Julia Ward Howe, Mary A. Livermore, Elizabeth Peabody, Louisa Alcott and her father, John G. Whittier, William L. Garrison, Mrs. A. D. T. Whitney, and a host of other men and women, who have been prominent in literature and philanthropy. The object of this society was not to be "purely literary, charitable, philanthropic, educational, political, religious, nor social, but to partake of all these qualities in combination," and that it has carried out its principles is



Mrs. Gabrielle F. White.

The well known artist, a prominent club woman, and a past president of the North Conway Woman's Club.



Mrs. Anna Greer.

Past President of the North Conway Woman's Club.

shown by the names among its members, and the work accomplished by it. Mrs. Julia Ward Howe, who has been president of this club a large part of the time since its organization, in one of her lectures once said, "Many may live at inconvenient distances from great centres of social and literary activity, but none live remote from the power of individual thought and study. Such thought and study are enriched by exchange and comparison."

The feeling grew among women that clubs would supply in a great measure the felt need of interchange of thought. This feeling brought the women together, and thus the principles of self-help that Mrs. Howe speaks of became a motive power in their lives.



Mrs. Elizabeth Blanchard.

Able journalist and prominent member of the North Conway Woman's Club.

Conway is one of the towns remote from "great centres of social and literary activity," but the "power of individual thought and study" has left its impress upon the people, and the women realizing the advantages that would accrue from social intercourse, one with another, have for several years been organized into clubs, of which there are three in town. The women of North Conway led in the movement. The North Conway Woman's club was organized in February, 1892, with a membership of ten, Miss Jennie



Mrs. S. E. Hamblen.

President of the Conway Woman's Club.

McMillan being the first president. The meetings are held weekly from October to June. The first studies were English history, authors, and current events. The studies added from year to year have been American history, foreign travel, literature, art, and Shakespeare's plays. Present studies, a special course of English history, current events, and Shakespeare. The present officers are Mrs. Mary H. Shedd, president; Mrs. Harriet Burbank, vice-president; Mrs. Cora Eastman, corresponding secretary. Past presidents, Miss McMillan, Mrs. Gabriella White, Mrs. Ellen M. Mason, and Mrs. Anna Greer. Mrs. Mason has served two terms as president of the club, and also has the honor of having served as vice-president of the New Hampshire State Federation. She is, at present, the chairman of the committee on forestry in the

State Federation, and is also a member of the school board of Conway.

Mrs. Mason is well known in literary circles as having a fine talent for descriptive composition, not only writing from North Conway, but sending letters to the Boston Sunday *Herald* from Germany; she has translated a good deal from the German and enriched magazines with her stories

east of the mountains in a condensed form, especially valuable to tourists. It is beautifully illustrated with views of the localities described. Mrs. Gabriella White, one of the ex-presidents, is an artist of repute. Mrs. Blanchard is a journalist of note.

In July, 1896, this club entertained the State Federation at its first field meeting, the idea of such an outing



Miss Margaret Clough.

Secretary of the Conway Woman's Club.

and sketches. While an active club woman, it is as a literary woman that Mrs. Mason is best known.

Mrs. Mary H. Shedd, the present president, is the wife of the leading physician of the town, and has the honor of being on the committee of sociology in the State Federation.

Mrs. Mary E. Eastman, another active member of the North Conway club, is the compiler of the little book, "East of the White Hills," a valuable work, giving many interesting facts concerning the country



Mrs. Alice W. B. Fifield.

for the Federation originating with Mrs. Mason. It invited a second field meeting in October, 1899. Several lectures are given before its members each season, and Gentleman's Night is annually observed.

The special work of this club has been in the schools. Through its influence the salary of the school board has been fixed at a definite sum, and increased appropriations made for schools and school buildings. It has placed portraits of distinguished men on the school-room walls; great patriots and generals, statesmen, au-

thors, presidents, and poets. It has bought kindergarten tables and chairs for the primary schools, and had the laws relating to the killing of birds printed and posted all through the region.

This club was federated in October, 1895, and has a present membership of thirty-eight.

The women of Conway, learning

feeling influenced the members, as was once expressed by Rev. Dr. Small of Chicago university in one of his lectures, viz., "It is a liberal education to know the history of a nation." In its second year the club commenced a course of history, first taking English history, upon which they spent three years, then taking a course of American history as fol-



Mrs. Levi C. Quint.



Alice Margaret Sloane.

what was being done by their neighbors in the north part of the town, were animated by a laudable desire to emulate them. The Conway Woman's club was organized early in February, 1894, with twelve members. The club was particularly fortunate in having for its first president Mrs. Ellen Pitts, a woman who understood how to organize and conduct such meetings according to parliamentary usage. The meetings are held fortnightly from the first of November to the first of May. In selecting their subjects for study some such

lows: "Antiquities of America," "Icelandic Discoveries," "Columbus and his Discoveries, with those of other Navigators," "The Settlements of Different Parts of the United States," "Colonial Life," "The French and Indian Wars," "The Revolutionary War," "Principal Events in the Administrations of the Presidents," "The Mexican War, and Events which Led to the Civil War," the last two topics coming into our programme for the current year. Some attention has also been given to Holland and Russia. Be-

sides history attention has been given both to English and American authors, and their writings, art, music, folklore, forestry, and current events. A question box has been an interesting feature for the last two or three years. Much thought and study has



Miss Louise H. Hamblen.

been evidenced in the papers prepared and read at the meetings. At the field meeting held in Boston, by invitation of the Daughters of New Hampshire, October, 1900, this club was represented by Mrs. Abbie H. Quint, Mrs. Mary Wilder, and Mrs. Elizabeth Clark. At the New England Conference in April, 1901, Mrs. Lucy Davis and Mrs. Fannie Hoyt represented the club, and Mrs. Clara Davis represented the president, who was unable to attend.

The special work of this club has been to help establish a library and work for its maintenance. The mat-

ter came before it early in its history, from the felt need of books to carry on the studies laid out in the programmes. The first thought was to have a circulating library for the club alone, but the spirit of "egoism" developed into "altruism." The need of a library in the community was greatly felt, and through the influence of the club, an interest was aroused among the citizens. Without going into details at this time we will simply state the fact that the efforts made resulted in the opening of a library January 1, 1896, with 283 volumes. From time to time the



Mrs. Ellen M. Pitts.

club has contributed money and books, and has so enlisted the interest of friends, that a collection of 1,000 volumes is ready to be put into a new library building, which has lately been given to the town by Mrs. Thomas Jencks and daughter of Boston, in memory of Dr. Thomas

Jencks, whose birthplace was Conway. When the building is opened the club hopes to help sustain a reading-room. The club has also been favored with lectures by Rev. Mr. Greer, Miss Mary Lancaster, and Mrs. Ellen Mason, all of North Con-



Mrs. Lucy S. Davis.

way. Miss Susan Walker of Fryeburg, Me., a fine elocutionist, and Mr. George Haley, one of the teachers in town, have also favored us. The social element has not been neglected, a social tea being often served at the close of the meetings, and gentleman's night has been observed several times.

The present officers of the Conway Woman's club are Mrs. Sarah E. Hamblen, president; Miss Fannie Pendexter, vice-president; Miss Margaret Clough, secretary. The past presidents have been Mrs. Ellen Pitts, Mrs. Helen Hill, Mrs. Minnie E. Hayes, and Mrs. Abbie H. Quint.

Mrs. Quint has served two terms as president, one term as vice-president, and one term as secretary. Mrs. Hamblen is serving the third term as president, Miss Pendexter second term as vice-president, Miss Clough the fourth term as secretary. Other secretaries have been Mrs. Lucy Davis, Miss Alice Sloane, Mrs. Alice W. B. Fifield, Miss Louise Hamblen, and Mrs. Clara Davis. Mrs. Hamblen is a member of the committee on folklore in the State Federation. Miss Hamblen has given much study to the subject of forestry. It is greatly to be desired



Mrs. Helen Hill.

that some one member of the club may become specially interested in each line of work in the State Federation and so become more closely identified with the state work. This club was federated in 1896, and has an enrolled membership of thirty-seven.

The club at Centre Conway was organized the middle of February, 1899, with twelve members. It is called the Literary Union; Mrs. Ab-

and read upon the different subjects were very interesting and showed much time and study in their preparation.

"Owing to sickness in the families of the working members there have not been regular meetings during the past year, but we hope to go on with the work soon." This club has purchased and put upon the shelves of the free public library at Conway Centre, thirty good books, the majority of them being the popular books of the day. It also, a few months ago, purchased a set of Elijah Kellogg's books for youth, for the same library. This club is not federated, but we hope that it will be in the near future. Mrs. Blouin, the president, is a member of the school board, having served several years in that capacity.

We feel that we can take a pardonable pride in our Conway clubs. Though their work is quietly done, their influence for good is felt throughout the town, and we trust that their power for good will continue to be felt, not only in the town, but throughout the state, through their connection with the Federation.



Mrs. Abbie M. D. Blouin.

President of the Centre Conway Woman's Club.

bie M. D. Blouin is president. The club studies commenced with American history. Mrs. Blouin says, "The work was entirely new to all of the members, but the papers prepared

THE PRONOUNCING BEE:

By Emma F. Abbot.

There was a little bee, not long ago,
A little harmless bee and full of fun;
It stung nobody—this pronouncing bee—
Though it was full of points for every one.

'T was busy, as all honest bees should be,
And taught us many lessons well to know;
Thus we who misconstrued' miscon'strue now
And change our tãb'leau into a tableau'.

We use no des'ert spoon at our dessert' ;
 We do not send an ād'dress now by mail ;
 But our address' and our dessert' spoon use.
 We buy no goods at re'tail, but retail'.

We 've learned to grease with grease the squeaky wheel
 And cellar walls with cem'ent we cement' ;
 We scorn rapine', but rap'ine we approve ;
 And when we use an ac'cent we accent'.

No squir'rels chir'rup near the grānary more,
 False rō'mance has surrendered to romānce' ;
 But squir'rels chīr'rup by the grān'ary still,
 While fi'nance is supplanted by fi-nānce'.

No brain can e'er be cōm'-atose again,
 Nor for bronchī'tis shall we need to dose ;
 But dread bronchī'tis yet may lie in wait,
 And human powers may yet be comatōse'.

The āp'ricot again we may not taste,
 Nor may we wear the dainty brōōch so neat ,
 Yet brōoches will be fastened at the throat
 And ā'pricots delicious shall we eat.

We know that h-o-u-g-h is hōck,
 We fear that s-o-u-g-h is suff,
 'Tis clear that j-o-u-s-t is jūst,
 And worse awaits us ; but we have enough.

Our minds no longer in a quagmire grope
 Of vague uncertainties and anxious doubt ;
 It is a quāg'mire, truth hath made it plain,
 And from its fastness how shall we get out ?

If thus we stumble on a score of words,
 How shall we ever learn aright to call
 Great Webster's hundred fourteen thousand more ?
 And only one short life to learn it all !





Head of Whistler Duck.

BIRDS IN THEIR ECONOMIC RELATIONS. I.

By Ned Dearborn and Clarence M. Weed.

THE DUCKS, GEESE, AND SWANS.

THE members of this group are omnivorous birds, eating animals and vegetables in varying ratios, as may be readily guessed by any one familiar with domestic varieties. Their economic status, however, does not depend so much upon what they eat as upon the quality of their flesh. Their feathers have a value to be sure, but that is a secondary consideration, which is pretty nearly constant throughout, while the great variation in ducks and geese from a gastronomic standpoint is worthy of particular attention.

The mallard duck is an abundant species, except in New England, where it is rather rare, being replaced by the black or dusky variety. The common green-headed domestic duck is of mallard stock, though probably introduced from Europe, where the mallard is a common wild species. During autumn the mallards come

into the United States in great numbers—the majority breeding beyond our northern limits—and are much sought by sportsmen. They weigh from two to three pounds.

The black duck is a favorite in the Eastern states, where it is abundant, breeding in New England and northward. It is nearly related to the mallard, which it equals in size and quality. The teals, blue-winged and green-winged, are two small ducks well known through the country except in New England, where they are not so common as elsewhere. Being small, they are of less importance than the preceding, though they are quite as good for eating. Other ducks of equal rank with those already mentioned are the gadwall, widgeon, shoveller, pintail, and wood duck. All are inland birds, feeding upon insects, mollusks, nuts, grass, and grain. In the West they visit the vast grain fields in harvest time and soon get in excellent condition for the table.

Our most popular duck is un-

doubtedly the canvas-back, famed among epicures for its delicate flavor, resembling that of celery. This is due to feeding on a water plant known as wild celery (*Vallisneria*) and is not acquired till they reach the Chesapeake region, where the plants grow abundantly. Canvas-backs from Chesapeake bay bring a much higher price than those from other localities. Except for its peculiar appetite in the one instance of wild celery, the canvas-back's menu shows no appreciable difference from that of the group just treated of.

An associate and relative of the



Head of Surf Scoter Duck.

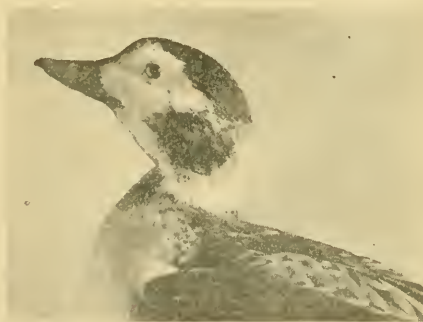
canvas-back, is the red-head, another excellent table bird. In both size and color there is such a strong resemblance between the two that dishonest marketmen have been known to impose on customers not well informed in ornithological matters, by selling red-heads for canvas-back. The ring-neck, and the greater and lesser scaups, belong to the same genus as the canvas-backs and red-heads, but they feed more on mollusks and other forms of animal life, and are less palatable.

The whistler or golden-eye, old squaw, butter-ball or dipper, and ruddy duck are all easy divers, which feed chiefly on mollusks and

similar creatures that they obtain from the bottoms of ponds and lakes. They are often eaten, but possess a fishy flavor that is not relished by most people.

Of the sea ducks, only the 'surf ducks and eiders need be mentioned. Surf ducks are abundant along the coast from autumn till spring. Many of them are killed every year, but they are of inferior quality, having a rank taste that comes from a diet of shell-fish. The general term surf-ducks includes three of our species, namely, the black scoter, the white-winged scoter, and the sea coot.

The American eider and king eider are both Arctic species that rarely come further south than New England. They, in common with other varieties of eiders, are the source of eider-down. This down is in great demand in northern European countries for filling coverlets. The best, known as live down, is that plucked by the duck from her breast to line her nest, and afterwards abstracted by the down gatherer. Greenland, Iceland, and Norway are the chief sources of eider-down. The following quotation from Newton's "Dictionary of Birds" tells how the down is obtained in Iceland and Norway, and



Head of Old Squaw Duck.

incidentally carries an impressive lesson concerning what may be accomplished by the kindly treatment of wild birds: "This bird generally frequents low rocky islets near the coast, and in Iceland and Norway has long been afforded every encouragement and protection, a fine being inflicted for killing it during the breeding season, or even for firing a gun near its haunts, while artificial nesting places are in many localities contrived for its further accommodation. From the care thus taken of it in those counties it has become exceedingly tame at its chief resorts, which are strictly regarded as property, and the taking of eggs or down from them except by authorized persons is severely punished by law. . . . The nest is generally in some convenient corner among large stones, hollowed in the soil, and furnished with a few bits of dry grass, sea weed, or heather. By the time that the full number of eggs (which rarely, if ever, exceeds five) is laid, the down is added. Generally the eggs and down are taken at intervals of a few days by the owners of the eider-fold, and the birds are thus kept depositing both during the whole season; but some experience is needed to insure the greatest profit from each commodity. Every duck is ultimately allowed to hatch an egg or two to keep up the stock, and the down of the last nest is gathered after the birds have left the nest."

The fish ducks or mergansers are characterized by denticulate mandibles, which have given them the name of saw-bills. They are expert divers, living chiefly upon fish. We have three species, two of which are commonly called sheldrakes. The

largest, to which the books give the name of goosander, spends the winter as far north as possible, usually in the larger rivers which have a current swift enough to defy frost. They closely follow the ice as it retreats northward in spring, and April finds them at their summer homes. The red-breasted merganser is the sheldrake that reaches the New England coast about the first of May. It is more common than the goosander, particularly near the sea. Both of these mergansers are good-sized birds, weighing from three to four pounds, but they are ill-flavored and not generally relished as food. The hooded merganser is a handsome little duck, bearing a high fan-like crest the whole length of its head. It shows a fondness for small streams and ponds, and eats more or less insects, though small fish, tadpoles, etc., make up the major part of its food.

The American white-fronted goose, best known towards the Pacific coast, differs little from the European white-fronted species, of which the ordinary tame goose is a descendant. Its habits and qualities are similar to those of the domestic bird. Two other species of equal worth are the snow goose, common in the interior, and the Canada or wild goose. Canada geese have been crossed with the domestic breed with good results, the hybrid being considered more hardy than the common stock. The brant goose is a maritime variety, more abundant on the Atlantic coast than elsewhere, though it is sometimes found inland. It feeds on shell-fish and other marine products, both animal and vegetable. Its flesh is not much esteemed.

The swans do not differ materially from geese either in food or flesh. They are wary creatures, rare in the east, and nowhere abundant, breeding in high latitudes and only appearing in the United States during the winter.

The trumpeter swan is found from the Mississippi valley westward, while the other species, the whistling swan, reaches the Atlantic coast as far north as New Jersey. Of the two kinds of swans seen in captivity, the white one comes from England, where it has lived in royal favor for centuries, and the black variety is brought from Australia, where it still exists in a wild state.

THE GANNETS.

The gannets are large marine birds, goose-like in size and contour, which, as they fly, seek their finny victims, and take them by a headlong plunge into the water quite out of sight. They feed entirely on fish—herring and mackerel being preferred. The white gannet is found on both sides of the Atlantic. On the American side they breed on Gannet Rock in the Gulf of St. Lawrence, and at one or two other places in that region. Like other gregarious sea fowl they suffer much at the hands of the fishermen, and are rapidly decreasing in numbers. After the breeding season they follow the open sea in quest of their favorite quarry, and often guide the fisherman to an abundance of herring and mackerel. Their manner of fishing is as methodical as the evolutions of a military company. They fly in single file, and as each individual comes over a shoal of fish, he closes his wings and dashes down with unerring aim into the waves, to

appear again in a moment and take his place in line.

Along the South Atlantic and Gulf coast is found the brown gannet, better known among sailors as the "booby," so named because it has in many instances been so foolish as to alight on ships at sea and allow itself to be caught in the hand. The booby's habits do not materially differ from those of the white gannet. A South American species only known along the coast of Peru contributes to the guano supply.

THE DARTER.

The darter or snake bird is a native of the Southern states, ranging in summer as far north as the Carolinas and Illinois. Its appearance is that of a duck with rather long, fan-shaped tail, and an extremely long, slender neck, small head, and long, pointed bill. It is an expert diver, having a curious faculty of being able to swim at any degree of submergence from high floating to such a depth that only the head remains in sight, when its apparent snakiness is startling. It feeds on a great variety of fish, frogs, lizards, crawfish, leeches, shrimps, young alligators, snakes, terrapin, which it can overtake under water like a true diver. It is a shy watchful bird living in secluded swamps.

THE CORMORANTS AND PELICANS.

The cormorants are large birds, principally maritime, yet often straying into the interior, which are represented by different species in every temperate quarter of the globe. They are proverbial fishers. In China they are domesticated and trained to fish

for their masters, being prevented from swallowing their game by a close fitting ring put about their necks. The common cormorant is found along the Atlantic coast down to the Middle states in winter. The double-crested cormorant is the only one diffused throughout the country. The Mexican cormorant is a tropical species that occasionally makes its way up the Mississippi valley. They all agree in living exclusively upon fish, and as they are not sufficiently abundant to interfere with human interests in that line, may be regarded as of no economic account in this country.

The pelicans are large, cumbersome birds remarkable for a capacious pouch of extensible skin between their lower jaws. They are common in temperate regions, feeding mostly on fish and other animals, yet not averse to insects. The white pelican is common in the Southern states, ranging well up the Mississippi valley. It feeds by scooping up its prey as it swims on the water, letting the water run out the sides of its mouth, and swallowing the luckless creatures left within. It walks readily, and is able to pick up more or less food on shore. Five Nebraska birds that came into the hands of Aughey had fed as follows: One had eaten a frog; all had eaten fish, crawfish, and insects. None had taken less than twenty-one insects. Forty-one locusts were found in one stomach, and forty-seven in another. A stomach opened by Audubon was found to contain about a hundred small worms.

The brown pelican, a more southerly bird, confined to the coast, feed wholly on fish taken at a flying plunge after the manner of a gannet.

THE FRIGATE BIRD AND THE GULLS.

The frigate bird or man-of-war bird is a maritime species, having its four toes webbed together; it resembles in this particular the gannets, darters, cormorants and pelicans; indeed, it has a double relationship to the pelicans, by reason of its gular sac or pouch. Having a comparatively small body with extremely long pointed wings and a long forked tail, its powers of flight are astonishing. Frigates fish for themselves when necessity demands it, but they much prefer robbing gulls and terns of their well-earned sustenance by forcing them to disgorge. They are found on the South Atlantic and Gulf coasts.

The gulls are long-winged, web-footed birds, well equipped for both aerial and aquatic navigation. Most of them are winter visitors along the coast, though many frequent the great lakes and other inland waters. Fishermen watch their movements and are often led to good luck by them. The Manx government protects them because of their usefulness as an index of mackerel schools. Gulls have moderately long bills, somewhat hooked at the tip, suitable for taking animal food. Their diet, however, varies considerably in different species, and more or less according to the situation, and relative abundance of eatables, even in the same species.

The great black-backed gull, one of the largest of its kind, belongs to the class which chooses to live on meat and fish. Audubon states that it devours all sorts of food except vegetables, even the most putrid carrion, but prefers fresh fish, young

birds, and small quadrupeds, or eggs. A specimen examined by Professor Aughey had eaten a few grasshoppers and other insects, but mostly fish and frogs. The herring gull, a much commoner species, that is found both coast-wise and interiorly, has similar good habits. A stomach examined by Dr. Coues contained the remains of a marsh hare. Two, which were examined by Professor Aughey, had grasshoppers, fish, and mollusks. One shot by the writer had eaten only refuse of an oily consistency. This gull breeds from New England and the great lakes northward. Their eggs, like those of the guillemot, are taken in great quantities, and young birds are salted and laid in store by dwellers in the far north, although in a land where food is plentiful gull flesh is not relished. The kittiwake gull, so far as food habits go, may be classed with those already mentioned. It is a winter visitor, known as far south as the Middle states, chiefly along the coast. Other species range more or less over the marshes and high ground and take a larger proportion of insects. One of these is the ring-billed gull, a common species the land over. Those found in the interior consume many insects. One stomach opened by Professor Aughey contained forty locusts; four others showed from ten to thirty-three insects each. All had partaken of fish, crawfish, or mollusks.

Bonaparte's rosy gull is another common gull interiorly and coast-wise, being especially abundant along the Atlantic coast during migration. It is often seen coursing over stubble and ploughed land. Two stomachs opened by Nuttall

were gorged with ants, ants' eggs, and moth pupæ. Franklin's rosy gull moves quite across the United States in its migrations; its main route lying west of the Mississippi river. Of ten stomachs examined by Aughey, six had from thirteen to fifty-three locusts each, besides a few other insects, and remains of fish and frogs; the rest had from twelve to thirty-nine other insects, together with mollusks, snails, fish, crawfish, and lizards.

THE TERNS AND JAEGERES.

The terns resemble the gulls in form and habits, though they are readily distinguished by their smaller size, their buoyant, airy flight, and sharply pointed bills. Among those that are most often found away from salt water, and consequently the only ones whose food relations especially interest us in this connection, are the least tern, Forster's tern, the gull-billed or marsh tern, and the black tern. The first is hardly longer than a swallow. It feeds with equal readiness on insects and aquatic animals—beetles, crickets, grasshoppers, and spiders are all set down as forming part of the least tern's diet. Four stomachs out of eight examined by Professor Aughey, had from twenty-three to forty-nine locusts. The other had from four to forty-nine other insects, and remnants of fish, lizards, and crawfish. The three other species have like records. Several gull-billed terns killed by Wilson had eaten nothing but large aquatic spiders. Professor Aughey's examination of six black terns revealed from forty-seven to eighty-four locusts in four, and twenty-eight to fifty-nine insects in the other two. There were the

usual complement of water animals in each. Among the more maritime terns are the royal, sandwich, Caspian, roseate, and sooty terns, and the noddies. These feed almost wholly on small fish and mollusks.

The more delicately tinted terns have been subjected to an outrageous slaughter for their skins for millinery use, to gratify a lingering taint of savagery in woman, a desire to adorn herself with feathers *a la primitif*. Wholesome legislation and a more enlightened public opinion, however, are slowly coming to the rescue of the disappearing birds.

The black skimmer is a peculiar tern-like bird, which has its lower mandible about an inch longer than the upper. Its food consists of shell-fish, shrimps, small crabs, sand fleas, etc., which are plowed from the water by the knife-like lower mandible as the bird skims along with lowered head just above the surface.

The jaegers are a small family, resembling gulls in their appearance, chiefly maritime, though sometimes drifting inland; they are parasites of the smaller terns and gulls. Their favorite method of gaining a livelihood is to pursue a gull or tern and so tire and pester it till it disgorges its last meal, which is quickly devoured by the robber. An inland straggler was found to have eaten fish, frogs, crawfish, and even a few grasshoppers. They catch their food when they cannot steal it. The four that visit us are the skua gull, the pomarine, parasitic, and long-tailed jaegers. None of them is common.

THE PETRELS AND AUKS.

The petrels, including fulmars and shearwaters, are pelagic birds adapted

for both flying and swimming, that rarely land except to lay their eggs. They will follow a ship for days together picking up such bits of food as may be thrown overboard. The stomachs of several specimens of Wilson's petrel, opened by the naturalist for whom they were named, showed barnacles, seeds of gulf weed, and greasy refuse from vessels. Leach's petrel, a common species off the New England coast and northward, attends fishing vessels for the sake of the waste from the cleaning tables. Fulmar's accompany whalers and feast upon scraps of blubber. All petrels are especially fond of fatty matter.

The auks are an exclusively marine family of diving birds, that feed wholly on animal substances, such as small fish, shrimps, roe, and crustaceans. The puffins which constitute one branch of this family exhibit strange nuptial changes in their bills. As the breeding season advances, the bill increases in a vertical direction till it is nearly as deep as the head itself. This increase is caused by the growth of additional flakes, which are shed with the feathers during the moulting season.

The common puffin or sea parrot is the only one to visit our eastern coast. Other auks have seasonal changes of bill, but none of them belongs on the Atlantic coast. The great auk, which has been extinct for more than fifty years, was formerly killed in great numbers for its flesh and feathers. Its wings were so small that flight was out of the question, and though able to take pretty good care of itself in the water, when on land it was at the mercy of any foe larger and more powerful than

itself. The early fisherman sought great auks on the barren Northern islands in nesting time, slaughtered them right and left with clubs, and salted their flesh. This ruthless destruction could have but one result. Only a few skins, eggs, and bones, in museums, remain as tangible evidences of this once abundant bird.

Another branch of the auk family, including several species, which have been and still are, to some extent, severely persecuted, are the guillemots or egg birds. In this it is not the birds themselves so much as their eggs that attract marauders. Each spring they congregate by thousands on certain rocky islands and shores to deposit their eggs. In such vast numbers do they come, that they fairly cover the ground while incubating. The eggs are quite palatable while fresh, but most of them are sold for use in the arts, the albumen they contain being a requisite in several industries, such as the manufacture of patent leather, and in clarifying wine. Gathering the eggs of this and other sea birds was formerly a fixed occupation for a class of rough characters known as eggers, who regularly plied their trade while the season lasted. In order to insure fresh eggs, they would first break every egg on the ground, then come daily afterward for their harvest. An easy way to smash the eggs, and one often followed, was to roll barrels back and forth over the whole nesting place. Eggging was carried on so persistently that the number of birds became seriously decreased, and our Eastern states, as well as the Canadian government, have prohibited it.

The following extract from Audubon's "Eggers of Labrador" pre-

sents a vivid picture of the people and their business, as he saw them there: "The vessel herself is a shabby thing; her sails are patched, her sides are neither painted nor even pitched; no, they are daubed over, plastered and patched with strips of sealskin along the seams. Her deck has never been washed or sanded, her hold—for no cabin has she—though at present empty, sends forth an odor, pestilential as a charnel house. The crew, eight in number, lie sleeping at the foot of their tottering mast, regardless of the repairs needed in every part of her rigging.

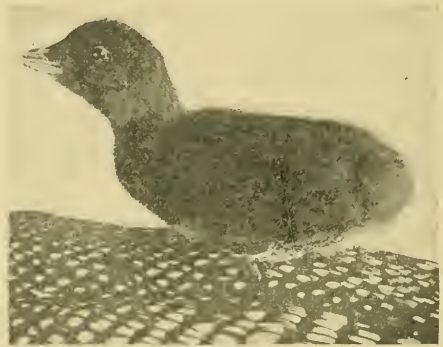
. . . As I suspect her crew to be bent on the commission of some evil deed, let us follow her to the first harbor. The afternoon is half over. Her crew have thrown their boat overboard; they enter and seat themselves, each with a rusty gun. One of them sculls the skiff towards an island, for a century past the breeding place of myriads of guillemots, which are now to be laid under contribution. At the approach of the vile thieves, clouds of birds rise from the rock and fill the air around, wheeling and screaming over their enemies. Yet thousands remain in an erect posture, each covering its single egg, the hope of both parents. The reports of several muskets loaded with heavy shot are now heard, while several dead and wounded birds fall heavily on the rock or into the water. Instantly all the sitting birds rise and fly off affrighted to their companions above, and hover in dismay over their assassins. . . . See how they crush the chick within its shell, how they trample over every egg in their way with their huge and clumsy boots. Onward they go, and when

they leave the isle not an egg that they can find is left entire. The dead birds they collect and carry to their boat. Now they have regained their filthy shallop; they strip the birds by a single jerk of their feathery apparel, while the flesh is yet warm, and throw them on some coals, where, in a short time, they are broiled. The rum is produced when the guillemots are fit for eating, and after enjoying themselves with this oily fare, and enjoying the pleasure of this beastly intoxication, over they tumble on the deck of their crazed craft, where they pass the short hours of night in turbid slumbers. . . . On Guillemot isle the birds have again settled and now renew their loves. Startled by the light of day, one of the eggers springs to his feet and arouses his companions. . . . The master, soon recollecting that so many eggs are worth a dollar or a crown, casts his eye towards the rock, marks the day in his memory, and gives orders to depart. The light breeze enables them to reach another harbor a few miles distant in which, like the last, lies concealed from the ocean some other rocky isle. Arriving there they react the scene of yesterday, crushing every egg they can find. For a week each night is passed in drunkenness and brawls, until, having reached the last breeding place on the coast, they return, touch at every isle in succession, shoot as many birds as they need, collect the fresh eggs and lay in a cargo."

THE LOONS AND GREBES.

The loons are large powerful divers that are equally at home in fresh and salt water. Owing to their wariness and also to the fact that they

cannot fly without a long course in which to get a good start before leaving the water, they are not usually found in the smaller streams and ponds. Except during the period of incubation, they rarely venture ashore. They feed almost wholly upon fish which they dive for, and pursue with great energy. In the



Young Loon on its Mother's Back.

economical balance they have little weight either way. The fish they consume are generally worthless, while their own flesh is hardly better. The common loon is a picturesque element in the scenery of our northern lakes in summer. In winter it may be found in the sea, or wherever there is plenty of open water. The red-throated loon is a more northerly bird that breeds entirely beyond our limits, but is found fairly common out of breeding season. The black-throated loon is an Arctic species rarely appearing in the United States.

The grebes are a branch of the diver family. Their chief peculiarities are wide, flat, unwebbed toes, and an entire lack of tail. They are essentially fresh water birds designed, like divers in general, to glean a livelihood in the liquid element. Small

fish, lizards, tadpoles, and aquatic insects, with now and then a blade of grass or a few seeds, constitute their usual diet. Inasmuch as they are unable to travel on land with any ease, owing to the rearward position of their legs, only such insects as belong to the water or accidentally fall into it are eaten. Of the four varieties common to the eastern half of the United States, the little dabchick or pied-billed grebe is, perhaps, the best known. Its bill is shorter and thicker than the bills of other kinds, and it may be readily guessed its food is not so strictly of an animal nature. A single stomach examined by the writer contained the broken wing covers of many beetles, a few feathers, evidently from its own breast, and considerable sand. The other three species have spear-like

bills and have practically identical food habits. They are the red-necked grebe, the horned grebe, and the eared grebe. The first two are found at large throughout the country. The eared grebe belongs west of the Mississippi river. Of two stomachs, of the last named, opened by Professor Aughey of Nebraska, one contained nine locusts, some grass, a few seeds, and the remains of crawfish, while the other had five grasshoppers, a few other insects, fish, and crawfish. None of the grebes is much esteemed as food, being rather coarse and rank flavored.

Both loons and grebes are levied upon to satisfy the demands of fashion, the breast portions of their skins being prized by milliners.

CARDINAL FLOWER.

By C. C. Lord.

Once the sprite that light compels,
In the lustrous golden days,
Wrought a wonder of the dells,
And evoked earth's grandest praise.

In a glen beneath the trees,
While a rippling streamlet sung,
To an accent of the breeze,
Lightly she her scepter swung.

Then there sprung above the ground,
Like the radiance of morn,
Bloom the rarest ever found,
Since to summer's vest adorn.

Now, in search of floral gems,
Pleasure exultation knows
Where the brook the landscape hems,
And the faultless crimson glows.



MY OLD HOME.

By George Warren Parker.

Upon the city's crowded street,
Old-fashioned, quaint, serene,
Like Druid oak in maple grove,
A stranger to the scene,
Stood the old house and time-worn barn,
My home in early youth,
There comfort like sweet incense spread
Throughout its frame uncouth.

The leaning fence, the lilacs fair,
The well-kept garden plot,
By elms o'erspread, whose foster care
Kept cool the favored spot ;
With these I see the slanting roof,
The tarnished knocker, too ;
The modest window-panes so small,
The hearth and spacious flue.

But lo ! the ruthless hand of man
This vestige of the Past
Would claim, to rear a shrine to Pride.
What storm and angry blast
Could not prevail, at length is done ;
Its history now is sealed.
Its memory lives ; for there it was
Life's meaning was revealed.

RUTH DARRICOTT.

By Mary M. Currier.

[CONTINUED.]

CHAPTER V.

THE JORDANS' FRIDAY MORNING.



RS. DARRICOTT had just discovered that she was out of saleratus.

"Well I *am* beat. I don't know *when* I've been served such a turn. Did I forget, Ruth, to *tell* your father to git some when he went to the village, or did he forget to *git* any?"

Ruth did n't know.

"Mis' Cudworth ain't to home, so I guess we'd better go down to Jordan's an' git some. You run down, Ruth—no, you keep on shellin' peas; I might jest as well go myself."

So off she hurried. Ruth looking out after her from the open window as she went down the road. Less than three minutes afterwards, looking out again to watch the circlings of some swallows that had built in the barn, she noticed that a man was approaching. He was not in the road, but was coming across the lately-mown fields. His form reminded her of Miles Jordan, though as he came nearer she saw that whereas Miles was a little stooping from his hard and constant labor, this young man walked erect and firmly. As he came still nearer she could see that he was well dressed, though still resembling Miles, who was almost never seen

without his overalls and cotton "jumper" on a week-day morning.

Her work fell from her hands as she watched him, her eyes telling her that it was indeed Miles, but her judgment telling her that this was, if not exactly impossible, too improbable to be believed.

He was looking at her now.

"Ruth!" he said.

Her heart gave a great leap, then almost stopped. What had happened?

She met him at the door.

"Don't be frightened, Ruth," he said, seeing how pale she was. "You need n't be afraid of me."

She afraid of him! Why, he had always been afraid of her.

"What is it?" she faltered out.

"That's just what I've come to tell you about. I'm going away. I've come to say good-by."

"Oh, Miles!" she cried.

"Yes," he repeated, "I'm going away. I've come to say good-by." He sat down on the piazza steps and drew her down beside him. "I'm going on the next train, and"—the clear voice hesitated a little—"and I wanted to—see you—and—and—tell you—good-by—before I went."

"But I can't understand why, Miles."

"We've had a little misunderstanding at home—or I guess I ought

to say that I've just come to an understanding of how things really are—that's all. I don't know what I shall do. I'm going to Mr. Morgan's first, and I can stay there till I find a job somewhere. I can find work easy enough. I'm good to work, you know," he added rather bitterly.

"You *are* good to work, and you're good every way. How I shall miss you!" she exclaimed.

"I do believe you will," he said. And he looked at her with his eyes so full of sadness, admiration, and love, that the color rushed back again into her cheeks. "And I wanted to tell you, Ruth—I wanted to ask you—if—if we couldn't—be engaged—before I went," he stammered. Then as she did not say a word, but sat there blushing, and almost motionless, he gained courage a little and went on.

"I've thought it all over lots and lots o' times—just how I'd tell you, you know. The words seemed to come to me all right when I was down home, or workin' out in the field. But when I get up here it all goes out o' my head, an' I can't say what I mean to. But I never thought things would happen so sort o' sudden, and I'd have to go away like this. I've got my things all packed, and the train goes in less than an hour, you know, so there is n't much time for sayin' things, even if I had 'em to say. But you understand me, don't you, Ruth? And won't you tell me that you like me, too?"

Affectionate, true and innocent, she, for answer, put her little arms around his sunburnt neck and whispered, very, very softly, "I *do* like you, Miles, and I *love* you."

For a minute he held her in his arms.

"You'll be back before long, won't you?" she asked by and by, rather timidly.

"I can't tell, Ruth. It's most likely that I sha'n't ever come back here to live again. But I hope I'll find a little place somewhere that you can come to before long, and we'll have a home of our own—all our own."

He said these last words over again more to himself than to her, as though the thought that they would possess something entirely their own was a new one, and' one inexpressibly sweet.

She seemed at first to be a little grieved at his reply, but a look into his loving eyes reassured her.

"I'll write as soon as I get to Mr. Morgan's and tell you what luck I have," he said. "Now, I really must go, for I've got to walk to the depot."

They both rose. He was going. She had a vague, indistinct notion that it was hard for him to go, as well as for her to have him go, and that she ought to say something helpful and encouraging. But she did not know what to say. She felt already something of the loneliness of the days that would come to her, in which she would not see him, nor look forward to his coming, nor feel that he was near. She tried very hard not to cry, but one great tear that had been trembling dangerously near the brink ingloriously fell, and made a big spot on her brown-sleeved apron.

"I must have a kiss, Ruth," he said. "I don't believe I could go away without one." And he bent

down and kissed her sweet face, for the first time since they were children.

"Good-by, Ruth." And to conceal his deeper emotions he added playfully, "Be a good girl."

"Good-by," she replied, hardly looking at him lest he should see her tears. "I always mean to be good."

He was gone. She fell, rather than sat down again, upon the step, but in a moment or two she got up and went back to her neglected work.

She could see him yet, away out across the fields. How different he was from the young man who had come to see her on the Sunday before, and who had chatted with her on those very same piazza steps! She felt the change, but she could not explain it, nor its cause. It was the same Miles, and yet it was not. She felt an admiration for him, and a pride in him that she had never known before. He had always been honest, and industrious, and gentle, but she had never dreamed that he could look so determined, nor act so promptly. And he loved her. She had always known that he loved her, and so had all the people in the neighborhood, but she had never heard him say so before. She was not quite sure that he *had* said so, after all, but he had spoken about her going away with him, and about their having a home, somewhere, together. Her heart beat quicker at the recollection of his words.

A shrill whistle broke abruptly in upon her thoughts. A train—his train! She watched the white line of smoke as it came nearer, she saw the cars rush past, and she heard another shriek from the engine as it approached the station. She could

even, in imagination, see him enter the car, and see the noisy train start off again, carrying him away.

What could have been the trouble at home? She was sure that Miles could not have been to blame. Then, for the first time, she remembered where Mrs. Darricott had gone, and she began to wonder what was keeping her so long. She had been gone almost an hour, and she had been in a hurry for the saleratus, which she was all ready to use.

But a quick step on the piazza could now be heard, and in a moment Mrs. Darricott appeared in the doorway, considerably heated and out of breath. She took one step forward, then she stopped, and raising both hands she let them fall helplessly back, exclaiming, "Well I am beat!" and she nodded her head at each individual word to give it as much emphasis as possible. "If I hain't ben down to Jordan's a purpose to git some saleratus, and clean forgot to git any! But goodness knows it ain't much of a wonder, with all the talk that's been poured into my ears by the whole family of 'em."

"Miles didn't say much to you, did he?" asked Ruth, mischievously.

"Miles? I do believe, come to sense things, that I hain't seen Miles at all. But that ain't nothin' strange, seein' I did n't go down into the medder."

She sat down and fanned herself with a corner of her gingham apron.

"Such a snarl as them Jordans hev gut into! I never did see Mis' Jordan worked up before. When I went in she was sittin' down, an' actually not doin' a blessed thing, an' there set the table with the dishes all

on; an' she never made a sign of an apology, neither."

"But what is it? Do let me know?" said Ruth.

"Why it's all about money matters. Everett wants to git married, and set up in business for himself. He wants to start a livery stable over to Fairfield, an' he's been tryin' to git what money he could to put into it. He's gut most three hundred himself, countin' in his team, and he wants his father to divide up what property he's gut, so's to give him his share now. He thinks Miles ought to be willin' to take the farm for his part, an' let him hev *his* part in money, for he hates workin' on a farm—or workin' anywhere, for that matter, I guess. I think he's kind o' mean about it, for the farm is mortgaged, and it ain't worth much anyway.

"But Mr. Jordan do n't want to do anything with the property, and he do n't want to let Everett hev a cent, either. He could let him hev a little as well as not, for he's just gut some from an old aunt that's died, out West. And Everett knows he could. But Jordan's pritty sot, when he's a mind to be. Goodness knows I believe I've heard the whole story, amongst 'em, to-day.

"Everett stormed 'round, an' said he'd gut to hev some money, whether or no, an' finally Jordan told 'im, if he'd gut to hev some money, he'd better go to work an' earn it. An' upon that—such a scene!

"Then Everett begun to talk about borrowin' some money. But he thought his father would hev better luck borrowin' than *he* would, an' he declared his father'd gut to go out an' borrow some for him. This sort

o' roused Mis' Jordan up, an' she put in her voice against it. But the more she said against it, the more he weakened his opposition to Everett, till she gut hysterical, an' he put on his hat an' left. Goodness knows I believe that if she'd a kept still, he would n't a done it. But—poor thing! how could she help it?"

"I staid quite a spell," glancing up at the clock on the shelf,—“well, I should think I did!—but Mis' Jordan was so miserable I could n't seem to git away. An' when I did come she come along with me quite a piece, an' how her tongue run on! I do n't believe she's said so much for three months past as she has to-day.

"I asked her why Miles did n't let Everett hev his money, for he's saved up a hundred or two, you know—I do n't know for the life o' me how I come to a ben so inquisitive an' sassy, but I did n't think nothin' of it at the time, they'd all ben talkin' so. She did n't act as though she wanted to say anything about this, but finally she told me that Everett had ben to Miles an' ast 'im for his money, an' Miles would n't let 'im hev it. Would you a thought it, now? An' Everett was so mad he was actually wild. He called Miles everything he could think of, exceptin' what's decent, an' I do n't know 's Everett thinks of anything decent, anyway."

"And what did Miles say?" inquired Ruth, trembling with excitement.

"Mis' Jordan said he never said but just one thing, an' that was to tell Everett that he could n't hev none of his earnin's. An' she broke down agin tellin' me of it, and wanted to know o' me if I thought Miles

done right. She says she should a hated to see Miles let 'im hev his little savin's, that he 's worked so hard for, but she can't bear to hev any trouble between the boys."

"I'm glad he's gone!" exclaimed Ruth.

"Gone—who?" asked Mrs. Darricott, turning to Ruth with a surprised stare, and letting the apron fall back over her dress.

"Why, Miles. Did n't you know it? He went on the last train."

"Goodness knows I did n't. Well I am beat. She never told me. Where's he gone to?"

"To Mr. Morgan's."

"How'd you know?"

Ruth blushed.

"Has he ben up here to see you, since I ben gone?"

"Yes, he just come up a minute to say good-by," she replied,

Mrs. Darricott was lost in meditation for a short time.

"Well," she said abruptly, "I do n't know 's I blame him. Maybe it's the best thing he could do. Anyway, I'm glad to see 'im show some spunk."

"What will Everett do if he can't get what money he needs?" asked Ruth.

"That's more than I can tell. I guess they'll make out to raise it, between them. I do hope they won't come to your father, for I'll warrant he wont let 'em hev any, an' I think it's kind o' mean to be disoblign' to a neighbor, 'specially such accommodatin' neighbors as they be.

"Well, my bakin' ain't done yit, nor my saleratus ain't borrowed. Ruth, you go this time, an' see if you can do any better 'n I did. I s'pose Mrs. Conner's gut some. Run up

an see, an' don't for goodness' sake stop for anything nor anybody."

Ruth was glad to get out into the fresh, sweet air, and notwithstanding the heat she walked quickly along.

Mrs. Conner was at home, and was, herself, in the midst of a baking. It was just the critical point with a custard pie, and she was in a terrible state of concern, whisking the oven door open and shutting it with a bang, lifting the stove-cover and stirring the fire—for the good widow and all her neighbors, as you may suppose, burned wood instead of coal—then digging away the ashes at the front of the stove, and then taking another hasty look into the oven. As she glanced up from the unfortunate pie, she caught sight of Ruth who had come in without the ceremony of knocking, and she called out,

"Sit right down, Ruth. This pie 'll be done in another minute. One minute too little, and it ain't cooked, and one minute too much and its wheyey; and the fire's gut to be jest right, too, or your pie's no good. There's a many more custards been ruined in the bakin' than in the makin', and so your mother'll tell you."

She pulled the oven door open again and tried the pie with a spoon-handle. She heaved a sigh of relief. The pie was done. The crisis was past. The suspense was over.

Ruth, perceiving that her opportunity had come, explained her errand, rising as she spoke, to indicate that she was in a hurry.

Oh, yes, Mrs. Conner had plenty of saleratus. Oh, yes, she could spare a little just as well as not. Oh,

yes, she could get it for her now. Oh, yes, Ruth must take enough for three bakings, instead of one. And oh, no, she need n't be in a bit of a hurry about returning it. It was n't the least matter in the world if she didn't ever bring it back. And Ruth, with many thanks, hastened away.

A few steps below Mrs. Conner's house was her vegetable garden, and in this garden it happened—if, by your leave, I may assume that things *do* happen—that Jo was pulling weeds. When Ruth was passing on her way to Mrs. Conner's, Jo, after a glance that had satisfied him as to who she was, had crouched down behind some sweet-corn stalks, and she had not noticed him. But now it appeared that he had gotten the better of his timidity, for he came up near the fence between the garden and the road, and stood there looking at her.

She caught sight of his strange-looking face with its blank eyes, and a low cry involuntarily escaped her lips.

"Don't be frightened, Ruth," he said, "you need n't be afraid of me."

"But I am afraid," she cried. "Do go away."

Thus entreated he went back to the farther end of the garden, where he had been weeding.

Ruth soon reached home with the saleratus which Mrs. Darricott proceeded to make use of without delay, and they were both so busy for the rest of the morning that there was little time for reflection. But after the dinner dishes were washed and put away, and the kitchen floor was swept, Ruth went up to her own room to think over again the events

of that, to her, most eventful of mornings, and then it occurred to her for the first time that Miles's first words to her that morning and Jo's words had been the same.

CHAPTER VI.

A DISCLOSURE.

The house in which Mr. and Mrs. Darricott lived was larger and more pretentious than the others in the neighborhood. It boasted of two stories (which, when one came to think of it, was very proper, considering that one of its inmates *could* boast of two stories, though, of course, he never did) a bow window, and green blinds.

It was situated at the top of a low hill, and quite a pretty and extensive view could be seen from its south or west windows, especially from those up stairs.

One of its up-stairs chambers was Ruth's room, and here, on the third day after Miles's departure, she sat, trying very hard to fix her attention on some crochet work that she was doing.

Would the letter come?

Her father had gone to the village, and she expected him home every minute. She had even begun to expect him before he had been gone half an hour, though she knew perfectly well how foolish it was for her to do so.

Would Miles write? Yes, he would. Of course he would. Had he not promised? But would she get the letter so soon? Yes, perhaps so; for he had said that he would write as soon as he got to Mr. Morgan's. What would he say?

She looked down the winding road. There was no one to be seen. With the faintest suspicion of disappointment visible on her face she drew her crochet hook in and out with redoubled speed and energy. A minute later she looked out again. Nothing was to be seen. She was getting a little vexed with herself now, and she moved her chair over to the other side of the room, and sat down where she could not see the road.

For four minutes and a half she crocheted faithfully. Then she got up and looked out once more. He must be in sight by this time. Not yet. But yes. There he was.

Acting upon her first impulse she ran eagerly down to meet him. Ah, yes! There was a letter. In a delightfully bewildered state of excitement she seized the precious letter and made off to her room with it.

Mr. Darricott, after putting up the team, came in and seated himself opposite to Mrs. Darricott, who was in the sitting-room mending. He took off his gold-bowed spectacles, folded them up, put them in his green leather case, and put the case into his pocket. These signs Mrs. Darricott knew indicated that he was going to have a talk with her about something or somebody. She always dreaded these talks of his. They did not come very often, but never had one of them ended yet without leaving behind it a pain of some kind that had not yet ended. She waited in silence for him to speak, wondering what the outcome would be this time. At last he began,

"Is Ruth engaged?"

Ruth! So it was Ruth this time. Her hands trembled so that she could

scarcely hold the great needle that she was mending with. She had no fear that Ruth had been doing anything very wrong, but she had never known Mr. Darricott to be severe with her before, and she dreaded particularly to have his displeasure directed against her. But with as much calmness as she could command she replied,

"Not that I know of."

"I should think you ought to know it, if she is."

"Then she ought not to be, for I don't know it."

"Of course she ought not to be; for I do n't know it."

"Of course she ought not to be," he said emphatically. "But she is. I'll warrant she is."

"Who to?" asked Mrs. Darricott, though she knew it could be nobody but Miles.

"Why, to that Miles Jordan, of course. She won't dare to deny it."

"I guess she won't want to deny it," said Mrs. Darricott mildly. "They must a gut engaged day 'fore yister-day. He was up to see her jest before he went off, an' I hain't really hed much chance to talk with her confidential sence. I do n't doubt but she's dy'in' to tell me."

"Humph!" said Mr. Darricott.

"Oh, well," said she, "do n't be too hard on the young folks. If Ruth do n't never do no worse than to get engaged to Miles, she won't come to grief."

"She will do worse. She'll marry him."

"Marry him—of course she will! Why should she be engaged if she do n't expect to marry him?"

"She ain't a goin' to marry him," he said positively.

Mrs. Darricott started in spite of herself. "Why not?" she gasped out, "You'll ruin the child's happiness."

"That's all well enough to talk about," he said, with a deprecativè wave of the hand. "It sounds well enough."

"But you do n't know how much them two think o' one another," persisted Mrs. Darricott. "I believe 't would be the ruination o' Miles, as much as of her."

"She's ben more confidential about her feelin's for Miles, than about her engagement."

"Why, no, I do n't know 's she's said so terrible much. It ain't her way, you know. But anybody can see sech things, if they ain't so near-sighted that they can't see anything beyond themselves." These last words were hardly uttered when she regretted them deeply.

"Do you mean to set yourself up against me for the sake o' that girl?" he cried.

"No, no," she answered eagerly. "I was meanin' to speak for the good o' you both. I thought, mebbe, bein' a man, you could n't understand so well as me jest how Ruth felt about Miles, an' you did n't know how she'd hate to give 'im up."

"Well, we might jest as well come to an understanding now, as any time. Ruth is no daughter of yours, and I do n't see what call you hev to be dictatin' to me what I ought to do by her."

"But," put in Mrs. Darricott, hastily, "I ain't dictatin'. You no need to call it so. I'm only tryin' to explain. And as for my feelin's for Ruth, if she was my own girl I

do n't know how I could feel any more for her, or want any more to see her well off an' happy."

An impatient exclamation was Mr. Darricott's only answer.

"What better can she do? Miles is good, and he's capable, too. You can't say any hurt o' Miles."

Mr. Darricott did not admit this nor deny it.

Suddenly a new idea entered Mrs. Darricott's head.

"Does Austin Craig want her?"

"How should I know?" returned he. After a few minutes consideration he added, as though resolved to end the discussion once for all, "I'll tell you one thing, though, while I'm about it. I never hev told anybody; but, of course, there's them that knows it, if you do n't."

He stopped and gazed steadily upon his wife's care-worn face. Perhaps he was wondering what effect the words that he was about to speak would have upon her. At first her troubled eyes were raised to his with a questioning look, then they dropped, no longer able to bear his gaze. She had been married to John Darricott more than fifteen years, and though she was a second wife she had been a good and faithful wife, and had been a loving mother to motherless Ruth.

She felt instinctively that he was going to speak of something relating to his life and Ruth's before she had known them and his manner led her to expect that his words would touch her very heart.

"Ruth ain't my daughter any more'n she's yours," he said.

The mending needle did fall from her fingers now, and she leaned heavily back in the rocking chair for

support, while her great, blue-gray eyes were again raised to his, this time with an incredulous stare.

And now it was his eyes that dropped, unable to meet hers. He fumbled nervously in his vest pocket for the green leather spectacle case, drew it forth, took out his glasses, put them on, and returned the case to his pocket.

"Oh, Mr. Darricott," she began at last, her voice so unnatural that it startled them both, "you won't tell Ruth, will you? Do promise me that you won't ever tell Ruth."

"I sha'n't promise anything," said he.

"What did you tell me for, after all this time? Oh, what did make you? I wish I'd never known."

"I wanted you to see for yourself that I knew more about this business than you do, as long as you could n't believe it without."

"But they love each other. What difference does it need to make to them? Who is her father? Is he dead? And who was her mother?"

"Perhaps I know, and perhaps I do n't," he answered evasively, "but this I will say, she ain't goin' to marry Miles, an' that's enough."

Mrs. Darricott gave up trying to mend, and went out to look after the chickens. She had fed them just before she sat down to her mending, and there was no need of feeding them again so soon, but she felt that she must have a breath of fresh air, she must stir, she must do something, she must be alone to think.

She sat down on the bench by the back door, and the hen, a fiery little black one, and her eleven half-fledged, ugly, clamorous chickens came flocking up around her.

"Chickens and boys can always eat," she said to herself.

She went back into the shed and got a basin of corn meal, mixed it up with some water, and put down a little pile of it on the ground by the bench. Then she sat down again on the bench, and leaning forward with her elbow on her knee, and her head on her hand, she watched them.

What ridiculous little creatures they were! The pile of moistened meal was very small, and was not only completely encircled by chickens but was topped off with one lively little black cockerel, and there was one long-legged, bare-necked, white chick that kept dodging up to the pile, and, thrusting its head in among the numerous black and yellow legs of its brothers and sisters, it would fill its throat and bill to their utmost capacity, then away it would run and choke, and struggle, and gasp, and swallow till it had disposed of what it had seized, when it would return for another raid.

Mrs. Darricott laughed at the chicken, though, at the same time she wondered how she could laugh.

Ruth! Ruth, the sweet, gentle girl that she had always known, and cared for, and loved; Ruth, whose confidences she had always shared, whose little troubles she had always righted, whose joys had always made her glad; Ruth, who had always been a bright and sunny presence in her home, and who was the hope and comfort of her heart—who was she?

As she thought over all that her husband had said, strange, conflicting emotions came creeping into her breast. A slumbering distrust of her husband that she had hushed into quietness, half a dozen times already,

now showed signs of waking up in earnest. Her memory went back over those fifteen years that she had been married. She remembered many unkindnesses of his that she had long ago forgiven, many acts of tyranny and injustice that she had forgiven, much selfishness that she had found excuse for in one way or another, and rough words that she had never laid up against him.

"I *hev* been a good wife," she said to the lively little black cockerel, which, very strangely, didn't pay any attention to her.

Her heart was filled with sympathy and love for the innocent girl that had called her mother almost ever since the baby lips could speak the word. The foundations of the home she had loved were crumbling beneath her. How could she ever trust her husband again? Why had he not told her everything at the beginning of their married life? Who was Ruth? Where were her people?

The thought of Austin Craig came in among her other thoughts. She had never liked him. She believed him to be unscrupulous and sly. Was her pretty Ruth to be the wife of such a man? She shuddered.

And then the picture of Miles presented itself to her mind—honest, faithful Miles, who loved Ruth with all his great heart.

"She *shall* marry Miles," cried Mrs. Darricott, but she did not say this to the chicken, for he had followed his rather flighty mother out of sight.

She could not sit there any longer. She put the basin in its place in the shed, then she came into the back kitchen and looked at herself in the glass. She was not very pale—not much paler than usual, if any. She

spread her thin, brown hands out before her and looked at them. Yes, she *could* hold them still. There was no need of their trembling.

She came back into the sitting-room. Mr. Darricott was not there, and she was glad of this. She sat down in the rocking chair, but she did not take up her mending. She heard Ruth's light step in the room over the sitting-room. She thought that she was coming down, but the steps went back to the other side of the room, and all was quiet again.

At the end of five minutes she was restless and uneasy once more.

"I guess I'll go up and see Ruth a minute," she said. "I s'pose if she's really engaged she'll be willin' to tell me so."

At the head of the stairs she hesitated a little, then went boldly on.

"What ails me?" she said to herself, impatiently. "I hain't wronged nobody, nor I ain't goin' to." And she might have added, "Nor I ain't goin' to stand by an' see folks wronged, neither," though she was hardly aware of her own purpose yet.

She found Ruth sitting by the open window, still dreaming over the open letter which lay in her lap. As she entered the girl sprang up and flinging her arms about Mrs. Darricott, she exclaimed,

"Kiss me, mother, I'm so happy!"

And that close, passionate embrace bound them with a bond never to be broken.

Ruth passed the letter to Mrs. Darricott.

"He don't write much," she said, "but it seems so good to hear from him."

Mrs. Darricott read the letter. It

was a simple, brotherly letter, telling of his safe arrival at Mr. Morgan's, and of the prospects of his getting work. There was no word of love except at the very close, and then only, "Your true and loving Miles." But it was enough. He had promised to write and he had written. She knew that he loved her. She was satisfied.

"And so you're engaged, Ruth," said Mrs. Darricott, handing her back the letter. "Are you really engaged?"

"Yes, we're engaged." She did not say *I'm* engaged.

"Miles is a good boy, and you're a good girl," said Mrs. Darricott, "I hope it's for the good of you both. I *believe* it's for the good of you both."

They sat in silence for a little while, each continuing the line of thought that had been in her mind for the past half hour or more.

"Hain't I ben a good mother to you?" asked Mrs. Darricott, abruptly, by and by.

"Oh, yes. Yes, indeed, always,"

said Ruth, thinking that she would go away sometime and leave all those dear home associations, and that it would be hard for her to do so, even to go to Miles.

"Not quite *always*," corrected Mrs. Darricott. "I ain't your own mother, you know."

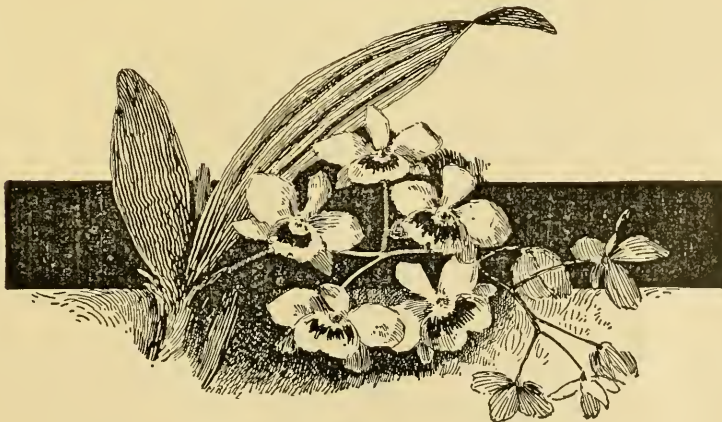
"Oh, yes, I know. I did n't mean that. I meant that you've never been anything but good to me, and if you was my own mother I could n't love you one bit better, I know I could n't."

"Bless you for saying so," faltered Mrs. Darricott. "It'll be a comfort to me when you're gone to know you said so."

"I suppose I sha' n't go away for a good while yet," said Ruth, trying to speak cheerfully. "You must n't begin now to think about losing me."

Mrs. Darricott's hands fell to trembling again. She could not say any more. There was no more to be said. She went back down stairs, leaving Ruth sitting by the window with the letter in her lap, as she had found her.

[*To be continued.*]



AT HOME AGAIN.

By Hervey Lucius Woodward.

Though my head is wearing white
And my beard is growing gray,
Still my heart within is light—
I am young again to-day.
Boyhood days speed back to me ;
Not the sweetness can I tell
Of the scenes to-day I see,
Yet, perchance, it thus is well.

What if bitter *is* with sweet ?
Therefore love I it the more,
Since my weary, wandering feet
Press those sacred paths no more ;
Swiftly on my thoughts are led ;
See ! No face is at the pane.
Can it be they *all* are fled ?
Am I now at Home again ?

As of old the Homestead stands,—
I in vision enter there,—
Lo, no mother's gentle hands
Warmth from out the embers share,
Nor a father's weary form
Fills the dear accustomed nook
Near the fire-place, snug and warm,
While is read the Holy Book.

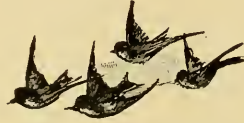
Strange it seems that I should be,
After all these years of pain,
Lost to those who lived for me,
Not to meet them *all* again.
E'en the ground is sacred now
Where I knelt by mother's knee,
Here in rev'rence let me bow,—
Blest be all her words to me.

Here my loving sisters three
Plant no kiss upon my brow ;
Sit they not beneath the tree
Weaving garlands for me now ;
But in vision, pure and sweet,
Sing they, in their childish way,
Songs which cause the tears to beat
Furrows in my cheeks to-day.

HAPPINESS.

By Charles Henry Chesley.

I have driven the legions of Doubt from my heart,
And the hosts of the enemy Hate ;
Now Happiness reigns there supreme in her art,
And her precepts are ruling my fate.



THE VEERY THRUSH.

By L. E. Chellis Story.

When the evening dusk is stealing
From the meadow to the hill,
When the closing flowers are nodding
To each other soft and still,
From the forest by the river,
Where the woodland songsters dwell,
Comes a mystic strain entrancing,
That the spirit loves so well.
“ Veery—veery—veery—veery ! ”

Like some olden maze entwining—
Rounds all circling into one—
Sweet the music floats descending
At the setting of the sun.
Far, or nearer, none can whisper
Just the treetop whence it wings,
Just the thicket, bush or hedgerow,
Whence the vesper carol sings.
“ Veery—veery—veery—veery ! ”

All along the years of childhood,
Oft from homeland copse and hill,
Soft from dusky shade or open,
Came the viewless songster's trill.
Long the echoes float in fancy
Wrought with dreams of evening rest ;
Thoughts of others come before us,—
Those that loved the song the best.
“ Veery—veery—veery—veery ! ”

WOMAN AND THE FLAG.

By Miss S. C. Merrill.



HOEVER seeks to trace the history of the origin and evolution of America's star-strewn banner finds written therein, on many a page of thrilling interest, the name of woman.

To-day, with loving skill, she drapes its silken folds, and, among floral tints of rarest beauty, weaves the bright hues of the "flower flag" for decoration, cheer, and consolation. But silken banners woven in white-starred fields of blue and flanked by "the thirteen rebellious stripes" were not always to be had. Ingenuity, born of love, and fingers warm with patriotic zeal have fashioned many a "banner of strange device" at short warning.

See, for example, the square of glowing crimson damask, torn from its place on a drawing-room chair, by a maiden's hand, and bestowed upon her lover, waving from his hickory staff, in proud triumph at Cowpens. In the sad defeat at Eutaw Springs, see, while the gallant colonel's horse falls, shot beneath him, and he, himself, is borne prisoner away, his brave men seize and rescue the cherished banner, ever after known as "Tarleton's Terror."

Nearly fifty years later it was again presented by the lady, then Mrs. Jane Elliott Washington, this time to the Washington Light Infantry of Charleston.

The men of Colonel Moultrie's regiment were the proud possessors of a pair of elegant colors, the gift of Mrs. Major Elliott. Three times the devoted bearers fell in death when it

was seized and nailed to the parapet of the redoubt by brave Sergeant Jasper. As retreat was sounded he, too, fell, but he rescued the colors, and his dying whisper was, "Tell Mrs. Elliott that I lost my life supporting the colors that she gave to our regiment."

Each banner that floats from flag-staff, turreted roof, or mountain peak, over the broad expanse of our land bears the impress of woman's taste and thought in the five points of its stars. In a quiet back parlor in Philadelphia, the skill of Mrs. Ross, the deft needlewoman, who had stitched his own ruffles, was summoned by General Washington to the aid of the eminent committee appointed by congress to design the nation's flag, and there they redrew the design at her suggestion.

Later, when added states puzzled the flag-makers and congress, impatient of the time occupied in considering the needed change, accepted the suggestion of Col. S. B. Reed, it was his wife, who furnished her own materials and fashioned the first flag of the present design and grouped the twenty stars in one large star.

In a brewery yard we behold another stitcher of flags who has begged permission to spread in that place the four hundred yards of bunting that formed the "broad stripes" of her flag. There she toils until far into the night, to sew in place the "bright stars" which the breeze "now conceals, now discloses," through the night "of the perilous fight" of Fort McHenry. This seamstress, Mrs. Mary Peekingskill,

was maker and mender of the flag which gave inspiration to our immortal hymn of national prayer, "The Star Spangled Banner."

Nor can the name of woman be omitted from the list of bold defenders of the flag. Long as legend of history is told will Barbara Fritchie's fame be sung. Another name associated with the history of our flag is that of bold Mistress Day. At noon of November 25, 1783, the British were to relinquish their occupancy of New York, the last of our cities to unfurl the standard, but Provost-Marshal Cunningham, scanning the city, perceived, before noon approached, the stars and stripes gently floating from the roof of a boarding-house.

"Down with it!" was his order. But the flag floated cheerily still, while, with the petulance of fast-waning authority, he strode to execute his own command. Then a heroine, not gray, but fair and fat, attacked him with a vigorous flourish of her own proper weapon, the broomstick. Discomfited, the British hero quickly retreated, ridiculed by the onlookers, while even his own wig showered its powder to complete his disgrace, and the flag waved in silent victory.

Among the impressive scenes which woman's influence has inspired and her presence has graced was that of planting the country's flag upon the Continental summit at the completion of the Union Pacific railway. On a beautiful Sabbath afternoon, in a place dug for the staff by Captain Clayton, who had superintended the whole work, the starry banner was planted by the hand of his wife and held in place by her, while the following beautiful consecration ser-

vice was read: "In the name of Wisdom, Strength, and Beauty, in the name of Faith, Hope, and Charity, in the name of the Holy Trinity, we consecrate this flag to the glory of God, the benefit of civilization, and the happiness of mankind. And when the lone star shall have been surrounded by the sister constellations, may its ample folds protect us in the path of virtue, so that we may become worthy citizens of the land of the beautiful, the land of the free."

At the present time, when almost every issue of the daily newspaper gives account of the formal presentation of some star-gemmed banner, it is interesting to notice the first recorded instance of such a gift. The donors were the patriotic ladies of Philadelphia, the flag was made by their own hands, the presentation committee were the Misses Mary and Sarah Austin, and the proud recipient was Commander Paul Jones. His gratification was manifested by obtaining a small boat in which, with the flag proudly unfurled, he sailed up and down the river in front of the city, in the presence of admiring thousands who applauded from the land.

While we pen the tale of patient toil, bold defense, and high enthusiasm, we may not forget those of sacrifice and trust. For the first, turn back to the year 1864, a few days subsequent to the battle of Fort Pillow. Come to Fort Pickering. Behold, drawn out in order, a regiment of artillery. Six paces in front of them stand fourteen brave, stern men, but without commander. They are the remnant of the battalion of Major Booth whose widow, in mourning dress and holding a war-stained,

bullet-rent banner, stands before them. A silence of deepest grief is broken by her sorrow-filled tones as she tells them of the restoration to her of the flag borne by them at Fort Pillow. Listen: "I have given to my country all I have to give. Such a gift! My husband! Yet I have freely given him for freedom and country. Next to my husband's cold remains the dearest object left me is this flag. To you I give it, knowing you will remember the last words of my noble husband, 'Never surrender the flag.'" On their knees they called the God of battles to witness their promise faithfully to keep the charge.

One other scene, in sunny Portugal. It is just after the capture of Lisbon by Don Pedro. The army of his brother is encamped in front of the capital. A battle ensued between

Don Miguel's troops and some boats of Don Pedro. By the shots, the safety of the family of Mr. Brent, the American charge d'affaires, was threatened. In the absence of her husband, Mrs. Brent, with firm hand, unfurled and waved from her window her nation's flag. Silenced was the sound of the deadly shots, and the waving banner held, by its silent power, in peace and security, the woman who had thus trusted in it.

The story of woman's devotion to the flag in our late war, of her ministry to its defenders, needs no repetition for it still rings in our ears. Ever may it be true, as now, that no other hand than woman's holds more firmly or seeks to plant higher above all reach of spot of sin or selfishness the

"Flag of the true heart's hope and home,
By angel hands to valor given."

THE KING'S LESSON.

A legend of Anglo-Saxon times.

By Frederick Myron Colby.

Great King Ine, Lord of Wessex,
Feasting in his castle grand,
Heard the plaudits of his minstrels,
Heard them praise his open hand.
King and Bretwalda they styled him,
Lavished on him warrior's meed;
Till he deemed himself the proudest
Of great Cerdic's kingly breed.

When the royal banquet ended,
And the monarch sought his bed,
Well-trained servants went before him
Where his bridal couch was spread.
Silken hangings draped the windows,
Pictures gleamed upon the wall;
And the light from golden censers
Showed the splendor of his hall.

In the morning 'midst the sunshine,
Proud the Saxon king awoke ;
And the wealth of his possessions
Like a vision o'er him broke.
Loveliest queen in all wide England
Slumbered softly by his side ;
Surely ne'er were mortals favored
Like King Ine and his bride.

Sweetly blew the silver bugles
All that golden afternoon,
As they hunted in the wildwood
Where the song-birds were in tune.
And a merry train at sunset
Galloped to the castle gate ;
Proudly smiled the royal Saxon
At the grandeur of his state.

But an ague seized the monarch,
And his cheek grew deadly pale ;
For his castle lay before him
(So we read in monkish tale)
All dismantled now and ruined ;
Stripped its gorgeous banquet hall,
And the cows 'mid slimy ordure,
Wandered free within its wall.

Then he sought the bridal chamber,
Shrinking there from what he saw,
For a cow with sucking farrow
Lay asleep amid the straw.
And his lovely queen, whose splendor
Had outshone the sunset's glow,
Stood bereft of all her beauty
And was leprous as the snow.

Good King Ine, changed and saddened,
From that day renounced his crown ;
And he spent his life uplifting
Those whom Fate had stricken down.
So will earthly splendor vanish,
Woman's beauty pass away ;
But the gracious deeds of mercy
Will endure till Judgment Day.



NECROLOGY

MAJ. RICHARD O. GREENLEAF.

Richard O. Greenleaf, born in South Berwick, Me., January 31, 1823, died in Nashua, August 9, 1901.

Major Greenleaf was the son of Richard and Eliza (Ackerman) Greenleaf. He was educated in the schools of Haverhill, Mass., from whose high school he graduated. He began life as an operative in the cotton mills and at the age of twenty-six went to Lawrence, as an overseer in one of the mills in that place. In 1857 he came to Nashua and was employed in the office of the mills of the Jackson company as bookkeeper.

When the flag on Fort Sumter was fired on he was the first man in Nashua to enlist, April 19, 1861. He was commissioned captain of a company in the First regiment, New Hampshire volunteers, and immediately went to the front. At the end of the term of enlistment he was recommissioned a captain in the Fourth New Hampshire volunteers. He underwent the hardships of the war, and for gallantry in the battles and skirmishes he was engaged in was promoted to the rank of major, August 24, 1864. In September following he was mustered out of service.

He returned to Nashua in 1866 and in 1872 went to Chicago, remaining there until 1878, when he again returned to Nashua. In 1881 he went to Joliet, Ill., and remained there until 1891 when he again made his home in Nashua. His occupation had been that of a bookkeeper, but in 1891 he accepted the management of the Aerated Oxygen Compound company. Major Greenleaf represented his ward in the city councils and was also secretary of the board of trade. He was a member of the Joliet board of education and its clerk.

Since returning to Nashua he had been quartermaster of the John G. Foster post, G. A. R., of which he was a charter member. He has also been commander of the post. He was a member of Rising Sun lodge, A. F. and A. M., and of the Church of the Good Shepherd, of which he had been treasurer.

Major Greenleaf was married twice—in 1851 to Miss Mary Cary, who died in 1854, and in 1861 to Martha Flinn, daughter of Samuel and Clarissa (Langley) Flinn of Nashua, who survives him.

HON. JOSEPH H. COTTON.

Joseph H. Cotton, born in Tuftonborough, August 27, 1833, died in Charlestown district, Boston, Mass., July 25, 1901.

Judge Cotton removed to Charlestown at the age of eighteen years, and was for a time engaged as a peddler. Aspiring to something higher he commenced the study of law in the office of Charles D. Dutton of Charlestown, and was admitted to the bar in 1868. Soon after he became the partner of Mr. Dutton, the firm continuing till shortly before his decease. He was appointed a master in chancery in 1869 by Governor Claflin, and was subsequently reappointed by Governors Washburn and Talbot. He represented Charlestown in the legislature in 1871 and 1872, was a member of the Charlestown school committee in 1873, was a member of the Charlestown common council in 1867 and 1868, and a member of the board of aldermen of Charlestown in 1869 and 1870. He was appointed associate justice of the municipal court of Charlestown by Governor Butler in August, 1883, he being at that time known as an active "Butler Republican." He held this position up to the time of his death.

Mr. Cotton was twice married. His first wife was Maria P. Starbird of Bowdoinham, Me., and his second wife was a sister of the first, Emma D. Starbird. The latter died twenty-one years ago. By his first wife Mr. Cotton had three children: Henry W. B., a Boston lawyer; George F., who was killed by accident in the West in 1885, and Frank B., who has held the position of court officer in the Charlestown court for several years. There were no children by the second union.

JOHN C. WEBSTER.

John C. Webster, long a prominent citizen of Danbury, died at the home of his nephew, Rev. Brinton Webster, in Lyme, August 6, 1901.

Mr. Webster was a native of the town of Pelham, a son of John and Hannah (Cummings) Webster, born February 24, 1833, being the eighth of a family of thirteen children of whom eleven reached maturity, one of these being Kimball Webster, Esq., a leading citizen of Hudson and a member of the last legislature. He was educated in the public schools and at Hudson academy. He was for a time engaged in the shoe business and subsequently a dealer in periodicals in Boston, but later embarked in general mercantile business at Andover, removing to Danbury in 1863 where he ever after resided.

He was a consistent Democrat in politics, and was active in town and county affairs. He served for ten years as a member of the board of selectmen in Danbury, and seventeen years as town clerk. He also represented the town in the legislature in 1870 and 1871. In 1890 and 1891 he served as sheriff of the county of Merrimack, and in every position which he occupied he acquitted himself with credit and honor. He leaves a widow and daughter, besides a brother and four sisters.

FRANK W. MORGAN.

Frank W. Morgan who passed away at his home in the town of Sutton, on June 19, had a most remarkable record as a soldier. He enlisted in August, 1861, for three years as a private in the Second New Hampshire regiment, Co. B; was promoted to corporal, which position he held at the battle of Gettysburg, after which, for bravery and soldierly ability, he was again promoted, this time to first lieutenant. He served his three years, then reënlisted for the remainder of the war. This gave him two years more of service, and when he was mustered out he held a captain's commission. During his five years of service he was never once absent from duty, never having been wounded nor incapacitated by illness, yet he took part in every battle and skirmish in which his regiment engaged, numbering in all twenty-seven, from the first battle of Bull Run, in 1861, to Fair Oaks, in 1864. At the first roll-call after Gettysburg only sixteen men responded, and he, a corporal, was the highest officer.

Mr. Morgan was born in Hopkinton, July 22, 1840, and was the son of Richard F. and Mary Allen Morgan. He removed from Hopkinton to Sutton about eight years ago. At the time of his death he was commander of Robert Campbell post, G. A. R., of Bradford, and he had also served as commander of Col. Putnam post of Hopkinton, and of Stark Fellows post of Weare. He is survived by a widow and six children.

Although one of the most modest and unassuming of our country's defenders, Frank W. Morgan had all the attributes of a true hero. I. G. A.

MAJ. LEWIS DOWNING, JR.

Lewis Downing, Jr., son of the Lewis Downing who was a founder of the famous carriage manufacturing industry long known as the Abbot-Downing Company, died at his home in Concord, on Monday, August 19, 1901.

Major Downing was born in Concord, December 6, 1820, and was educated in the public schools and at Burr seminary, Manchester, Vt. In early life he entered the carriage manufactory to learn the business, and was connected with the same to the time of his death, having been president of the company for a long time past. He was prominently identified with the business and financial interest of the city, had been a director of the National State Capital bank, and its president since 1878, and had been a trustee of the Loan & Trust Savings bank since its organization in 1872. He was also for a number of years a director of the Stark mills of Manchester.

He was actively identified with the Unitarian church in Concord and deeply interested in all movements incident to its life and progress, and was prominent in general benevolent work. He was particularly interested in local historical matters, and had been of great assistance to the committee having in preparation the projected Concord city history. His title of "Major" was gained during his service in early life in the old New Hampshire militia. He is survived by a widow, daughter, and two sisters.

CHARLES BURR TOWLE.

Charles Burr Towle, United States consul at Saltillo, Mex., died August 7, 1901, of consumption, at his post. He was interred in Kingston, August 14, with Masonic honors. Mr. Towle was a member of Gideon lodge, A. F. and A. M., of Kingston; of Star Chapter, R. A. M., Council Bluffs, Ia.; Ivanhoe Commandery, Knights Templar, of Council Bluffs, and Tanguier Temple, A. O. M. S., of Omaha, Neb. Born in Kingston, February 27, 1855; educated at Boston university and Boston University Law school, he was admitted to the Suffolk bar in 1881. Soon after he had an offer to enter the banking business in Council Bluffs, in which place he achieved success. Health failing he sought recuperation in Mexico by the advice of physicians. Here he obtained the appointment as consul, which position he filled for four years acceptably and well.

The remains were conveyed, wrapped in the flag of his country, to his native town and buried with due honors, beside those of his father, mother, and sister. Many citizens were present and Gideon lodge performed the ritual, J. M. Rowe, Worshipful Master; John T. Clark of the Grand Lodge acting as marshal.

Mr. Towle was at one time principal of Kingston academy, and the honorary pall bearers were of his students there, including Frank A. Woodman and Levi S. Bartlett of Kingston, W. B. Fellows of Tilton, Mayor Loomis of Chicopee, Representative Pettingill of Salisbury, and Dr. Gilman of Worcester, Mass.

EDGAR HAZEN.

Edgar Hazen, born at South Weare, April 24, 1824, died at Hillsborough Upper Village, August 3, 1901.

Mr. Hazen had lived in Hillsborough since 1850, and on the farm where he died for forty-one years. He was a prosperous and enterprising farmer and a public-spirited citizen. In politics a consistent and uncompromising Democrat, he enjoyed the confidence and respect of his fellow-citizens of all parties. He had served his town as moderator, collector, member of the board of education, as selectman oftener than any other citizen, and as representative two years—in 1866 and 1867. He was prominent in the order of Patrons of Husbandry, being a charter member and first master of Valley Grange of Hillsborough. He had also been a Free Mason for more than forty years. He married Maria Barnes of Hillsborough, in November, 1847, and they formally celebrated their golden wedding anniversary in 1897. Of eight children born to them seven, with the mother, survive; also six grandchildren.

ARTHUR L. EMERSON, M. D.

Dr. Arthur L. Emerson of Chester died at his home in that town, August 16, 1901. He was a native of Hermon, Me., born April 3, 1849, but removed with his parents to Manchester in childhood, where he attended school and

subsequently was employed in one of the cotton mills. Later he went to Lawrence and engaged in a drug store, and finally studied medicine, graduating from Bowdoin Medical college, and at the New York College of Physicians and Surgeons. He located in Chester in the practice of his profession, in 1883, and had remained there since, establishing a good practice and acquiring a fine professional reputation. He was also active in Republican politics and held the office of treasurer of Rockingham county. He is survived by a widow, the daughter of the late Charles Fish of Manchester.

JAMES H. FOWLER.

James H. Fowler, born in Warner, June 4, 1824, died at Rose Bay, Fla., June 10, 1901.

Mr. Fowler removed to Massachusetts in early youth, and graduated at the Cambridge Divinity school in 1854, but did not follow the ministry. At the beginning of the War of the Rebellion he engaged in hospital work at Washington. In 1862 he raised the first regiment of colored troops for the Union army—the First South Carolina volunteers (Thirty-third, U. S. C. T.), commanded by Col. T. W. Higginson, and of which he himself served as chaplain. He was subsequently taken prisoner by the Confederates, and confined for a year at Columbia. Since the war he had resided in Florida up to the time of his death. He left a widow and four sons.

HON. SQUIRES S. BROWN.

Squires S. Brown, who was born in Bridgewater, in this state, in 1829, and removed to Berea, O., in 1862, died at the latter place June 5, 1901.

He served as a lieutenant in the One Hundred and Forty-seventh Ohio Volunteer Infantry in the War of the Rebellion, and was an active and prominent citizen of Berea, until ill health compelled his retirement some three years since. He was chosen mayor in 1868, again in 1874, and served in that capacity almost continuously till 1892. He was for a time engaged in trade, practised law to quite an extent, and was a local preacher of repute, besides editing a newspaper for a number of years. He was among the most public-spirited citizens of the place, and the promoter of many local improvements. He is survived by a widow and one son.

THE GRANITE MONTHLY A NEW HAMPSHIRE MAGAZINE

Devoted to Literature, Biography, History, and State Progress

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The proprietor of a hotel in Pennsylvania says: "I have suffered for ten years from what physicians called dyspepsia. It made no difference what I ate, it lay heavily on my stomach, kept me belching for hours, and then it became very sour. I spent many dollars with different doctors, getting occasional relief, but the same old thing would come back again. A veterinary surgeon at Hatboro, Montgomery Co., Pa., advised me to take Ripans Tabules. After taking them three or four days I was very much relieved. To-day I can say I am cured, as I can eat anything and feel good. They are the only thing that ever gave me permanent relief."

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HON. MOSES HUMPHREY.

October 20, 1807—August 20, 1901.

THE GRANITE MONTHLY.

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OCTOBER, 1901.

No. 4.

HON. MOSES HUMPHREY.

By H. H. Metcalf.



FOR long years past New Hampshire has been giving to Massachusetts, with liberal hand, the life service of many of her purest daughters and noblest sons. In pulpit and in forum, in the halls of science and in the marts of trade, in every line of material progress and in every field of intellectual development the children of the Granite state have contributed to the glory and honor of her sister commonwealth. It cannot be said, however, that no measure of compensation has been returned for our generous contribution. Massachusetts has given something to New Hampshire. Some of her best life has infused its spirit and purpose into the vital chords of our own being, and New Hampshire is a better and grander state because thereof.

At eleven o'clock in the evening of Tuesday, August 20, in our goodly Capital city, there came a peaceful close to a simple, honest, manly life, and the earthly days of MOSES HUMPHREY, long and full of service, were closed and numbered on the record book of time.

Mr. Humphrey had been a resident of Concord for half a century, and its

most notable citizen for many years. Born in Hingham, Mass., October 20, 1807, he was the son of Moses Leavitt and Sarah (Lincoln) Humphrey, both of whom were descended from early settlers of the town. He passed his early life in Hingham, attending the scanty terms of the district school, when in session, and doing farm work at other portions of the year, until about fourteen years of age, at which time, like a considerable proportion of the youth in the Massachusetts coast towns, he "went to sea," following that occupation some eight months in the year for eleven years, and learning and pursuing the cooper's trade during the balance of the time for that period, except during the winter and spring of 1824-'25, when he attended a select school for the purpose of learning navigation and engineering. In May, 1826, when nineteen years of age, he was made master of the schooner *Ann*, of Hingham, and commanded that and other vessels for the next six years, until 1832, when he abandoned the sailor's life, and engaged with his brothers in the coasting trade, owning a number of vessels, also carrying on a large cooperage business, and a grocery trade. The cooperage busi-

ness was entirely in his hands, steam power and machinery being employed in the work.

In 1841 Mr. Humphrey originated the idea of making mackerel kits by machinery, inventing the apparatus by which the work was carried on, and continuing the same in Hingham until the spring of 1843, when he removed to the town of Croydon in this state, where, in the little village known as Croydon Flat, on the north branch of Sugar river, he fitted up a factory and devoted himself successfully to this business in that place until October, 1851, when he removed to West Concord, where he continued the same industry for many years, and was also quite extensively engaged in agriculture.

When the Concord city charter was adopted, in March, 1853, and the first election was holden under the same, Mr. Humphrey was chosen a member of the common council, from his ward, and served that year as a member of the joint committee to settle the town accounts. The following year he was reëlected, and was chosen president of the council. In 1855 he was elected an alderman, and, during the the long illness of Mayor Clement that year, as chairman of the board, he was acting mayor of the city. In 1856 he was again elected to the board of aldermen. In 1857 he was chosen to represent his ward in the state legislature, and reëlected for the year following, serving as chairman of the committee on towns and parishes.

At the annual city election in March, 1861, Mr. Humphrey was chosen mayor of Concord. The uprising of the South, in rebellion against the Federal government, long threatened and precipitated by Mr.

Lincoln's election to the presidency, came on immediately. The president's proclamation, calling for 75,000 volunteers to maintain the government and perpetuate the Union was soon issued. Mayor Humphrey realized the pressing nature of the call and was earnest in his determination that Concord should not be laggard in responding.

After a little consultation with friends, he called on Capt. Edward E. Sturtevant, then an efficient member of the police force of the city, and suggested to him the advisability of raising a company of volunteers. He promptly responded that he was ready, and immediately commenced recruiting a company, being himself the first to enroll, and the first New Hampshire volunteer in fact. Capt. Leonard Drown of Penacook, then Fisherville, also soon called on Mayor Humphrey and offered his services in raising men. He was referred to Captain Sturtevant, and coöperated with him so effectively that they soon had two companies of one hundred men each enrolled. Capt. Sturtevant was commissioned to command the first, which was attached to the First New Hampshire regiment, of three months' men, and Captain Drown the second, which became a part of the Second regiment, organized under the new call for 300,000 men for three years, which had then just been issued.

It required a man of cool judgment, indomitable energy, and great physical and mental endurance to successfully perform the duties of mayor of Concord during the early war period, when, in addition to the regular duties of the office, which then included the supervision of the street department and the care of the poor, as well as

the ordinary work of administration, there devolved upon him the responsibility for keeping the city's quota filled, under the various calls for troops, the proper distribution of state aid to the families of soldiers, and the maintenance of law and order in the city, which was no light task indeed, in view of the fact that a majority of the New Hampshire regiments were quartered in the city preparatory to their departure for the front, and that the lawless spirit was naturally quite prevalent among the soldiers, and especially among other elements hovering around the camp. Mr. Humphrey, however, was equal to every emergency, ever watchful and alert, and never at a loss as to the course which he should pursue. He was reelected in March, 1862, for another year, thus serving during the first two years of the war period, during which time there were raised in the state, for the Union service, sixteen regiments of infantry, four companies of cavalry, two of sharpshooters, and two light batteries, besides a large number of recruits sent to the regiments in the field; yet when he retired from office, in March, 1863, the city was accredited for eighty-four men in excess of its full quota under all calls up to that time.

Aside from the extraordinary cares devolving upon him as the head of the city government during this period, Mayor Humphrey had other unusual responsibilities to meet. During the first winter of his administration a furious gale destroyed the bridge over the Merrimack river at Sewall's Falls. Subsequent freshets also greatly damaged two other bridges over the river within the city limits, and the work of reconstruction

and repair was carried out under his personal supervision as superintendent of highways and bridges, which added in no small measure to the manifold labors which he performed throughout to the eminent satisfaction of the people.

It was during Mr. Humphrey's first term as mayor that the Concord Fire Department was reorganized, and steam fire engines introduced in place of the old hand machines which had been in use up to that time, the movement having been effected at his instigation, and in the face of very decided opposition. Mr. Humphrey had been interested from youth in fire department matters, and had served in his early life as a member of a fire company in his native town. This interest, in fact, was continued through his life, he being one of the most esteemed and respected among the honorary members of the Concord Veteran Firemen's Association up to the day of his death.

In March, 1865, the closing year of the war, Mr. Humphrey was again chosen mayor, the necessity of having a strong and experienced man at the head of the city government being thoroughly impressed upon the public mind. The duties of the office were scarcely less arduous at this time than during his former period of service, and were met with the same patriotic spirit of self-sacrifice and devotion to the welfare of the city. It was during this year that the Union soldiers were mustered out of service and returned to their various homes. Many questions of importance came up requiring judgment and discrimination in their determination. The question of the taxation of national bank stock was one of no little interest arising

this year. There was a dispute as to the legality of taxing such property. The matter had not been determined by the courts. Mayor Humphrey, although himself a national bank director, having been chosen a member of the board in the First National bank the year previous, took the ground that, pending determination, the stock holden in the city should be assessed. Some of the assessors refused to act in accordance with his direction, but one of them—Ex-Mayor John Abbott—complied and the stock was assessed accordingly. The subsequent decision of the United States court, holding the stock subject to taxation, proved the wisdom of the mayor's course.

In 1869 Mr. Humphrey was elected a member of the executive council of the state, Onslow Stearns of Concord being governor. Mr. Humphrey was, naturally, a leading member of the executive body, and his judgment was greatly relied upon by Governor Stearns during both years of his incumbency, Mr. Humphrey also being reëlected in 1870. It was during this period of service that his attention was strongly directed to the management of affairs at the state prison, which had been conducted with much looseness, and at no little financial loss. It was largely through his instrumentality that a decided change in management was effected, and the selection of the warden placed in the hands of the executive.

In 1875 Mr. Humphrey was chosen to the legislature from Ward Five, to which ward he had removed shortly after his first election as mayor, establishing his home in a house which he purchased on Warren street, and where he continued to reside until the

day of his death. He served as chairman of the House Committee on State Prison, and was actively instrumental in carrying through the movement for the erection of a new prison, of which he had been an earnest advocate since his service in the executive council.

Reëlected in 1876, he was that year chairman of the Committee on Reform School. This service greatly strengthened the interest which he already felt in that important state institution, and for a long series of years thereafter, in most of which he was a member of the board of trustees, he gave much attention to the needs and welfare of the institution—far more than any other man who ever served in such capacity.

Mr. Humphrey was a leading spirit in the project for the construction of the Concord Street Railway, the corporation for the construction and operation of which was organized in 1880. The enterprise met with bitter and vigorous opposition, but was finally carried through, and the line opened to the public in the spring of 1881, it being the first of the kind in the state. Mr. Humphrey, who was president of the corporation, was made superintendent of the railway and, although then in his seventy-fourth year, devoted himself to the work in hand with a zeal and energy such as few men in the prime of life could have manifested. He continued in this position for ten years, up to January, 1891, having, in the meantime, at first substituted the steam motor for horse power, and, finally, in 1890, adopted electricity, the latter change having been effected against a desperate resistance on the part of many prominent citizens.

In January, 1891, then in his eighty-fourth year, he was relieved from his duties as superintendent of the road, the management going into the hands of the executive committee, but he retained for another year his position as a director and president of the board, retiring therefrom a year later.

It was not, however, in his work for the city of Concord, whether official or otherwise, much as he had done in that direction, serving in various capacities that have not been mentioned (one of which was that of a member of the committee to erect the new high school building in 1865) that Mr. Humphrey accomplished most. By far the most important work of his lifetime was that in connection with the State Board of Agriculture, in the creation of which he was largely instrumental, and over which he presided for twenty-seven successive years, from the time of its establishment in 1870, until 1897, when he had reached the great age of ninety years, and the physical infirmity naturally consequent upon such advanced period in life rendered further service in that direction practically impossible, though his interest in the work was still strong and unyielding.

Mr. Humphrey had taken a strong interest in agriculture from early youth, when a portion of his time had been spent in farm work. When a resident of Croydon he was in the midst of a farming community, and his sympathies and interest were, naturally, strongly enlisted in the pursuits of his neighbors. He took an interest in the work of the Sullivan County Agricultural Society, and was actively instrumental in promot-

ing the success of its fairs, at one time securing the exhibition of a hundred pairs of oxen from the town of Croydon alone. Upon his removal to Concord he engaged to quite an extent in farming, in connection with his manufacturing business, and gave special attention to the culture of corn, making many experiments, and carefully calculating the actual necessary cost per bushel of corn production. He took the ground that the state of New Hampshire could and should produce all the corn necessary for consumption within its limits, and earnestly and almost unceasingly urged upon the farmers the importance of this matter, holding it to be entirely wrong to send so much money to the West for the purchase of what could be grown at home at less expense.

This was one of the subjects upon which he dwelt in his addresses to the farmers at the various institutes which he attended in all sections of the state during his long period of service as president of the Board of Agriculture. Another matter upon which he laid much stress was improved farm machinery. He never failed to urge upon farmers the importance of securing the most improved implements and machines of all kinds for use in their work, having always acted upon the same principle, indeed, in all his own private and public operations, which is simply to say that he was always a thoroughly progressive man, and believed in keeping abreast with the times in all matters.

Mr. Humphrey was one of the prime movers in the organization of the Merrimack County Agricultural Society, of which he was the first vice-president and second president, being elected to the latter position in

1860, and serving seven years successively from January, 1861, during which time the successful fairs of the association were held. It was mainly through his efforts that the spacious grounds on the east side of the river were secured and fitted up, and finally conveyed to the state in trust. He was also for many years actively interested in the work of the State and New England Agricultural Societies.

From his long residence and extensive connection with public affairs in the Capital city, and his extended period of service on the Board of Agriculture, which carried him into all parts of the state every year, he formed an acquaintance with the people more general and extended than was enjoyed by any other citizen, and it is safe to say that he was held in higher esteem in the state by the mass of its people, and especially in the agricultural communities, than any other New Hampshire man.

On the occasion of his ninetieth birthday anniversary, October 20, 1897, Mr. Humphrey was accorded a public reception at the state house, and his fellow-citizens, not only in Concord, but from different sections of the state, there tendered him their congratulations, and paid their tribute of respect.

In politics Mr. Humphrey was an earnest Republican, having been a strong anti-slavery man from early life. He entered heartily into all legitimate work for promoting his party's cause; but countenanced no corruption, and gave his sanction to none of the unlawful and fraudulent devices so often resorted to by political managers.

In religion he was a lifelong and devoted Universalist, having allied himself with that denomination in his

early manhood, and retained an active and unflagging interest in its cause and work up to the closing days of his long and busy life. A more zealous and faithful exponent, champion, and defender of the great doctrine of the universal fatherhood of God and brotherhood of man, and the final complete triumph of right over wrong, has seldom lived among men. Upon his removal to Concord he allied himself with the First Universalist church of this city, and, during the full half century of his residence, from that time up to his death, he was a constant attendant upon its services, and a liberal and self-sacrificing supporter of its work, giving continually of his time and money, even beyond the fair measure of his ability, to advance its interests. He was almost constantly an officer of the church society, and was its moderator at the time of his death. He had long been active, also, in the broader field of denominational work. He served as president of the Universalist General Convention of the United States, for one term, presiding over the deliberations of that body during its session in Cincinnati in 1872. Upon the organization of the Universalist Publishing House, in 1872, he was chosen a member of the board of trustees, and held the position continuously up to the time of his death, having been one of the most constant members of the board in the matter of attendance upon its meetings and most efficient and valuable in point of service, until declining strength prevented.

Mr. Humphrey was a member of no secret organization or order of any kind except the Patrons of Husbandry, having become a member of Capital Grange after he was eighty years of

age, out of regard for the interests of the cause of agriculture, for the promotion of which this order was established.

December 15, 1831, he was united in marriage with Lydia, daughter of John Humphrey of Croydon, by whom he had one daughter, Helen M., born Nov. 2, 1834, who died July 8, 1849. Mrs. Humphrey died Feb. 27, 1887. May 2, 1888, he again married, his second wife being Mrs. Adeline J. (Wentworth) Clark of Newfields, who died Oct. 4, 1900. Both marriages were fortunate, in that his domestic life was happy throughout, and home to him was ever the pleasantest of all earthly places. After his second wife's decease he was tenderly and faithfully cared for through his remaining days, by her daughter, Mrs. Ida C. Humphrey, widow of the late Hon. Stillman Humphrey, his favorite nephew, long a prominent citizen, and also an ex-mayor of Concord.

On Friday afternoon, Aug. 23, a simple funeral service was holden at the home of the deceased, his pastor, the Rev. John Vannevar officiating, and friends and fellow-citizens paid their last tribute of respect to the mortal remains of one who for years had been regarded as "the grand old man" of Concord and of New Hampshire. On the day following the body was removed to Hingham, Mass., where, in the soil of his native

town, beside the ashes of wife and child, it finds its final resting-place.

Moses Humphrey was an honest man, a loyal citizen, an earnest worker in the Master's vineyard. It was the ambition and pride of his life to have made the world better for having lived therein. Simple in his tastes, quiet in his habits, unostentatious in all his mode of life, he lived and labored for the public good, in greater measure, and with more benign results than often falls to human lot. No princely fortune tells the tale of his achievement. He leaves no store of illy-gotten gains to tempt the base cupidity of other men. With faithful hand and earnest soul he wrought for other's weal, and leaves his monument in the broader material development, the improved public service, the quickened moral life of Concord and of the state. To city, state, and country, to home and church and all humanity he was ever faithful, ever true. Alike by many a Concord fireside, and in many a farmer's home throughout the state, the simple, manly life and grand unselfish work of Moses Humphrey will be recalled in years to come, with the commendation so justly due. No man in New Hampshire, in fifty years, had accomplished more for mankind than he. No man was better known, or more generally honored for all that makes man worthy the just regard of his fellow-men.

TREASURES.

By Charles Henry Chesley.

Not deeply hidden in the earth
Do treasures lie of truest worth ;
Not far beneath the waves that roll,
But here, down in the inmost soul.



LEGEND OF THE AMMONOOSUC RIVER.

By Mary T. Lathrop.

Far up among New Hampshire hills
This river has its source,
And like a swift winged messenger
It takes its rapid course
Through valleys green, by hamlets fair,
Till many miles are past,
Then into the Connecticut
It pours itself at last.

A legend, curious and old,
Clings to this river's name ;
Once many, many years ago
A band of Indians came
And camped beside the limpid stream,
Within the darksome wood,
Until the object sought was gained,
The needed rest and food.

Ere very long a quarrel rose,
And words waxed hot and high,
They wished to name the lovely stream
That flowed so swiftly by ;
But all were in an ugly mood,
Hot passion ruled each breast,
And when a name was called by one
'T was scouted by the rest.

So, reinforced on every hand,
The quarrel grew apace,
Until the dusky chieftain rose
With a determined face,
And then each eye on him was bent,
The noisy tongues grew still,
Respectfully the warriors paused
To hear their chieftain's will.

The chieftain stood with form erect
And cast his eagle eye
Upon a graceful Indian maid
That moment passing by ;
An empty bucket lightly swung
Within her plump, brown hand
As to the stream she went, to fetch
Fresh water for the band.

Toward the retreating maiden's form
The chieftain waved his hand,
Then spoke with lofty dignity
To his impatient band :
" The maiden goeth down," he said,
" For drink to quench our thirst,
And this strange river's name shall be
The words she utters first."

The unsuspecting maiden filled
Her bucket to the brim,
Then straightway to the chieftain went
And paused in front of him.
The warriors waited breathlessly,
Old Ammon raised his head,
The maiden spake three simple words,
" *Ammon you suck,*" she said.

The river, fair, still onward rolls
And bears its Indian name,
Though red men long have disappeared,
From forest, hill, and plain ;
Now homes are on its margin built
And white men crowd its shore,
But still 't is *Ammonoosuc* called,
As in the days of yore.



THE GRAFFORT CLUB OF PORTSMOUTH.

By Mrs. Frances N. Seavey.



IN May, 1895, the Graffort club of Portsmouth was born. It came about in this wise: The members of a small Current Events club had been much stirred by reading the reports of a meeting of the General Federation, and they began to wonder among themselves whether the time might not be ripe for the formation of a modern well-organized woman's club in Ports-

among their number they chose a committee of three whose duty it should be to prepare a constitution and name for the new organization. They also gave each member the privilege of inviting two others to join with them in starting the club.

The members of that committee have not yet forgotten the hours of thought which were spent on that constitution, but the result proved to be a practical working basis, which has well served the club from that time to now. To be sure a growing club needs a growing constitution, so that it has been found necessary, from year to year, to make a few changes; but, as one of our number has said, "What is a constitution for if not to be made over."

The name of the club was a more serious matter, for when once adopted there would be no avenue of escape from any infelicity of choice. Where could be found that ideal name, at once distinctive, appropriate, and unhackneyed? In poring over the "Rambles about Portsmouth," a happy inspiration came to one of the committee. "Let us name our club for the first public-spirited woman of Portsmouth, whose name has come down to us," she said. This first public-spirited woman turned out to be Mrs. Bridget Graffort, who, in the year 1700, made a gift to the town, the terms of which are thus expressed:

"For divers good causes and con-



Mrs. Mary I. Wood.

President Graffort Club.

mouth. After much consideration and with a few anxious misgivings the fourteen members of this little club decided to make what seemed then a great experiment. From

siderations, me herewith moving, but more especially for the love and affection I have unto the town of Portsmouth, the place of my birth, I have given unto the said township of Portsmouth forever (here follows the boundaries and description of a certain parcel of land) for erecting a schoolhouse and conveniences thereunto, for the use of the same."

This gift was made at a time when there appears to have been no school building whatever owned by the town of Portsmouth.

Mrs. Graffort came of good stock. Her father, Gov. Richard Cutt, with his brother John, were among the earliest settlers hereabouts, and together, owned at that time nearly all of what is now the compact part of Portsmouth.

The Graffort club has rescued from the oblivion of the past the memory of this broad-minded, generous woman, and the fragrance of her gracious deed will go wherever there is someone to ask and someone to answer concerning the meaning of the unusual name of the Woman's club in Portsmouth.

And after this manner was the Graffort club ushered into the world. It proved an instant and extraordinary success. The privilege of its membership was eagerly desired, and the original limit of seventy-five was too small to include those who would enter. The first officers of the club were chosen from among those who had been foremost in its organization, and the summer of 1895 was spent in laying out plans for the work of the following winter. It was decided to hold two public meetings each month, on the first and third Thursdays, from November to April

inclusive, with the annual business meeting on the first Thursday in May. For the better accommodation of the grammar school teachers, many of whom from the beginning



Miss Nellie F. Pierce.

First President.

have been members of the club, the hour of meeting was arranged to be from four to six o'clock in the afternoon.

The work of the club was at first divided into the six departments of art and literature, science and economics, ethics and history, arranged in groups of two, with three directors for each group. Work in some one of these branches was made obligatory, and every woman was expected to place herself and her services at the disposal of the directors in her preferred department. But when the outlines of work in each department were made public they proved to be so attractive that few women were satisfied to work in one alone. To

work in two was a common choice, while a few braver than the rest undertook to do something in them all.

Once each season each department has usually arranged for one public address in line with its special work, and notable men and women, not a few, such as John Fiske, Mrs. Julia Ward Howe, Mrs. Mabel Loomis

receptions, club teas, and a practical demonstration of the possibilities of the chafing dish. In the class work the art department has taken a chronological view of the history of art, and has covered ancient architecture and sculpture as well as mediæval artists, and is now at work upon modern painting. By means of photographs, engravings, water-colors, and models this study has been well illuminated, and, as the leadership has been that of students and travelers, the enthusiasm of the beginners has been well and intelligently guided. Professor Goodyear and Franklin Stollie have given us fine lectures with illustration by stereopticon.

In the literature department the work, interesting from the first, has been especially popular during the last two years, when Browning and Tennyson has each been studied, under skilled guidance, by a class numbering thirty-five or more. This work has given to many, possibly for the first time, an appreciative knowledge of these two great masters of English poetry. The public afternoon in connection with the study of Tennyson was of more than usual interest. There was a talk about the songs of Tennyson and many of them were read, and many of them were sung, while at the close a quartette sang, without accompaniment, "Crossing the Bar."

The votaries of the science department can now sufficiently extol the fascinating interest of their pursuits, and many of the brightest minds in the club have, year after year, been drawn to this line of work.

Other features of the general meetings have been parliamentary drills,



Mrs. Helen P. Wood.

Past President.

Todd, and Prof. Edward Morse, have appeared on our platform and given us of their wit and wisdom.

Scarcely less interesting or less helpful than these have been the meetings conducted entirely by our own members. Perhaps the wonder of it, which was so great at first, has a little worn away, still we continue to feel a generous pride, each in the other, as one by one, with dignity and ease, our members make their first public appearance before the club.

After the second year ethics and economics were merged in our de-

partment with the latter name, and the various practical subjects which engage the attention of the State Federation have been presented before its members. This department has contributed two extra educational meetings, one with addresses by the present and a former superintendent of schools in Portsmouth, with opportunity afterward for remarks by the mayor and other prominent citizens, and one, a talk on "Manual Training," given last winter by Superintendent Morrison of Portsmouth. A member of the State Board of Charities, one of the trustees of Mercy home, and leading members of our own club have also spoken before this department, and seed has been sown and knowledge and interest extended in many vital ways. Under this department child study has been enthusiastically pursued by many of the younger married women and teachers. This work was most delightfully and suggestively directed by one who had herself been an earnest student of the ethics of child culture.

The history department began a systematic review of the early history of Europe, and has continued that plan throughout the entire course, studying the great events historical, political, and religious, in the evolution of nations and peoples. The past year has been devoted to a study in detail of "Venice, Past and Present," which terminated with a charming and instructive public lecture on "Venice," by Rev. Alfred Gooding.

The music department of the club has been a most enjoyable feature for the last three years. Some study has been given to the lives and works

of different great composers, with papers on such subjects as fitted the afternoon's work. A large part of the musical illustration has been done by members of the department, and we have also had assistance from singers and players of note and ability. While only one of the meetings has been designated as a con-



Miss Helen Pender.

Recording Secretary.

cert, there have been many most delightful and brilliant expositions of opera and oratorio, sonata and symphony, song and duet. A new plan is now to be carried out whereby the whole club is to be the gainer, and doubtless the future will continue and increase the pleasure of the past.

Two musical lectures have been given: one on "English Ballads," by Professor Elson; another on "Tannhauser," by Mr. and Mrs. Frank Lynes.

A travel department has given great pleasure for the last two years.



Mrs. Helen R. Thayer.
Past Vice-President.

Certain sections of Europe have been visited in imagination, and as there are some travelers in the group of students, much interesting personal experience supplements the study of guide-books, histories, and geography.

Too much can scarcely be said about the quickening and broadening influence of these various studies. Superficial, no doubt, much of the work is, but even to knock at the door of wisdom and peep in is better than walking by with indifferent or blinded eyes.

The membership of the club at first included but two classes, the active and honorary members. The latter have the privilege of attending all the department meetings, without being obliged to work in any of them, and at the same time they are debarred from voting on any business matters. For these privileges and lack of privileges they pay a double fee. From almost the beginning

there was a demand for still another class of members; those who, paying the regular fee, could attend the public meetings and vote without being obliged to do department work. If such members were allowed, it was at first feared that the department work would greatly suffer, but two years' experience in this sort of membership has shown us that there are really very few women after all who



Mrs. Alice Holmes Owen.
Chairman of Music Committee.

are willing to deprive themselves of the pleasant intercourse and friendships of the departments, for it is in these smaller gatherings that the club spirit is nurtured and developed.

A constant and lengthening waiting list encouraged the club two years ago to enlarge its borders, and now the limit of active members has been increased to one hundred and fifty, and that of honorary members to twenty-five.

Each year the Graffort club has

appropriated some money for helpfulness outside its own membership. A traveling library has been bought and placed in circulation in central New Hampshire, and some fine works of art have been given to the grammar schools of the city.

The public has been more than once welcomed to our meetings, when subjects of general importance were to be considered there. The preservation of our New Hampshire forests was one of these subjects and the educational needs of the town another. The young people of the high and grammar schools were invited to share one of our most delightful programmes, and in order that they might all be comfortably accommodated, an extra meeting was held. One afternoon was devoted exclusively to the entertainment of the very little children, when Mrs. Rutan held their absorbed attention,

while she told them tales of wonder, that began with "once upon a time." And the older people listened, too.

In its second year the club took a stand against the wearing of birds in millinery, and the aims and methods of the Consumer's League have been more than once presented before the club.

A rule which this club shares with so many others is that once in two years the leadership is almost entirely changed. This brings much individuality into its management, and gives the variety which is necessary to continued success. The club has invariably been finely officered, and its debt of obligation to those who have so freely and so fully given of their thought and time and ability can not be adequately expressed. Many of these Graffort women are known throughout the state. They have served on the board of the State Federation and have been in demand as speakers before clubs in New Hampshire and other states. We have twice been represented at the meetings of the General Federation, and two years ago we entertained the State Federation.

It is difficult to enumerate all the good that has come from this club. It has brought to many a woman the discovery of unimagined ability, the exercise of which is a source of much joy. It has added greatly to the friendly spirit of the town; it has broken down many of the old walls of church and class prejudice, and it has been the occasion of many pleasant friendships, and who shall deny that it is one of the agencies which is bringing in the kingdom of brotherhood?



Miss Edith Thatcher,
Chairman Literature Department.

THE OLD NEW HAMPSHIRE HOME.

By C. Jennie Swaine.

I have dreamed of the land of the Orient light,
And its groves of stately palm,
I have longed for the soft Venetian night,
And its waters of silver calm,
But the roses of a fairer clime
Can never be quite as dear
As the summer bloom and the winter rime
That come with the changing years
Of my dear old home in the Granite state.
Then, wander where e'er you will,
For you and I the old friends wait,
And they know we love them still.

My heart has sighed for the Alpine glow,
Where the elfin roses smile ;
I have longed for the sea-green waves that flow
'Mid the lilies of the Nile ;
But never a mountain howe'er so grand
Can compare with these hills of ours,
And never a lily in any land
Is sweet as our river flowers.
So we will come back to our home to day,
And sit 'neath the household tree.
No matter how long we have been away,
There's a welcome for you and me.

THE SONG THAT LIVES.

By Frederick Myron Colby.

The days are gone when minstrels sang
In stately castle halls ;
When high-arched Gothic chambers rang,
And gleamed the bannered walls.
Yet still the fragrance of that time
Comes down like incense rare,
And we can hear their stirring rhyme
Through slum'brous, wine-scent air.

Again we see the gleaming blaze
Of torchlight on the wall ;
There shines the splendor of old days
In grand baronial hall.
The minstrel with his harp is there
Amid the stately throng ;
And valiant knight and lady fair
All listen to his song.

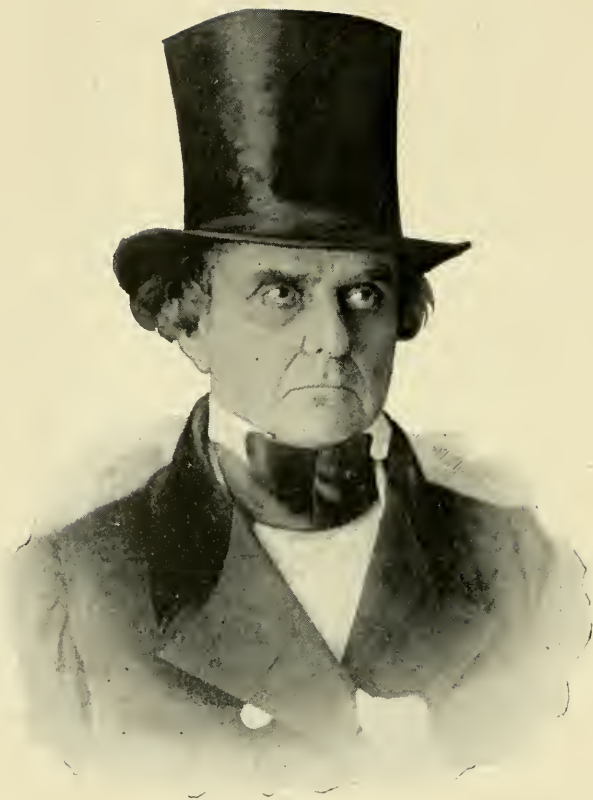
He sings at first of daisied meads,
And softly purling brooks ;
Of glist'ning pools 'mid rustling reeds,
And fairy grottoed nooks.
He sings the joys of harvest time,
The Yule-tide's merry cheer ;
And loud he strikes the ringing chime
That wakes the grand new year.

Anon he sweeps his harp again
And sings a war song grand ;
Of gathering hosts of armed men
A-sweeping o'er the land.
Of castles sacked and leaguered towns,
Of many a wild foray ;
Of watch-fires gleaming on the downs,
And mailed hosts at bay.

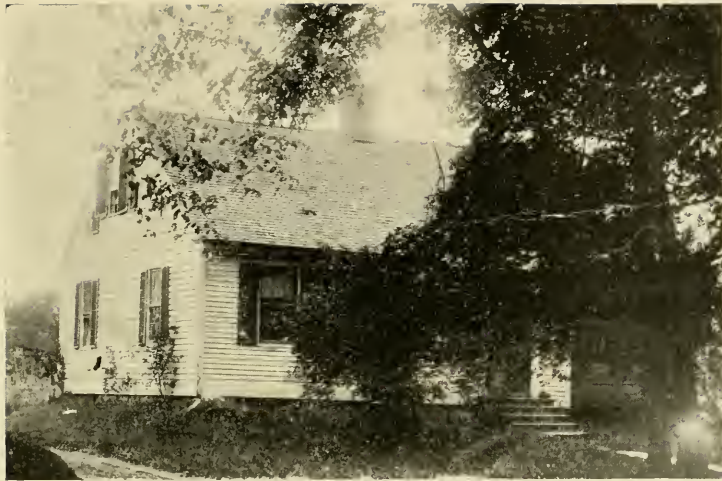
Once more the minstrel's harp rings clear,
He sings a softer lay ;
In many an eye there shines a tear
And love-lit glances stray.
His theme was love which rules the world,
Which makes e'en slaves of kings.
The firelight in the chimney swirled,
And flashed my lady's rings.

ENVOY.

Dead is the knight and his lady fair,
Dead is the minstrel gay ;
But the love song trilled in the wintry air
Thrills every heart to-day.



DANIEL WEBSTER



Webster House. Where Daniel Webster Roomed while Attending College.

DARTMOUTH AND THE WEBSTER CENTENNIAL.

By Mary R. P. Hatch.

“**W**ELCOME to Hanover, your Excellency, and you, most noble gentlemen. You are all right welcome. Fared you well on your journey through the wilderness from Portsmouth?”

“I thank you, reverend sir, for your courteous greeting. Our faring on the way was indifferent, sir. We slept but illy last night, for our couches were of boughs and they lacked the comfort of feathers. Then, too, the screech of a panther and the howling of wolves kept us wakeful. Our guide, one Peter Stillman, built some noble fires to ward off the beasts, but they came nigh to breaking in on us. At daybreak we sighted a band of Indians filing through the forest with scalps at their belts; but thank God, they did not see us. The guide said the Indians grow bolder since the Vermont

and New York troubles. One Ethan Allen, they tell me, is at the root of the matter. In earlier days when the savages fell upon Deerfield and Hatfield, killing and captivating so many, they traveled the same route we came by.”

“Those were troublous times, your Excellency, but praise be to God, the times are bettered. ’Tis a wonder to see the great advance we have made, though the wild beasts and the Indians be still fearsome. It required rare courage to come through the woods from Portsmouth to Hanover. This gentleman, your Excellency, is my assistant, Master Bezaleel Woodward, a scholar from New Haven, and these young gentlemen are to graduate from our college to-morrow, God willing. Their names be Levi Frisbie, Samuel Grey, Sylvanus Ripley, and John Wheelock. We all came forth to greet



Thornton.

Old Dartmouth.

Wentworth.

"The cloisters of a hill-girt plain."

your Excellency and noble friends, that we might, in some small part, repay the honor your presence confers on our institution of learning. Sir John Wentworth, and you, most noble company, again we greet you."

"I thank you, reverend sir, and you, Master Woodward, likewise you, young gentlemen, for your great courtesy and company across the river. Is it far to Hanover? Truly, I am weary of my horse, and I doubt not my horse is weary of me."

"But a short mile, your Excellency, and when there, my poor house and all it contains is at your disposal. Some excellent New England rum and Madeira wine, which our noble patron, the Earl of Dartmouth, sent to me by Samson Occom, will not be unwelcome, I doubt me, after your fearsome journey."

and his assistant, Mr. Bezaleel Woodward, trotted soberly forth and crossed the river to Norwich to meet the governor of the province and a party of gentlemen who had come through the wilderness from Portsmouth to be present at the first Commencement. And it is not too much to suppose that the whole graduating class (there were but four in it) accompanied their instructors, nor that a conversation, stilted and ceremonious and tinted by tales of wild beasts and Indians, such as I have given, may really have taken place.

The company reach the college yard and presently enter the president's house. Only one building marked the site of the college at this time. But it was the same earth, though covered with a different sward, the same sky, though fleeced with different clouds, the same trees, ay! and the same limbs that we see to-day under which Governor Wentworth and President

It is nearing a century and a half since Reverend Eleazer Wheelock

Wheelock walked in the year of our Lord 1771.

The miracles of wireless telegraphy, electric and steam cars, automobiles, and the omnipresent bicycle of our day usher to the Webster Centennial its thousands of guests. Rows of noble buildings rise up in welcome. Hundreds of students and professors go forth to meet them as did the first president and the class of one hundred and fifty years ago. There will be music and torchlight processions, speeches, the laying of corner stones, the presence of hundreds of alumni, and the welding of new ties that shall reach far out into the future beyond the vision, or even the imagination of those present. But it all harks back to the time when Eleazer Wheelock first thought of Indian education. As the college ditty runs :

"Eleazer Wheelock was a very pious man,
He went into the wilderness to teach the
In-di-an."

Then there is the fling at "the whole curriculum" which happened to rhyme with a New England beverage of those early college days. But boys will be boys and the right good will with which they sing their songs excuses the sentiment, or lack of it, in many cases.

After the first thought of Eleazer Wheelock came the same thought by Joshua Moor, and he contributed a house and two acres of land to the cause of Indian education. You know Emerson said, "Every revolution was first a thought in one man's mind, and when the same thought occurs to another man it is the key to that era."

And this thought of Wheelock and Moor was the key to the era of edu-



The Colonial College Church.



Rollins Chapel.

cation as embodied in the Dartmouth college of to-day. It was the compelling force, the evolvement from the school for Indian youths opened in his home in Lebanon, Conn., in December 18, 1754. The towns of Hanover and Lebanon were already named after the Connecticut towns, but did their contiguity and familiarity tend to particularize them in the minds of the seekers after a new site, and did the name *Hanover* decide the Hanoverian king to locate the college there rather than at any other place equally eligible? There was an excellent "water privilege" which George Eliot calls "one of the water courses of humanity" and which veined the earth with population in earliest times, but there were,

no doubt, equally as good privileges in other towns. It is likely, I think, that George the Third of England chose the site of Dartmouth at Hanover because his grandfather, George the First, was born at another Hanover and he was himself elector of that province.

"Thy lot in life is seeking after thee," said the Caliph Ali, "therefore be at rest from seeking after it." Clearly, President Tucker's lot in life, varied and useful as it has been, has sought him out at last. To the institution, so thoughtfully and prayerfully reared in the wilderness and carefully guarded and guided by its many presidents, William Jewett Tucker came for the revelation of its latter-day growth and popularity.

The work of foregoing presidents is not belittled by this statement, for to them is due the evolution of Moor's Charity school to the broader curriculum of a college.

Eighth in the chronological order of colleges; largest of small colleges, smallest of large colleges, as has often been said of Dartmouth, its growth languished for a time, but of late a steady advancement of twenty-five graduates, yearly, tells the tale of prosperity more eloquently than words can do.

Dartmouth has always seemed to awaken the intense love and fealty of its graduates from the time when Samson Occom, one of Dr. Wheelock's students, went to England and Scotland in 1765, and to towns in Massachusetts (a book on Old Salem makes mention of one Samson Occom, an Indian from Dartmouth college, according to the diary of a gentleman much quoted, who was seeking contributions for his college), to the present when new buildings are constantly being erected through the munificence of men like Mr. Edward Tuck of the class of 1862, whose recent splendid gift of three hundred and fifty thousand dollars as a memorial to his father, has been augmented by another hundred thousand dollars for the erection of a suitable building for the Tuck School of Administration and Finance. The courses of this school "are designed to prepare men for those more modern forms of business which have become so exacting as to require the same quality of academic training as the older professions." The course is a broad one, combining as it does the training of the business man as such, prepara-

tion for banking, insurance, railroad service, domestic and foreign service, the diplomatic service and public administration. There will, moreover, be teaching and training to prepare men for journalism and for participation in civic affairs. The principle of election is admitted in the second year, but in the first year the courses are identical and they supplement the academic training of previous years in college.

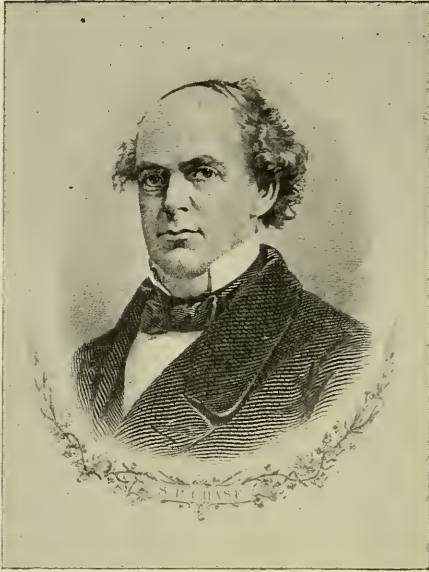
The Thayer School of Civil Engineering and the Medical school, the former dating from 1798, the latter from 1867, Moor's Charity School, which still has a legal existence (two Indians entered the freshman class of 1901), the Chandler School of Science and Arts (incorporated into the college in 1893), all these interests attest to the broad range of the Dartmouth training.

In a different manner speak the new buildings, the improvements in



Samson Occom.

The First Indian Graduate.



Salmon P. Chase.

Class of 1826.

old ones, and the restoration of the old time architecture to its whilom simplicity. A most interesting article in the November number of the Dartmouth magazine, from the pen of Professor Charles F. Richardson, compares the respective structures of Harvard, Yale, Princeton, Brown, and others, citing the advantages and disadvantages of Dartmouth in various particulars. "Not many college towns," he says, "have three ecclesiastical interiors as unlike, and as characteristic, as those of the dim-religious chapel, the Colonial College church, and the Parish-gothic St. Thomas." But he speaks of the doors of the college church as "mere holes" and of the "shed-like entrance" to St. Thomas. As these defects are those of the period of building, they do not seriously offend, however.

Approaching the "cloisters of a hill-girt plain" according to Holmes,

from South Main street, one is instantly impressed with a sense as of *waiting*. They seem to wait for you. Old Dartmouth stands with outstretched arms and the circling buildings on either side bid you wait, also; the college park with its many trees of many kinds says to you, "This is the end of your pilgrimage, come wait with us here." To the right is the gymnasium (Bissell Hall), the library, (Wilson Hall), and Bartlett Hall. To the left is Rollins Chapel, beautiful without and within, Rood House, where was once kept Miss Sherman's school for young ladies, and about which one of the *Katy-Did* books was written; Administration Hall, which was the president's house when Miss Cooledge went to school, but which will be torn down soon to make room for Webster Hall; next the home of Dr. Leeds, of forty years' pastorate, and then the college church, which Professor Richardson says "is indubitably old; few buildings have sheltered so many famous men;" Richardson Hall, Wilder Laboratory; Fayerweather, Culver, Hallgarten, Butterfield Museum, are somewhat to the rear, the Medical college still farther away. The Mary Hitchcock hospital is at the head of Main street, to the right, a beautiful location, cool and sequestered. Lower down Main street, and fronting old Dartmouth, are Chandler Hall, where A. S. Hardy, the author of "*Passe Rose*" and "*But Yet a Woman*," taught mathematics, Sanborn House, where Kate Sanborn used to live when her father, the late honored Professor Sanborn, was alive. The mother of Miss Sanborn was the favorite niece of Daniel Webster, who was himself

descended from the same source as John G. Whittier; their ancestor, Stephen Bachiler, the Oxford scholar and non-conformist clergyman, whose troublous life is sketched in Mr. S. T. Pickard's "Life and Letters of Whittier," had the wonderful brow and deep set eyes to be seen in the portraits of Webster and Whittier. Crosby House has a handsome front and it may interest many to know that Emerson used to visit there, also Oliver Wendell Holmes, but then Holmes was a denizen of Hanover. Reed, Wentworth and Thornton, to come back to the old familiar row, darkly blinded and sashed with green and painted in colonial colors, typify the ancient Dartmouth spirit.

St. Thomas' church is situated to the left of the college church, the Catholic to the right, but on different streets and at some distance. I wish to speak particularly of the idyllic

beautiful environment of St. Thomas'; the stone steps of the house near by, the gentle incline, the ancient brick building at the corner, the row of old houses opposite,—it is hard to tell what makes the beauty of that portion of Hanover, but the beauty exists in an uncommon degree and cannot be denied, and it is not due merely to the vine-covered stone church, the other buildings, or the site, but very possibly to the unity and perfectness of details which make themselves felt to one whose sense of novelty has not been blunted by long residence in Hanover.

The absence of distinctively fine residences is to be noted. None is grand, all are comfortable, some are homely, a few are handsome, but with them there are no extensive grounds, shrubberies, or green-houses. The Hitchcock place, the home of the late Hiram Hitchcock of



College Library and Art Gallery.

New York, has, however, large areas and splendid possibilities in the way of landscape gardening, and which would have been realized had the owner lived to carry out his designs.

Owing to the fact, doubtless, that the village was the outgrowth of the college needs, and of its being so far from the centres of great wealth, it

few know the poor from the rich, and popularity is not based on money or scholarship.

Here the sweater and Jersey reign from September till June, only held back a few weeks when the shirt waist appears on the scene. Decent apparel, however, is enjoined at chapel, church, and on public occa-



View in the Art Gallery.

has a distinctive college atmosphere, a little raw, perhaps, but bracing and wholesome. Students from large cities recognize and welcome it as differing from anything they have ever known. The townspeople are tolerant, having become accustomed to the frolics of the students, the professors almost paternal in their care and oversight of needy ones. Dartmouth is "a poor man's college" although the sons of many rich men come; but they fall into line with the others,

sions. Indeed it is interesting to note the fine appearance the students make as a body Prom. Week, and at all public functions. But to see at other times the hatless, Jersey or shirt waisted, golf-suited, sleeve-rolled-up men as they file, six hundred strong, along the village streets, to class and to meals, is a sight to make the farmer lad stare and wonder why he has been so industriously taught that he must shun such attire, or lack of attire.

And then the games, the songs, the fine dramatic element, the *Dartmouth Weekly* and *Magazine*, and the fraternities, all deserve more than a passing notice. Of the French play given in May, the professor of Romance languages at Yale said, over his signature in a recent article, "It has probably not been excelled by

college life as regularly smoothed and polished as the new fashioned clothes-pin. I wonder if everybody knows the funny statement made by somebody sometime, but which is as true now as it ever was:

"A Freshman knows that he knows naught; a Sophomore knows naught that he knows naught; a



View in the Art Gallery.

any amateurs acting in this country."

The fun, the frolic, the rip-roar generally, is like that of other colleges, but no city rises up in protest, the town is the students', they think, to paint red, or green, as they please, but "thus far shalt they go and no farther," stays their vandalism before it becomes insufferable; and the raw Freshman, the rough Sophomore, the mighty Junior, the dignified Senior, come out of the evolutionary mill of

Junior knows and he knows that he knows; a Senior knows and knows not that he knows," all of which is in praise of the modest, completed college man, just ready to begin his life work after graduation. The Tuck School, the Thayer School, the Medical School, are evidences of the growth of usefulness in Dartmouth since the time when Eleazer Wheelock thought his first thought.

A recent article of great interest to Dartmouth men, written by Professor

Dixon and published in the *Yale Reviews*, says, "The graduates of the college for the one hundred and twenty-five years from 1771 to 1896, 5,697 in number, are divided among the vocations as follows: Law, 30.7 per



Crosby House.

cent.; ministry, 19 per cent.; teaching, 16 per cent.; business, 1.6 per cent.; medicine, 10.7 per cent.; engineering, 3.2 per cent.; farming, 2.3 per cent.; journalism, 1.5 per cent.; government service, 4 per cent.; miscellaneous and unknown, 4.6 per cent."

There were thirty-nine in the class of Daniel Webster in 1801. As Webster was the star of his class (judged by our latter-day estimate rather than of that time), so Choate was foremost twenty-five years later in his. Moreover, he was the valedictorian, thus refuting the frequently aired statement that a valedictorian is never heard from after he leaves college. Salmon P. Chase, Thaddeus Stevens, Chief Justices Field, Blodgett, Ross, Judge Ide (of the Philippine commission), Presidents Tucker, Bartlett, Judge Whidden (foreign ambassador), Commissioners Hadley, Woodbury, Parker, Readfield, Crowley, Peaslee, Bell, Aiken, Patterson, Ord-

ronaux, Proctor, Dingley, Ladd, Connor, Emerson, Lord, Tuck, H. Hamilton Gibson, Richard Hovey, the poet,—these are a few names taken from the general college catalogue, almost at random. Among the notable men in *belles lettres*, A. S. Hardy taught mathematics in Chandler Hall, once the building used by Moor's Charity School; Oliver Wendell Holmes was professor of anatomy and physiology; while scores of professors in all departments are recognized authorities in their departments, and are authors of text-books in use at Dartmouth and in other colleges.

There are many noteworthy buildings in Hanover: The little house on Main street where Webster roomed while at college looks exactly as it did then; the Leeds house, sometimes called the Choate house, in the parlor of which Choate was married to Miss Olcott, whose family then owned it. In Dr. Leeds' study, Webster was examined for admission to college, Wendell Phillips, Holmes, Lyman Abbott, and scores of notable men passed beneath its portal as friend and guest in the forty years of Dr. Leeds' pastorate, and many an anecdote of interest can be told of the times, long gone, but of freshening interest this Webster Centennial year, when the public eye is turned Dartmouthward.

"In a small town in eastern (not western) Ohio, fifty years ago, two young ministers sat discussing the problem of their future. 'It is my great wish,' said one, 'to have a pastorate in a college town where students and citizens worship together.' 'Why, that is just what they do at Dartmouth,' responded

the other. Singularly, one of these young men later in life, Rev. Samuel C. Bartlett, lately deceased, became president of Dartmouth college. The other had his wish gratified, and last December completed a term of forty years' noble service as pastor over a church 'where citizens and students worship together.' "

The foregoing paragraph, taken from the 1901 *Ægis*, has been supplemented by many statements of equal interest to the writer by Dr. Leeds himself. So many unusual incidents led up to his coming that he has reason to believe that his guidance was of the Lord. It is stated, moreover, that "fully five sixth of the living graduates of the college have listened regularly to Dr. Leeds' preaching."

Many anecdotes, humorous and otherwise, cling to the college, Hanover, and its environs. The redoubtable Stephen Burroughs, whose college pranks are chronicled in his life, and who was the son of Rev. Eden Burroughs, is an oft-quoted example of the incorrigibility of some ministers' sons. The death of young Stowe, the son of Harriet Beecher Stowe, by drowning, was a sad event in the history of the college, as well as in the life of Mrs. Stowe.

In connection with the blackened stumps which long were a feature of the college green, Chase's History tells of how Professor Smith, a few years later than the first Commencement, was the victim of a little mistake, and which brings to the surface the fact that the college boy then did not differ much from the student of to-day; Professor Smith, who was a timid man and a little

near-sighted, passed across the common early one foggy morning, saw a bear and three cubs, as he thought. He rushed to the chapel with gown streaming in the wind and shouted, "A bear and three cubs! A bear and three cubs!"

The students hastened to the scene of the professor's fright and found a large black stump and three smaller ones near it. Soon after, it happened that the professor, in the course of a rhetorical exercise, called for an example of the gesture of fright, which a student rendered with great effect. Striking an attitude he shouted, "A bear and three cubs! A bear and three cubs!"

In the "History of Dartmouth College" begun by Frederick Chase, and being completed by Professor John King Lord (the first volume was published in 1891), the chapter on location and charter is of particular interest. So, too, is the one on



Sanborn House.

the trials experienced by the early settlers, and which are further emphasized in "Life and Letters of Elder Ariel Kendrick." His grandfather was here as early as 1773, two years after the first Commencement, and Hanover is thus described:

"A place at that time little else than a howling wilderness, containing wild beasts double the number of both the inhabitants and the domestic animals together, which was a great annoyance. Our company, for a season, occupied one log cabin.¹ Most of the buildings were constructed of logs. The fireplaces were generally from six to eight feet wide, and the dwellings were cold and clothing scarce; the wood, which was plenty, was used unsparingly. In the winter the last thing before retiring to rest was to fill the chimney and make a lordly fire." There was a twofold necessity for "building the lordly fire" before retiring in those days,—warmth and not to "lose fire." In case of the latter calamity, the settler was forced to strike fire from flint or to "borrow fire of a neighbor." To make a way through the drifts of a New England forest at early dawn, with wild beasts so plentiful, insufficiently clad and nourished, was no small task. In imagination one can see the good man (or housewife) striding through the snow with skillet on his arm, and returning from his errand with it filled with coals kept alive by a covering of ashes. But when there were no neighbors, and the fire was out and the flint refused to strike fire,—but

the subject of Dartmouth is too wide for these incursions into the domains of the imagination. Cool facts carry sufficiency of interest, and lead one beyond the limits of a magazine article. Only a minority of incidents



Chandler Hall.

should be selected and gleaned from so full a field, and then make it certain that much of equal, if not of greater, interest is overlooked.

The author realizes her incompetency far more now than at the outset of her studies of Dartmouth, and feels that apologies are due to an institution of so great interest that it has not found in the present instance an abler exponent. But to the student and the great body of alumni, who may read this inadequate description, I would say, in closing, that no better pilgrimage to Alma Mater can be made than to Dartmouth this year, for the Webster Celebration is to be the great event in the history of the college.

¹The site of this dwelling was pointed out to the writer by Professor (of history) Foster. It is in rear of the Hitchcock residence and marked by a very perceptible depression.

OCTOBER.

By Mrs. L. M. Nelson.

September, with her ripened grace,
Abundance written on her face,
Her fruits of tree, and field, and vine,
Her nights so cool, her days so fine,
Has passed us by ; but, lingering still,
Are wondrous sights and sounds which thrill ;
For, mingling with the breezy whir
Of frosted leaves and falling burr,
October comes with queenly grace,
With stately step, but changing face ;
Bedecked with garb of brilliant hue
Yet ever changing, ever new ;
Red, orange, scarlet, brown, and green,
White, tan, and golden intervene.
She sits enthroned on every hill,
Waving her magic wand at will ;
While in the valleys, far below,
Where winding, murmuring brooklets flow,
The dewdrops on the crispy grass
Sparkle and glisten as we pass,
And hasten not their race to run,
But linger for the noontide sun,
Which tardily comes on apace
With mellow light and softened face.
But quickly wends his wonted way
And stands aloof "The King of Day ;"
Then casts around admiring beams
As he surveys the lovely scene,
Which seems to say, how wondrous fair,
No other months with this compare !
Then quietly bids us adieu.
Mid parting beams of brilliant hue
The twilight deepens into night,
While stars gleam forth with magic light,
And in the east, uprising soon,
Appears the welcome harvest moon.
So fair, so grand, with borrowed light,
We greet her as the "Queen of Night ;"
Then for a time forget our years,
And, as a merry band appears
In memory's chain, we join the throng
With laughter and with merry song,
And pass the hours with youthful glee

At apple or at husking bee ;
 And each, alike, to say the least
 Is followed by a royal feast.
 With games and fun the hours glide by ;
 Staid time forgets to slower fly,
 And all too soon, the clock's mute hand
 Warns us 't is time that we disband.
 Then, cheerily, good nights we say,
 As couples wend their homeward way.
 Another link in memory green
 Is the mysterious "Hallow e'en ;"
 When the bright future is unsealed
 And at the midnight hour revealed.
 Thus do I pay in homely rhyme
 My homage at October's shrine ;
 And bless the Hand that scatters wide
 The beautiful on every side,
 And yet reserves the choicest gem
 To deck, as with a diadem,
 New Hampshire hills, so stately, grand ;
 Our own, our much loved "Switzerland."

IF.

By H. Bartlett Morrill.


If you have seen in summer skies
 The wondrous silver moon arise
 And slowly climbing through the night
 O'er dancing seas dispense her light—
 If you have seen in northern skies
 The pale aurora flash and rise
 And shoot long streams of pallid hue
 Through Heaven's dome serenely blue,
 If you have seen at break of day
 The golden sun start on his way
 To shed his warmth o'er all the earth
 And gladden those of mortal birth,
 If you have seen in mountain dell
 The rushing torrent heave and swell—
 Then headlong from the high cliff dash
 While woodland echoes to the crash—
 If you have loved and love remain,
 Why, bless me ! you've not lived in vain.



MARY BAKER G. EDDY

CHRISTIAN SCIENCE AND THE CHILDREN.

By Henrietta H. Williams.

“LESSED are the pure in heart,” that immortal Beatitude and sweet message to the world from the great Prophet of nineteen hundred years ago has continued to reverberate through all succeeding years.

Each generation, with hope refreshed, has looked for the largest fulfilment of its promise in the “little folks,” lovable type of undefiled thought, dear to all hearts of every race, of every clime, and the best energies of the best lives, the noblest efforts put forth in the most heroic careers have included the sweet children, of whom the same wise Prophet and Savior of mankind said,—“Whosoever shall not receive the Kingdom of God as a little child shall in no wise enter therein.”

The dawn of the twentieth century unfolds a fresh, and in some respects an entirely new activity in the child thought.

With the upbuilding of Christian Science, its lofty ethics and advanced metaphysical views, a wide vista, a far-reaching range of possibilities opens up to the latent capacities of childhood. The old restrictions put upon children in those effete traditions that whatever precept is laid before the juvenile thought, whatsoever is expected of it, must be commensurate with certain humanly prescribed limits of development regulated by a calendar of years—hereditary or temperamental tendencies

and physical soundness or its absence, are yielding in encouraging degree to the more enlightened scientific consideration of the child, which was evidently the Prophet’s understanding, from a basis of boundless mental resource and capability.

WHAT CHRISTIAN SCIENCE CHILDREN ARE TAUGHT.—ITS MORAL BLESSINGS.

Consider the advantage to the child who begins his career, from his earliest cognizance of the external world by an immediate acquaintance with Love, in an environment in which fear is never mentioned and seldom thought of, where in his first lisplings he learns the word Good, and constantly in the objective realm sees, hears, and feels the effects of this Love and Good in deeds of gentleness, unselfishness, and affection, recognizing beauty everywhere about him because it typifies God’s intelligence and power, in limitless ever-unfolding expression. His earliest language acquaints him with truth, harmony, and kindness. Disease is no more discussed than fear, and the attacks of sin or sickness common to childhood (and from which Christian Science children are signally free) are known simply as discord, and error, or evil, and are neither to be accepted nor yielded to but are to be overcome, put out of thought and expression. His first lesson is prayer. Not the petition of outward form, but that kind of piety recommended by the teacher whose

prayers were habitually answered, and who said, "But thou, when thou prayest, pray to thy Father which is in secret, and thy Father which seeth in secret shall reward thee openly." Two God-loving little girls illustrate my point very practically. On their way to school, rather than be late, one said, "Let's kneel down and pray," and the other replied promptly, "No, let's scud, and pray as we go." I can think of no mightier blessing on earth than an understanding which teaches children self-control through the power of Love. Think! from one's earliest recollection, of having habitually in thought the higher sentiments, and constantly a bright, hopeful picture of life, learning to conquer all else that presents itself simply as an untruth, in entire confidence of the might of Love, good, and joy, the true, that nothing can really oppose but only try to; the habitual thought of an all-protecting Love, of an all-wise, all-knowing Mind which guides and governs every minute, and to which a child is *glad* to turn in obedience, since he soon knows from experience, that his prayers to such a God are answered. Is there after all, a nobler achievement, a loftier altruism than that kind of progress which reaches and brings into visible being the good in life, beginning with the individual "better self" so hidden and dominated by what has seemed inexorable laws of heredity, consanguinity, environment, or those traditional variations we have noticed in the education of humanity from time immemorial. Is there a man or a woman to-day who might not think a little wistfully with me of his own past experience in learning these facts from the life of a little Scientist, and say in his heart, I would thank God to have known of such an understanding in my

own childhood. The story is simple, one of those "trifles" which, as Mrs. Eddy once said to a follower, "make perfection," "but perfection is no trifle," and depicts on the canvas of future possibilities the figure of a Christian Scientist who shall stand for all that is noblest, the unselfed man or woman whose career has been molded in grooves of divine understanding. The child in a spirit of good will had given its favorite playthings to a baby brother and sister and trudged off to school. On returning every appearance of their destruction clamored for recognition, and the old unwritten law of blaming some one knocked at the door of the little one's heart. For one brief moment a troubled face was turned to mother, and then said the little one, "I went into my room, with error trying to talk to me, but I thought love and said, 'Evil, you cannot come to me, you cannot make me think the paints are spoiled, they are not, and I am not going to *scold*.' Then, after a few minutes in that thought, I went out into the other room and was filled with love the rest of the day." Among even the youngest children, this kind of demonstration is of very frequent occurrence.

Nor is the teaching confined alone to the moral realm *per se*. Teachers testify to the aptness and high mental as well as moral average of the children who have come under the vitalizing influence of Christian Science. Its fundamental statements that "God is Mind" and that the obedient child is loved of the Father, in accord with unlimited power, opens up to the child thought a new strength of purpose and *certainly* of achievement born of reliance upon a Mind not his own, but the Mind which operates through his thought. "For it is the Father that

worketh in you both to will and to do, of his good pleasure." A little girl brightly demonstrated it as she said, by turning to a higher power, "to be guided by it, in working out difficult examples at school, examples she had never seen before, and in the face of much disheartening laughter from the other children. On the return of all the papers, her's alone was found to have reached one hundred per cent."

The children's text-book, *Science and Health with Key to the Scriptures*, by Mary Baker G. Eddy, teaches them that "Obedience is the offspring of Love, and Love is the Principle of Unity, the basis of all right thinking and acting."

By making God the basis of all activity, the child starts out in life with a large sense not only of God's might, but of his own equipment, and presses on in Art, Science, Manual Training, all departments of learning or enterprise, simply claiming his birthright, "dominion over all things," through understanding. His ideals become more delicate, he is more sensitive to completeness, and the successive degrees of loveliness and utility which lead up to it, as Mind unfolds to him, *ad infinitum*. With God the one universal Parent, as his point of view, he begins life with a more liberal and clearer conception of justice. From the very inception of his Christian Science training his motives have been purified and are become instinct with the best spirit of all the ages, for his heart is intent upon the blessedness of giving above the pleasure of receiving, and to this height he works on. His God, his country, and his home are one, in the Love that enfolds the whole world. For he is taught, "In him we live, and move, and have our being."

PHYSICAL VALUE OF THE TEACHING.

Many of the younger children have never heard of the word sickness, or any of its concomitants. They are brought up to dwell upon the thought of health, love, fearlessness, and joy, and are taught to understand that God is the giver of all good *and of nothing but the good*, and by loving good with all their heart, and enacting the Golden Rule, His Love will be an abiding presence, strength, and *protection* to them at all times, and every time! and in all ways, too. A sure fulfilment of the Ninety-first Psalm.

Why should it be thought an enormity that these children imbued with the spirit and courage of Love, who are taught that "the law of life in Christ makes them free from the law of sin and death" and its prelude—who are taught that the Biblical statement "it shall no longer be said in Israel the fathers have eaten sour grapes and the children's teeth are set on edge," is literal, should consider health and comfort normal, and anything opposed to them abnormal and within the realm of control. Because Thomas, Sr., took to glasses at twenty, little Tommy will have to expect a similar fate, is not necessarily a law to those children to whom "God is no respecter of persons."

Little Scientists are early acquainted with the Beatitudes, the Lord's Prayer, the Scientific Statement of Being from Science and Health, and a little verse by Mrs. Eddy, "Mother's New Year gift to the little children."

In her Miscellaneous Writings, Mrs. Eddy reminds the older Scientists of the children, and refers to them in these persuasive terms, "Beloved children, the world has need of you, and more as children than as men and women; it

needs your innocence, unselfishness, faithful affection, uncontaminated lives. You need also to watch and pray that you preserve these virtues unstained and lose them not through contact with the world. What grander ambition is there than to maintain in yourselves what Jesus loved, and to know that your example more than words makes morals for mankind!"

HOW CHRISTIAN SCIENCE REACHED THEM
IN PIONEER DAYS, AND WHERE THEY
ARE NOW TAUGHT.

It was in Boston, Mass., in 1882, that Dr. Asa Gilbert Eddy, Mrs. Eddy's late husband, organized the first Christian Science Sunday-school. He was its superintendent, and also taught a special Bible class.¹ There were no church edifices of this denomination at that time. Children were taught at home, in private houses, and in halls. As a rule they were the children of Scientists, and learned of it from their parents or relatives. Mrs. Eddy understood that her philosophy was not too transcendental nor too profound for the reason of the simplest or most practical child. To-day the larger number of children are taught systematically in the Sunday-schools throughout the United States and in foreign countries. They range in age from three to twelve years, and the churches hold special services for them. At twelve years of age a Christian Science child is eligible to membership with the Mother Church, though his work in this new-old teaching begins practically at babyhood. Along all lines of effort it has become the wonder of the twentieth century.

In her annual message to the Mother Church in Boston, June, 1900, Mrs.

Eddy said of Christian Science and the children, "they not only understand it, but they practice it."

THEIR UNDERSTANDING AND APPLICATION OF IT.

It is not an unusual occurrence for parents and grown people to become converted to Christian Science through its visible benefit to children, and through their faithful, loving example and helpfulness. The physical restoration of the children and their elders through their work, is an open book of surprises to all who are acquainted with the facts. They rally to health and restore others from many an inveterate complaint, many of them unaided in their efforts and simply through applying what they have learned. "Science and Health," their text-book, gives direct instruction to parents and children, as well as clear interpretation of the Bible that every child can see, and that they do understand there is indubitable proof. Parents of hitherto vicious, untractable children have expressed in heartfelt terms their gratitude and surprise at the moral uplifting and regeneration of their offspring, and that, too, in an almost incredibly short time. Many a touching account I have listened to of these little folks who have bravely, yes and successfully, overcome their tempers, mastered their appetites and fears, and in large measure outgrown their selfishness through the understanding of Love. Many beautiful and trustworthy demonstrations over sin, discord, sickness, and obstacles of every nature are given, through their reliance upon the power of Love and Good, and by the assurance that unfearing, they can always be governed by this power, and express it in loving thoughts and good deeds.

¹ See Introspection and Retrospection, by Mary Baker G. Eddy.



THE MOTHER CHURCH.

The First Church of Christ Scientist in Boston, Massachusetts.

I know of a child who through prayer cured her father of a stubborn malady he had been unable to reach although himself a Scientist. The beauty of it all is its enduring character. Since the work of building the Mother Church was begun, now ten years ago, both the children themselves and their relatives have sought the teacher of their former Sunday-school days, and confided to her how that work and the thoughts and precepts then given them have since kept them from dire temptations.

When Christian Science was fairly established, and an ever-increasing growth in its work demanded for it a systematized centre, the building up of such a centre under difficulties proverbially attendant upon everything hitherto untested, brought forth in luminous relief the essential practicality of its doctrines, and illustrated in enduring tones its adaptability not only to all lines of effort, but to youth and age alike.

The year A. D. 1890 was an eventful one for all Christian Scientists. It heralded the erection of the Mother Church, The First Church of Christ Scientist, in Boston, Mass., of which the world has since heard much, and of which it is destined to hear still more, through the magnitude not only, but the character and worth of its work. That same year gave impetus and definite purpose to one of the most touching and beautiful achievements the historian of Christian Science is privileged to record—the work of the “Busy Bees.”

HISTORY OF THE “BUSY BEES.”

The work of this little society of Christian Science children illustrates so many phases of its central teaching and shows unerringly what an immeasurable

blessing this teaching is to children, and through them to parents, homes, and the whole world, that it stands alone, sacred to all in whose hearts are held dear the interests of Christian Science and of its revered Discoverer and Founder, the faithful Leader of this already vast movement, the Reverend Mary Baker G. Eddy, of Concord, New Hampshire, U. S. A., and author of its text-book, “Science and Health with Key to the Scriptures.” This particular work of the children was an original idea of a young lady, a Christian Scientist, through whose direct and prayerful effort it was inaugurated, and carried through to the successful result which has given happiness and inspirational definiteness to the work of thousands of men, women, and children who visit the Church of Christ Scientist in Boston, Mass., year by year, and see for themselves the practical outcome of prayer, loyalty, self-forgetfulness, and understanding, yea, faith and works that the veriest child can make his own. Into their own daily lives and hourly tasks, on returning to their various homes, each seeks to put forth these same qualities, which have wrought, not only an edifice of acknowledged material beauty, but have brought forth a visible expression of Love, and its utility, that becomes an abiding power for good to the individual. In the words of the Founder of Christian Science, the work done by these children, led on by this young Scientist, is an “immortal work.”

Christian Science is attracting such universal attention that it has become of interest to the GRANITE MONTHLY, devoted as it is to New England history, to give place in its pages to the work of the Christian Science children,

authentic data for which has come into my hands from time to time, including this pioneer work. The original history of the "Busy Bees" is so rife with the spirit of Christian Science that I give it intact, a request to the young lady who conducted the work having brought us the following unique letter: I am glad you are preparing something historically of the children's work, and thank you for the honor conferred in your statement, "and turn to you who have helped so much to make this history, to learn of the Busy Bees' work."

Gladly will I endeavor to give you the asked for sketch, although it will be almost impossible to condense it into small space, and surely will require "Love's awakening" to show me *how* to give, through the pen, that which has been and is so near my heart.

It was in the old Bay State, of course, that the Society had its origin. In October, 1890, active measures were being taken towards the erection of the Mother Church in Boston. Eagerly desirous of doing all in my power for this much-needed Temple, I asked God to direct my steps.

Seated at my desk in the office of the Christian Science Publishing Society one Wednesday afternoon, the thought came, start a "Young People's Fund," and thus give an opportunity to many who might not know about this golden occasion to help the Cause.

The Massachusetts Metaphysical College Association was in session in the Christian Science Reading Room, and the Church Building Fund was the theme for the afternoon. I called in and made a proposition, namely, "I will start a Young People's Fund, and pledge you one thousand dollars for said Fund." This was a clear stepping out on faith, and elicited many kindly

remarks from those present, and many pledges for the General Fund.

In answer to questions propounded, I said, "I have not a dollar in bank, nor a dollar in hand, but God is my Banker, and I shall look to Him, and *know* the amount will be forthcoming at the right time.

As I was leaving the room, a little girl came and whispered, "I want to give a dollar out of my own bank." I replied, "That will be lovely," and returned to my desk and my duties.

Friday evening, Oct. 3, 1890, instead of our usual service, we continued the Church Building thought. In giving rapt attention while others were speaking, I suddenly felt alone and unconscious of my surroundings, and seemed to hear the "still, small voice" saying, "*Start a Children's Fund; build a Room in this Church and call it Mother's Room.*" In prompt obedience, without noticing whether any one was speaking or not, I said, "You will remember my pledge on Wednesday last for one thousand dollars for the Young People's Fund"; then I gave the above experience, and said, "I now wish to start a Children's Fund, and will pledge you five hundred dollars for the children."

Many individual pledges resulted from this decisive step, the contributors saying surely if the young lady can step out on faith to the amount of her pledge, I can promise —— dollars for the general fund.

The clerk said, "Do you mean to withdraw your pledge for one thousand dollars for Young People's Fund, and make it five hundred dollars for Children's Fund?"

"No, sir, I am no 'Injun giver,' God is my Banker, and I shall increase my check to one thousand five hundred dollars; and you may hold me good for

that amount, and I hope this last pledge will not only reach five hundred dollars, but *ten times* that amount."

Now I was on the books for one thousand five hundred dollars, and the next question was how shall I raise it? I began writing letters to young people throughout the United States and Canada who were interested in Christian Science. In the course of a few months over one thousand one hundred dollars found its way into the Church Building Treasury, and was credited to Young People's Fund. Truly, God gave the increase.

On March 1, 1891, we called together our Boston Sunday-school children, then few in number, talked with them about our new Church Home, and asked if they would like to become little workers for it. Their faces lighted up with soul-light, and when the thought of "Mother's Room" was presented, their bright eyes fairly beamed with joy and gladness.

After a few happy moments together, we parted to think over the best plan for systematic work.

The following Sunday we again convened, and no better plan suggesting itself, I gave each one an envelope, containing a Free-will Offering Blank, headed, CHILDREN'S FUND, and a new silver dime. Each was to make use of this "pound" and see how much it would gain in three months.

Soon fifty children were at work, thus demonstrating that Christianity means activity, for they were to *earn* their offerings.

The following Sunday, a dear mother said to me, "Do you know what my little girl has bought with her ten cents?" "No, what was it?" "A bottle of glue. She and her twin brother went into partnership. He bought

paper, tinsel, doll heads, etc., and they are going to dress paper dolls, and sell them." "Please give my order for one."

Shortly afterwards many of us were spending a happy evening at a Chelsea fireside. The above-mentioned mother brought a paper doll, artistically dressed, saying, "Daughter wants you to have the first doll, for you started this work."

A sense of love and gratitude to our leader, who makes possible all these demonstrations, caused me to forward this paper doll, with a letter of explanation, to her at her Concord home, asking her to please accept this little reminder of the days of her childhood, as the first fruits of a work which was just in its infancy. Mrs. Eddy sent a beautiful letter in reply, from which I cull these lines:

"Your sweet letter and *rare* gift from the dear child of your class was most acceptable. Such pious pledges are sure tokens that a church will be built for Christ in Boston. *Thank God for this!*

Also the enclosed letter, heretofore unpublished, was received and read to the children of the Sunday-school during the morning service:

LETTER FROM REV. MARY BAKER G. EDDY
TO THE CHILDREN.

[Given for this article by courtesy of Mrs. Eddy,
August, 1901.]

CONCORD, April 16, 1891.

To the Sabbath School Children.

My Dear Little Friends:—Do you know how much I love you? Do you know that God loves you? Do you know that all the ways of loveliness merit affection? Also they make you smart in planning to do good—they make you prompt in doing good, and make your motives unselfish, *this* is the best of all.

Only think of having these gems of childhood character among the foundation stones

for the Church of Christ, Scientist, in Boston!

Only think that sometime I may go into this church, look at its massive walls, and try to think how many doll dresses, how many paper bags of pop corn, how much candy it took, how much shoveling of snow, carrying up wood, yea, how many loving, tireless tasks the dear children cheerfully performed to help build the first church for Christian Science in Massachusetts.

Your sweet example is writing out in *bas relief* a golden rule in Christian Science.

And it should arouse your senior Scientists all over the world to go and do likewise.

When our elder brethren take up the cross as eagerly as you have taken it, they will find, like you, it is no cross, and this long needed Temple dedicated to our God will go up, and its spire point to Heaven.

Yours in tenderness,

MARY BAKER G. EDDY.

You ask how the name "Busy Bees" originated? Oh! that came very naturally. Noticing at different times many dear children busily working for the Cause, I said, "Oh, you dear *Busy Bees!*" and from that on we used that insignia, until our work was completed.

From time to time children from other cities visited us, or heard about our work, and were eager to join us. To meet this desire, a message was sent through the columns of our *Christian Science Journal*, April, 1891, issue, extending the privilege to all who wished, to become co-workers.

On the afternoon of June 6, 1891, the Boston Busy Bees, fifty-two in number, came to our home on Blue Hill avenue, bringing the offerings which had accrued from the ten-cent capital given them in March.

This was a most interesting meeting. No attempt to arrange a programme had been made, but each on this occa-

sion followed the guiding of Mind, precisely as had been done throughout in the choice of work during the past three months. At the outset, with one accord, all bowed in glad acknowledgment of the one Love and Mind, "Our Father;" an impromptu roll-call followed, in response to which each, at mention of his or her name, told how the offering had been earned. By these disclosures was revealed the secret of success, viz., each had simply utilized his opportunity. Wherever help had been needed, there help had been given, and the blessing had followed legitimately and surely.

The twins, twelve years of age, who had been manufacturing paper dolls, had devoted every spare moment to this enterprise, and displayed much ingenuity in their work. At fifteen cents apiece, including a wardrobe of three changes to each doll, they found purchasers for all the dolls they could make, in our own country, and even to England, Ireland, and Germany, these little missionaries went with their silent message of love.

An enterprising little lad invested his ten cents as follows: Pop corn, seven cents; paper bags, two cents; butter and salt, one cent. He then popped, dressed, and bagged the corn, and basket on arm, started out to business. He not only found a ready market, but soon had a goodly list of orders ahead.

A little boy bravely sold rags, bones, and flowers. A little girl made aprons, another sold rose bushes; one dressed grandmamma's hair and did errands for mamma; another sold cat-o-nine-tails; a young miss helped her mother, and fed a gentleman's horse so he could attend meetings on Friday nights. Another made and sold flat-iron holders; some shoveled snow; others saved their candy money; many earned pen-

nies by helping papa and mamma, and so the willing hearts invariably found ways of doing good not thought of before. Each of its fifty-two members, beginning with a dime only, this one valiant little band upon opening its banks, found to its utter delight, that one hundred and thirty-five dollars and sixty-four cents had been earned by their combined effort for the Church

were our efforts blessed. We could almost see the stone being laid, and the walls of the room for which we were at work, being cemented with love. On each of these occasions, passages from the Bible and our Christian Science text-book, "Science and Health with Key to the Scriptures," by Mary Baker G. Eddy, on some subject previously named were given by the children.

At the close of another gathering each worker received a bee-hive bank in which to store his money.

Thus was the good work carried on among our resident Boston Busy Bees. Equally good reports came from Sunday-school workers all over our United States and Canada, London, England, and Scotland; yes, and some of the Islands, too, were represented. All the dear children were zealously working for the one Cause we all love so dearly. Many sweet sacrifices were made that offerings might be sent for this fund. Children sending all their pennies, which meant more to them, perhaps, than thousands to some "grown-up children." From many places where there was no Sunday-school or Church, came individual offerings from hearts filled with love and gratitude for this opportunity of helping to build the Mother Church in Boston.

We had thought that through this Children's Fund for Mother's Room five hundred dollars might be poured into the Church treasury, but behold how bountiful the increase! Through the untiring zeal and love during a period covering about four years, over five thousand dollars was placed in the out-stretched hand of Love, and Mother's Room was completed, and stands a *monument* of love, poured out in return for the "Way" shown us in



Busy Bee Badge.

Worn by the "Busy Bees" at the dedication of the Mother Church, January 6, 1895.

Fund. To each worker was now given a bank in which to store his earnings and savings for the subsequent three months, and all parted that evening filled with even greater love and zeal to press forward in the good work. Indeed, their "ways of loveliness made them smart in planning to do good, made them prompt in doing good, and made their motives unselfish. *This* was best of all."

Every few months we had our gatherings and bank openings. Abundantly

which to overcome the pettiness and enormities of mortal mind; while the silent formation of nobler, loftier character throughout, daily becomes more and more visible as the Temple "not made with hands, eternal in the heavens."

From a mere handful of workers, our family grew and grew until it numbered over three thousand faithful, obedient, united workers, whose names may be found, indelibly written upon parchment circles, and sacredly locked within the onyx Bee-hive, which will remain in Mother's Room, a memento of their beautiful demonstration. And may God find each one whose name is thus inscribed, worthy to be a transparency for Love's healing power to shine through blessing the world.

To these dear children, the author, Mary Baker Eddy, tenderly dedicated her unique book, "Pulpit and Press."

The Mother Church, including Mother's Room, was dedicated January 6, 1895, and our work for that object was ended.

Through this work, the great lessons of promptness, obedience, earnestness, and fidelity were being learned, and character molded.

In October, 1895, in order that more active work for the local churches might be begun, we disbanded with a "God bless you" from our dear Mother in Israel, and the sweet message, "Tell them Mother loves them, and will forever. Thank them for Mother, and say the gifts from them are embalmed in Mother's Room and in her heart."

Again we organized in September, 1897, limiting the age of workers to twelve years. How eagerly all responded to this call, and soon we found ourselves with a nice fund in the treasury.

Then in June, 1898, we disbanded as a society to go forward with individual work, "adapted" (as Mrs. Eddy had directed) "to the present unfolding capacity."

This dear work, begun so lovingly in the hearts of the children, is an immortal work. The blessings cannot be numbered. Like the "brook," it will go on and on forever.

MAURINE R. CAMPBELL.

THE MOTHER'S ROOM IN THE FIRST CHURCH OF CHRIST SCIENTIST IN BOSTON, MASS.,

Built by these industrious little children, contains many rare and beautiful objects. All its appointments are most choice, and they are complete.

Copies of the writings of Rev. Mary Baker G. Eddy, handsomely bound in white leather embellished in gold, are kept in this room which occupies the second story of the tower. On the delicately tinted walls are texts illuminated in gold, from the Bible and the Christian Science text-book, appropriate to the child thought. Of three richly toned art windows one presents the figure of a woman surmounted by the Christian Science emblem, the cross and crown, typical of Love; another reminding one of the scriptural verse, "Out of the mouth of babes and sucklings thou hast perfected praise," and strongly suggestive of faith, contains the figure of a little child opening to an old man the Christian Science text-book, *Science and Health with Key to the Scriptures*, by Mary Baker G. Eddy. Toward the west, is an exquisitely tinted window representing a rising star, symbolizing the advent of a great truth, bidding the world look up and above the clouds of materialism toward the



Mother's Room, in The First Church of Christ Scientist, in Boston, Mass.

heaven of the Infinite where hope shines beyond the night of matter. On the sill of the window, presenting the figure of a child, is a pale green onyx Bee-hive, very attractive in design, on one side of the base of which is the inscription in gold, "Busy Bees," on the opposite side the date in gold, 1894. A fac-simile of the Bee-hive, with a small gold key engraved with the words, "To Mother from her loving Bees," was sent to Mrs. Eddy at Concord, N. H., when the Church was completed. This ornamental souvenir of the children's work contains their names on small parchment circles, and a neat book bound in white leather also records these youthful workers.

Mrs. Eddy seldom visits the Church in Boston, but many thousands of Christian Scientists, and many who are not, visit the Mother's Room, which is open

on Wednesday and Sunday afternoons throughout the year.

When in 1898 she deemed best to have the collecting of funds by the children discontinued, in thanking them she permitted them to apply the balance on hand toward the furnishing of the First Church of Christ Scientist in Concord, New Hampshire, her native state, instructing them in substance, to disband, drop the insignia of Busy Bees, to work in their own several localities and devote means, future earnings, and energies to their individual education, and in helping parents, brothers, and sisters as occasion offered.

The names of the Busy Bees who contributed to this dear work previous to the dedication of the Mother Church, January 6, 1895, are safely sealed in the Bee-hive in Mother's Room in Boston.

The names of the workers from that time to the date of disbanding the society are enclosed in another Bee-hive and placed in Christian Science Hall in Concord, N. H.

MRS. EDDY'S GIFTS TO THE CHILDREN.

One of the innumerable acts of tenderness and loving care Mrs. Eddy constantly delights in, was to provide for the temporal as well as the spiritual welfare of these loyal children. To encourage their early generosity and reward their unselfish toil, in 1898 she drew from her own bank account four thousand dollars and placed this sum in the hands of the treasurer of the "Mother Church" in Boston, on trust, for the benefit of the children contributors whose funds went to build the Mother's Room in said Church. A deed of trust, executed by Mrs. Eddy, at Concord, N. H., May, 1898, conveyed this sum to the Church in Boston, for the benefit of the children. Under the provisions of this deed, each child on becoming of age is allotted his or her share, or part of the principal sum thereby given, together with a corresponding part of the income derived from said sum of four thousand dollars, which was to be invested in safe municipal bonds. In case of the death of any of the said beneficiaries before attaining the age of twenty-one years, the share which would otherwise belong to him or her, is to be added equally to the remaining shares then undisposed of. The trust was further made upon the condition that the said contributors should comply with Mrs. Eddy's requests heretofore indicated, and remain loyal to Christian Science.

She further presented to each of these more than three thousand children a copy of her book, "Pulpit and

Press," at half price, which was virtually a gift of more than one thousand dollars, as it left no royalty for herself.

It is worthy of note that the Busy Bees were not only valuable factors in the building of the Mother Church in Boston, but the only church in the United States built by children is the work of Christian Scientists.

A prominent member of the Christian Science Board of Lectureship of The First Church of Christ Scientist, in Boston, Mass., Hon. William G. Ewing, of Chicago, Illinois, who attended the dedicatory services of this church, wrote the very interesting account of its history, selections from which are given by courtesy of Judge Ewing:

"In March, 1896, a home Sunday-school was organized, composed of eighteen children from eight to fourteen years of age, at Schofield, Wisconsin, a milling town. These Sunday-school services included from the first the reading of the Sunday lesson, and the usual Sunday-school exercises of the Christian Science Church. And the officers of the organization have been a first and second reader, a treasurer, and a clerk, elected by the children, who manage all its affairs. Both readers and the clerk are young girls, and the treasurer a boy of fourteen.

"The Sunday contributions have averaged from one to ten cents each. On the first day of October, 1898, it was discovered that the organization had a surplus of nine dollars, whereupon the children held a meeting and resolved in the most formal yet confident manner to appoint a building committee and build a church to be used by the Sunday-school for its purposes until they could "demonstrate" three adult members, and then under the laws of the state of Wisconsin complete a church

organization, and turn their house over to such body to be known as the First Church of Christ Scientist, of Schofield, Wisconsin. The officers of the Sunday-school composed the building committee, and immediately the work began. In a day or two a lot was donated; from some good lady they had a donation of ten dollars for the building fund, and immediately following this a patient of the first reader, who had been the recipient of great good from her treatment, insisted that she had not paid in proportion to the benefit she had received, and gave twenty-five dollars to the building fund. The building committee then negotiated for lumber at wholesale prices, stating that they did not expect to do more than put in the foundation this winter, and would not need the lumber before spring. They were, however, encouraged to go on and complete their church at once, and advised to make it a larger building than they were expecting to construct. Within a day or two plans for the church were agreed upon, the work commenced, and in exactly sixty days from the first action taken by the children, the church was completed and dedicated—a beautiful little structure twenty by forty feet, with a pure Greek front, inside finish in hardwood, with a fine hardwood floor, a handsome reading desk, beautiful hardwood pews, a fine organ, and the structure nicely lighted and warmed.

“All the dedicatory services were conducted by the regular officers of the

organization. The seating capacity of the church is one hundred. The day of its dedication it was filled to its utmost limit, and a more beautiful and impressive service I have not witnessed anywhere. It is very proper and very gratifying to me to state here that prior to the dedicatory service, every obligation of the building committee was paid, and the manly little treasurer reported with an air of dignified satisfaction that he had two dollars and twenty-seven cents in the treasury. This is the story. This is what the little children of Schofield have done; but what its result will be when the example, the energy, the enterprise, and the intelligence of these little children shall have wrought their perfect work, eternity alone can reveal.”

BENEDICTION TO THE CHILDREN.

In the choice little book, “Pulpit and Press,” dedicated to the children, by Mrs. Eddy, she more than ever endears them in saying, “Ah! children, you are the bulwarks of freedom, the cement of society, the hope of the race.”

Years ago a great Prophet said, “Suffer little children to come unto me and forbid them not, for of such is the Kingdom of Heaven.”

It is the innate goodness and simplicity of children which makes them receptive of the purest teachings. God’s universal Love is to them the great remedy for all, silent prayer is its method of ministration, and Wholeness its logic and benediction.

AS THE SEA IS.

By Laura Garland Carr.

When the sea is gay—then am I.
In frolicsome fancy I follow
As the little waves run up the strand—
Making silver of pebbles and sand—
And filling each gully and hollow ;
When they lap at the sandpiper's feet
And laugh at his hurried retreat,
When they spatter the white sea-gull's wings,
As out from the lone crag he swings,
When they leap to the swoop of the swallow,
When the sun on each wavelet I see
And voice answers glad voice in glee—
In frolicsome fancy I follow.

When the sea is grave—so am I.
I follow not then—I am bidden.
When billows grow mighty and grand
And thunder on ledges and land
With each by a foamy cap ridden,
When fishermen shelter would gain
And harbor boats struggle and strain,
When bare masts like frantic arms wave
And grum voices threaten and rave—
When skies are in sullen clouds hidden,
When winds join the sea in its roar
And drive the spray far in from shore—
I follow not then—I am bidden.

THE FACES ON THE WALL.

By J. B. M. Wright.

I sit within my quiet room,
The twilight shadows fall,
And gaze with saddened eyes upon
The faces on the wall.

By memory's aid my mother sings
The songs of vanished days,
When as a trusting little child
I in my cradle lay.

Amid them one whose joy and grace,
Filled many a heart with glee,
Who found in courtly halls her place,
In lands across the sea.

Again the little children come
Adown the winding stair,
A song upon their gentle lips,
Their hearts untouched by care.

So oft I sit within my room,
While twilight shadows fall,
And gaze with musing heart upon
The faces on the wall.

RUTH DARRICOTT.

By Mary M. Currier.

[CONTINUED.]

CHAPTER VII.

MERELY A FEW GLIMPSES.



GLIMPSE the first.

A dull, heavy, cheerless heaven, and a bare, brown, frozen, cheerless earth. Thus it was at

twilight.

A smart gust occasionally banged an unfortunate blind roughly against the house or snatched up great handfuls of dead leaves and whirled them away. Ruth looked down the road and out across the bleak fields. A few lights were beginning to twinkle on earth, but none was visible in the clouded sky.

"What a lonely night!" said she.

But within all was warmth and light, and she and Mrs. Darricott went on contentedly about their work.

All at once, as Ruth was making the tea for supper, she noticed a faint streak of light dancing on the wall. She looked at the stove and at the lamp. No unusual flare of flame from either could have caused it. Had she been mistaken about it? No. It was brighter now, and a great deal larger. A man's voice called out excitedly, near the house. She ran to the window. A house had begun to burn—Caleb Todd's.

She opened the door and rushed out on the piazza. Two or three

men ran past up the road. "Fire! fire!" they cried. Mr. and Mrs. Darricott heard the shouts, and saw the light. Mr. Darricott started off on the run, and Mrs. Darricott, stopping only to snatch a shawl, hurried after him.

"Lock up the house, Ruth," she called back.

Ruth locked all the doors as quickly as she could, threw a big cape over her shoulders, and hastened to join the excited crowd that was fast increasing at Caleb Todd's.

The fire had but just begun its work. Most of the neighbors were there, and many of them were rushing into the house, laying hands on whatever they could find, and carrying it out. Cy Underhill, Asa Cudworth, and half a dozen others were bringing water from the river in pails. Mr. Darricott, Mr. Jordan, and a hired man that was working for Cy Underhill, were tearing away furiously at a little shed that connected the house with the barn, in the hope that the barn, at least, might be saved.

Caleb, dazed and blundering, stood near the front door, much to the hindering of the rescue of his goods and chattels, where he tried to interest the excited men and women who pushed and knocked and elbowed by him with their loads, in a detailed description of what he was doing

when he first noticed the fire, and how, in his opinion, it ever got started.

It soon became sure that the house was doomed. There was no fire company in the town, and the pails of water, though many and quickly brought, were not equal to the task of quenching the flames.

The heat increased steadily and drove back the main part of the crowd, but the most determined of the workers still continued their efforts.

Ruth stood back, a little apart from the others, and watched the flames. Now they have burst through the partition between the kitchen and the sitting-room. They climb up on the walls. They play at hide and seek in the corners. They explore the ceiling. They choose a place and work their way into the room above. The roof has caught, and still the mad flames stretch higher. Even up above the ridgepole they are rising, as though expecting to find up there something choicer yet to destroy.

There is color enough in the sky now. The wind has increased, and it snaps savagely at the pile of rescued articles over in the field. The dry timbers make a great crackling as they burn, and now and then comes a crash above all the uproar as a stove falls to the cellar, or stairs give way, or walls topple over.

Ruth shivered, as much from excitement as from the cold, searching wind. Mrs. Cudworth, a short, fat, good-natured body, came panting up to her.

"Too bad, ain't it, Ruth!" she said. "And I should n't wonder if his insurance was out, too. Asa was sayin'

only last week that he guessed Caleb would have to see about it pretty soon."

"Yes," assented Ruth, and Mrs. Cudworth moved away.

The fire was dying down now. The people stood in little groups gossiping as they watched it, and occasionally ones and twos left the crowd and straggled homewards.

"Cold, Ruth?" inquired someone close to her ear. The voice made her start.

Before she could answer a strong arm drew her into the shadow, and stole around her, as though to keep her warm. But with a half-stifled cry of fear she broke away from him. She found Mrs. Darricott, and the two went home together.

Glimpse the second.

As Mrs. Darricott and Ruth went along towards home a little, shrinking figure followed them, not far behind. Once he came up and almost joined them, then he changed his purpose and drew back. He kept near them till they had reached the house, unlocked the front door, and had gone in. Then he turned and went back to Caleb Todd's.

Mrs. Conner was still there. She was talking with Mrs. Cudworth. He did not wait for her but went on to Mrs. Conner's house and climbed in by a back window.

He did not light a lamp but made his way into the pantry in the dark. It was considerably past his usual supper time, and, no doubt, the fellow was hungry. He knew where Mrs. Conner kept her doughnuts and her cookies. He knew where she kept her pies, her rich milk, and her Dutch cheese.

He goes along almost noiselessly,

though there is no one in the house to hear him. He is feeling around at the end of one of the pantry shelves. The cookies are not there. He ought to have a light. Mrs. Conner has only a few knives and forks and large-sized spoons there. What can he be after? He is handling the knives over. Among them is a long and narrow knife that Mrs. Conner sometimes uses for cutting meat, though there is another there, with a wider blade, that she uses oftener. He takes up the narrow knife and feels of it. It is quite sharp. In the same almost noiseless way in which he had entered he crept to the window, climbed out, and disappeared in the darkness, taking the knife with him.

Mrs. Conner missed her knife the next morning, and she searched and inquired, and made a great ado about it. But it was not to be found.

Glimpse the third.

Mrs. Darricott was dusting one morning when she happened to knock her hand with quite a little force against the side of Mr. Darricott's desk, and to her amazement she found that there was a hidden drawer there. The spring had become weakened, and the blow had unfastened it.

With but little difficulty she pulled the drawer out. It was nearly full of letters and papers. She took them out and looked at them. She had never looked into a letter, nor unfolded a paper of his before. What if she should be now on the point of finding out the very thing that she wanted most to know about! Quickly, but with keen eyes, she searched them through.

There was a letter there from Aus-

tin Craig among the rest. It was dated about two years before she had married Mr. Darricott. His first wife was living then, and Mr. Craig had not then moved into town.

She read the letter.

"I have been appointed guardian of a little girl, and I want to find a good home for her. She is ten months old, and is bright and healthy. Her mother died soon after she was born, and her father died about two months ago. Her parents were poor, but her grandmother, on her mother's side, has property enough to pay for the care of the child, but she is too old and feeble to take charge of the child herself. I should like to have you take the child to board. If you are willing to do so, write me your price."

The letter was written from Wilson. Where was Wilson? Where had she heard that word? She had never been there. She knew no one who lived there. Oh, yes. She remembered now. It was Mr. Furrow that lived at Wilson. Mrs. Underhill had told her so.

There was another letter from Mr. Craig. This letter told of the death of the grandmother, Eunice Hunt. She had left a sum, the interest of which was to be used for the needs of the little girl, and when she was eighteen she was to have the principal.

Mrs. Darricott put the papers and letters carefully back and shoved the drawer into the desk. The spring snapped. All was as it had been.

Mrs. Darricott tried to grasp the situation. Ruth was more than eighteen now. Austin Craig had no longer any authority over her, nor

any right to her money. But it was not very much that she cared for the money. She was more interested in another part of the matter. Eunice Hunt, that was the name of Ruth's grandmother. And she lived and died in Wilson.

Over and over the name, Eunice Hunt, kept saying itself in her mind. She finished her dusting and began to get the dinner, and all the time she could hear Eunice Hunt, Eunice Hunt. She wanted Ruth's help about some little thing, and she got started to call her Eunice Hunt, but Ruth didn't notice it. Eunice Hunt—that name was the key with which she hoped to open up the whole story sometime.

Glimpse the fourth.

Mr. and Mrs. Cudworth sat up to their kitchen table cutting apples for drying. Mr. Cudworth pared the apples and Mrs. Cudworth cored them. Over in the corner by the stove, just where the shadow of Mrs. Cudworth's broad shoulders fell, motionless and glum sat Caleb Todd.

The two tongues at the table wagged cheerfully or rested contentedly at their possessor's bidding. The great, black shadow that enveloped Caleb trembled and swayed once in a while, but the cause was nothing more frightful than that some amusing remark of Asa's or her own had moved the good lady to laughter. But Caleb neither heard anything that was said, nor saw anything that was done. He did not feel the presence of the shadow—that is, Mrs. Cudworth's shadow—for he was too deep in meditation to give any heed to such a thing, and the shadow that he was thinking about even out-measured

that cast by Mrs. Cudworth's not very insignificant form.

He was a man that was not used to meeting strangers. It was not easy for him to make new acquaintances, and that was what he had got to do. He had got to meet a stranger, to become acquainted with him, to know him, to have him about him all the time, and to see more of him than of anybody else. And that stranger was Caleb Todd.

Where was the old Caleb Todd? That was one of the things that he was trying to find out. Where did the new Caleb Todd come from? That was another of the things that he was trying to find out. What difference was there between them? That was still another of the things that he was trying to find out.

He crossed his legs slowly and laboriously and leaned his head back against the wall.

What he disliked the most about this stranger was that he had no money. A poor man, according to the opinion that he had always held, was a contemptible sort of a being. But Caleb Todd was not a contemptible being, and he was, beyond all question, a poor man. Something was out of fix with his reasoning machinery. "Homeless, moneyless, wifeless, childless, less, less, less," he murmured wearily to himself, and he seemed to grow less with each word. How much less he was than he had thought he was!

He had supposed that the money loaned to Mr. Jordan was perfectly safe, and that he would only need to ask for it to receive it any day. But after the fire he had needed his money, and had called for it, and he

had been put off with promises, and explanations, and various laments about the hard times. He felt a strong desire to punch Everett Jordan's head, but he was not sure that that would be quite fair unless he punched his own head too. He uttered a deep sigh and closed his eyes in despair.

All at once there flashed upon him, like a beam of sunlight through an opening in a cloud, that charming bit of gold that belonged to Susan Conner.

Caleb's eyes came open with a snap. The Widow Conner had little to boast of in the way of money, but she had a home, a shelter, a fireside, and custard pies. He need be less a home no longer, nor less a wife. The stranger began to rise in Caleb's estimation. He was n't such a bad fellow, after all. There seemed to be but one obstacle. She might be a little disappointed about the state of his finances when she came to know just how things stood. This thought aroused him to action. The sooner he could settle matters, the better. He got up and put on his coat and hat.

"You ain't goin' out to-night, late as 'tis, be you?" inquired Mrs. Cudworth, in surprise.

"Why—I—'tain't late yet," stammered Caleb.

"Why, no; t'ain't late. There's gut to be quite evenin's now," remarked Asa, with a wink at his wife.

"Good riddance," he chuckled, as Caleb shut the door behind him. "We can't board him much longer for his good company."

Mrs. Cudworth laughed till the great shadow over Caleb's empty

chair behaved in a most giddy and unseemly manner.

"Yes," said Caleb, encouragingly, there was a light shining from her kitchen window, "it's a good way out of it, good nuff."

CHAPTER VIII.

THE MURDER.

On a rather dark night not long after the fire Austin Craig might have been seen leaving his office and taking the road towards that part of the town where we have become best acquainted. In fact, he *was* seen, notwithstanding the darkness. He was seen by a little, lithe, skulking creature who was coming along in that same direction. The lawyer did not see him nor hear his step till they were some distance from the village. As they began upon the most sparsely-inhabited part of the road the person who was behind quickened his pace almost to a run, and soon overtook the lawyer, who perceived that his companion was Jo. A chill passed over him a good deal like that which he had felt once before in his office at the top of the rickety stairs, though, perhaps, this chill was slighter and more transient. He wondered if Jo had another letter to write, and why the good, tender-hearted widow didn't write his letters for him and save the poor creature's dimes.

A grin that surpassed all former grins was on Jo's pinched face, but Mr. Graig was not aware of this.

"Hullo!" cried Jo. There was a trace of exultation in his voice.

"Good evening," answered the lawyer coldly.

"You're right. It is. It's a good

good GOOD evening. I never saw a better. Oh, but it *is* a good evening!" He fairly danced up and down like a delighted school-boy. What good fortune had come to him that he should rejoice so?

They moved on briskly, Jo running along on his slim legs to keep up with the lawyer's strides. They came near one of the scattered houses. It was Mr. Jordan's, and Austin Craig felt an unaccountable sense of relief steal over him. They passed the house silently except for the striking of their boots upon the frozen ground. Between Mr. Jordan's house and that of Mr. Ward, a man who had lately moved into the neighborhood, was another lonely stretch. The next house beyond Mr. Ward's was John Darricott's.

About half way between Mr. Jordan's and Mr. Ward's Jo suddenly placed himself directly in the lawyer's path and faced him.

"Goin' up to see Ruth?" he demanded in his shrill, piping voice.

"It's none of your business!" cried Mr. Craig.

"It's just my business. It's all the business I've got. It's all I'm here for," shrieked Jo.

"Then clear out!" exclaimed Craig. He raised his arm to strike, but before the blow could fall Jo gave a quick leap and was out of reach.

"Try again," screamed Jo. "You want to kill *me*, do you? You can't. I can jump too quick for you. You can't—"

A second blow laid him on the frozen ground in spite of his boasting. But in an instant he was up again, and before the lawyer could suspect his intention he had drawn a knife from his breast and had thrust

it into Austin Craig's side. The wounded man took a step or two backward, and with a groan he fell down helpless in the road.

"Get the doctor, Jo," he begged faintly, "that's a good fellow. I did n't mean to hurt you."

"You lie. You *did*. You meant to kill me. And you meant to kill Ruth, too. But you won't kill her. She's safe."

"No, no," said Craig, "I never meant you any hurt, nor Ruth either. What makes you think so? Do get some help." He gave another deep groan.

Jo did not stir from the spot, but stood by the prostrate form, looking upon it with infinite satisfaction.

Craig, exerting all his strength, tried to rise, but fell back exhausted.

"You won't see Ruth to-night," cried Jo, "but you'll see her mother. That ought to suit you just as well."

"Ruth's mother?" gasped Craig.

"What do you know about her?"

"I know you killed her—pretty Jennie Hunt—you killed her."

"No, she married Tom Warner," exclaimed Craig.

"And how long did she live? I say you killed her," screamed Jo, brandishing his knife. "But you won't kill any more girls. You won't kill Ruth." And in a perfect abandon of fury he fell upon the fainting lawyer and stabbed him two or three times more.

At length, when he had spent the force of his rage, using all the strength of his frail body he dragged his victim barely out of the road, and sneaked off across Mr. Ward's field.

Only a few minutes later Mrs. Jor-

dan passed by the place on her way up to see Mrs. Darricott. She was a timid little woman and was not used to being out alone after dark. But her very timidity had brought her out this time. Mr. Jordan was away that evening and would not be back, at the earliest, before ten o'clock, and she, having become nervous sitting there all alone, had dared to venture forth only because she had not dared to stay where she was any longer.

"Mrs. Darricott and Ruth can come home with me, and they'll be company for each other going back," she thought.

She put her plaid shawl over her head, locked the door, and started off almost upon the run. But she soon got out of breath, at this pace, and, much against her will, was obliged to content herself with a rate of progress more in accordance with her age and dignity.

Once, as she passed a lonely place before she came to Mr. Ward's house, she thought she heard a strange gasping sound, and she tried to run again for a few steps. Then she stood still and listened. She could hear nothing but the faint noise of the river, and she hurried on.

What would she have done if she had known that the body of a murdered neighbor was stiffening slowly but with awful sureness within a few feet of the very road that she had just passed over?

Mrs. Jordan reached the home of Mrs. Darricott in safety, and as Mr. Darricott, too, happened to be away that evening, Mrs. Darricott and Ruth were even more than usually glad to see her. The two older women chatted away pleasantly.

Mrs. Jordan's face showed no signs of the troubles she had known, nor did Mrs. Darricott's face hint of hers. Ruth, who was busily engaged in hemming pillow-cases, did not take much part in the conversation. She had always been a quiet girl, and nobody expected her to say a great deal.

Mrs. Darricott was cutting out print pieces for a patchwork quilt. She did not actually need another, she told Mrs. Jordan, but the pieces were "'round in the way" and she "wanted to git red of 'em."

Mrs. Jordan had brought no work with her, a thing very unusual for her, and having nothing else to do she held Ruth's maltese kitten. She kept an admiring eye on the bright-colored patchwork, and twice she looked from the little pieces towards Ruth. The second time she caught Ruth's eye and she smiled significantly.

At about half past nine Mrs. Jordan put the kitten down, and went to the window. Putting her hands up to shade her eyes from the light within, she looked out.

"Dear me," she said, "it's awful dark! I hate to start out, but I s'pose I've got to."

"You don't need to go yet," said Mrs. Darricott. "The men folks wont be back, either of 'em, inside of a good hour, I'll warrant."

Mrs. Jordan sat down, but in a few minutes she was up again and looking out of the window.

"I might jest as well be goin'," she said. "It wont be any lighter if I wait. It's the dark o' the moon now, you know."

"Yes," said Mrs. Darricott. "Wall, if you must go, I'll git your things.

You didn't take a lantern, did you?"

"No, I did n't stop to take nothin' but my old shawl." She laughed nervously.

"Git the lantern, Ruth. I can go down a piece with you, Mandy, just as well as not. Ruth's got some cold or she'd like to go, too; but she ain't afraid to stay alone while I'm gone."

"Now that's too bad," expostulated Mrs. Jordan feebly. "There's no need o' your comin' out into the cold to take care o' me. Nothin' bit me comin' up." And she laughed nervously again.

But the lantern was now lighted, and throwing a shawl over her head Mrs. Darricott started for the door, Mrs. Jordan put her shawl over her head, and with a good-night to Ruth she followed after.

"I won't come up to see you agin in a hurry, if I've gut to put you out so much," said she, as they went down the road.

"Land sakes, this ain't nothin'," returned Mrs. Darricott. "It'll do me good to git out into the air. And as for comin' home—I'll resk that."

The wind was now blowing, and it tugged and pulled away at the two shawls with commendable persistency: Finally Mrs. Darricott set the lantern down and pinned her shawl over again.

As she took up the lantern its rays glanced for a moment upon something big and dark lying close to the road. A chill of horror crept over her, and, at first, she could not speak nor move.

"What is it?" asked Mrs. Jordan in a hoarse whisper, for her quick, apprehensive eyes had noticed her

companion's strange manner. She had been walking in the hollow that the horses' feet had worn smooth in the hard ground, and she had not seen the object that Mrs. Darricott had seen.

"It's a man," Mrs. Darricott managed to say. "He's either sick, or drunk, or dead."

At the word "dead" Mrs. Jordan gave a shriek and would have fallen if Mrs. Darricott's trembling arm had not supported her.

"Come, come," she said a trifle roughly, "he wont hurt us."

"Who is it?" cried Mrs. Jordan, clinging to her friend closely.

For answer Mrs. Darricott raised the lantern and turned it full upon the man's face. As the terrible sight for the first time met Mrs. Jordan's eye she uttered shriek after shriek, and breaking away from Mrs. Darricott she started to run, but her weak limbs could not bear her up, and she sank down, half-crazed with fright, a pitiful heap in the middle of the road.

Mrs. Darricott cautiously drew a step nearer to the prostrate man.

"It's Austin Craig," she gasped. "He's killed!" Her own first impulse was to run, but she could not desert her terrified companion. But with such assistance as she could give Mrs. Jordan at last regained her feet, and the two went back as fast as possible to Mr. Ward's.

At Mr. Ward's house, by the time they had gotten there, the lights were all out except one that shone dimly from one up-stairs bedroom. They knocked loudly, and after a while Mr. Ward came down stairs with a candle in his hand. He pulled aside a curtain and peered out suspiciously.

"What 's wanted?" he called out.

"There 's a man—down—down there—by the road," answered Mrs. Darricott.

"What 's he doin'? Did he touch you?" asked Mr. Ward, unlocking the door. He supposed them to have been frightened by some late wanderer, who, perhaps, was more tipsy than civil.

"He 's dead, *dead!*" screamed Mrs. Jordan, her waning excitement returning with full force as she saw that he did not comprehend the situation.

"Yes," said Mrs. Darricott, "he 's dead, and it 's Austin Craig."

The rest of the family were aroused by this time, and the two trembling women were soon in the sitting-room, and were poring over their tale into eager and horrified ears, while Mr. Ward hurried to the place where they had found the body.

It was less than half an hour before steps and voices were heard outside. Mr. Darricott's lean face appeared at the door.

"I'll beau ye home, Mis' Jordan, if you 're willin'," he said. "They 're goin' to bring the body in here, and mebbe you 'd like to git home as soon's you can."

She gratefully accepted his assistance, and while they went out by one door Mr. Ward and another man brought the lifeless lawyer in by another.

"I'm so scairt to think o' Ruth," Mrs. Darricott kept saying. "There she is alone all this time, an' a worryin' herself to pieces, I'll bet. I hope to goodness that she wont take it into her poor little head to come out after me."

"Oh, I guess she wont," said

Caroline Ward, a girl a few months older than Ruth. "Anyway, Mr. Darricott'll be right back."

But the more Mrs. Darricott thought of Ruth the more her concern and agitation increased. Mrs. Ward saw how uneasy she was, and said:

"You *be* pritty well nerved up, aint you. But, I declare, I'd be proud if I'd gut half the spunk that you hev. I don't know what I *should* 'ave done if it had ben me with Mis' Jordan."

The minutes seemed like hours to Mrs. Darricott. At last she could not bear to wait any longer, and she got up, resolved to start home alone. But as she opened the door she heard the sound of Mr. Darricott's feet.

"How sharp your ears be to-night!" exclaimed Mrs. Ward, following her to the door. "I didn't hear his step till jest this minute."

"Good-night," said Mrs. Darricott, and she joined her husband without another word.

A FEW LAST WORDS.

The next day the little town was wild with excitement. Crowds rushed to the spot where the body had been found, and tongues ran that had never been known to get beyond a sober walk before.

There were two great mysteries confronting the townspeople—who killed Austin Craig, and why should anybody kill him. Jo had disappeared, and some were inclined to look upon him as the guilty party, while others maintained that the poor fellow neither would nor could have done it. Asa was one of the most

positive of those who held the latter opinion.

"I never heerd of sech a ridiculous idee," he said to a group of three who were talking the case over in the post-office. "Jo was jest as gentle as a lamb. He never hed a disposition to hurt nobody. An' s'posin' he hed a wanted ter kill 'im, do you calc'late Austin Craig would a let 'im? Just think o' the size o' them two!"

"But what's made 'im disappear jest now?" said one of the group.

"That's nothin' ter do with it," replied Asa. "He's gut uneasy, or homesick, or somethin' an' run away. He's prob'ly run away half a dozen times before, if we hed the whole hist'ry of 'im. That's nothin' strange."

But neither Asa nor any of the others who essayed to take the blame off Jo's shoulders ventured to accuse anybody else. Mr. Craig was called a hard man to deal with in trade, and was known to be one that a man had to look out for if he did not want to get cheated, but he had a good many friends in the town, and was not supposed to have had any down-right enemies.

Early in the afternoon of the day after the murder, as some of the more idle villagers were standing around near the scene of the tragedy, one of them caught sight of a long knife partly hidden by the dead leaves. He pounced upon it and picked it up.

"Here's a clue," he cried. "Here's a dead give-away."

Then commenced a search for the owner of the knife. It was a peculiar looking knife, but as no one knew whose it was, or where it had come from, it did not seem to help the case much.

Caleb went to the village that afternoon to get the news and to offer his suggestions, and when he got home he told the widow (excuse me—Mrs. Todd) that a knife had been found there beside the road. She instantly bethought herself of the knife that she had lost.

"I do believe it's my own knife," she cried. "What did you say it was, a long, narrow-bladed one, with a light-colored wood handle?"

"Yes," said Caleb, "and the handle's jest a leetle mite loose."

"It's my knife. Jest think of one o' my knives bein' used for sech a thing! That miserable rogue of a Jo must a stole it the night o' the fire. I missed it the next morning after the fire, I remember."

She hurried to the village to see the knife and unhesitatingly pronounced it hers the moment she set her eyes upon it. This settled the first question in the minds of most of the townspeople, but the second remained as unanswered as ever.

The owner of the knife being found, a second search was now instituted. This was a search for Jo. Inquiries were sent to the town that he had come from when he came to Mrs. Conner's, but he was not there.

Instead of going back to his old home he had sought out Miles. He had traveled on foot and by night, and it was some time before he reached the town. He made his appearance towards evening, as Miles was going from his work to his boarding-place.

He did not speak at first but kept along near Miles who thought that the figure was one that he had seen before, but he could not recall when he had seen it, nor where. But pres-

ently, as he kept looking at him and wondering who he was, it dawned upon him that this was the queer-looking, queer-acting little fellow that had come to Mrs. Conner's to do chores a short time before his departure.

When he had almost reached his room Jo came up still nearer, and Miles who, to tell the truth, had been pretty homesick, and was hungry for the sight of anybody or anything from home, called out,

"Hullo! How's all the folks at home?"

Jo's face tried to put on its usual grin, but it failed in the attempt.

"Folks is all right," he said; "they's a good deal better off 'n they was."

"You look tired," said Miles. "Come up to my room and rest you."

Jo obeyed.

Once within the room he sank into the nearest chair as though quite exhausted, and into his hitherto vacant eyes crept a pleading expression such as might come into the eyes of a much-abused but faithful dog if he wanted to say, "Don't blame me; I've done the best I could."

"Now tell me all the news," said Miles, taking a chair opposite to him. "Have you seen Ruth lately?"

"No, not very lately," said Jo. He had been four days on the road.

Just then the landlady came to the door with a letter.

"I was comin' up on to this floor an' thought I'd bring your letter up," she said. "It's just come."

Miles thanked her. The letter was from Ruth, and he ran his eye over it eagerly.

"Why," he exclaimed, in a hor-

rified tone, "Austin Craig's killed! Did you know it?"

"Yes," said Jo quietly, "I killed him."

"You?"

Miles felt his strength leaving him.

"Yes," replied Jo, raising his voice almost to a scream, "I killed him, for he killed Ruth's mother, an' was goin' ter kill Ruth."

Miles stared at him in dumb horror.

He was a madman.

"He won't do any more hurt," cried Jo.

Miles laid his hand gently on his arm.

"Don't talk so loud, Jo; I'm listening," he said.

The touch and the mild tone calmed the frenzied creature. It had been a long time since he had felt the touch of a strong, friendly hand.

"Did you know Ruth's mother?" inquired Miles, trying to discover whether there could be any consistency in Jo's talk.

"Yes, she was Jennie Hunt."

"No, her name was Mary Atkinson," said Miles.

"No, Mrs. Darricott wasn't her mother. Jennie Hunt was her mother, and she married Tom Warner."

"And where is he?"

"He's dead. He died when Ruth was a baby, and so did her mother."

At length, after much patient questioning, the story was all told. Miles could scarcely believe some parts of it, but he could not believe that Jo intended to deceive him. As Jo talked Miles could almost see him as he had been in his youth, underwitted, it is true, but affectionate and trusty, and his love for pretty Jennie Hunt was the strongest force of his

life. Miles wondered that he could have been capable of such a love. He did not seem to have had any idea of winning her for himself. He was conscious, probably, that such a thing would have been impossible; but he loved her, and wanted to see her happy.

And then Austin Craig, a gay, young lawyer, had appeared on the scene. He had won the simple heart of the girl, broken it, and had left her in shame. This had sunk deep into Jo's feeble mind. He had meant to have his revenge on Austin Craig then; but after a time she had married a poor farmer and seemed to be more happy, and he had given up the idea. But when, as time went on, and the wronged girl, shattered in mind and body by her troubles, had lived only long enough to give birth to a little daughter, Jo began to look upon the lawyer as her murderer.

He had kept a jealous eye upon Ruth, and had seen her placed in John Darricott's home where she had been well cared for. Now she was grown to womanhood. He had engaged to do Mrs. Conner's chores for the sake of being where he could see Ruth, and because he knew that Austin Craig lived in the same town. He had seen Craig call at Mr. Darricott's several times, and his jealous fears had become aroused; and when, at the fire, he had seen Craig's familiarity with her, the idea became fixed in his distracted brain that the tragedy of those other days was to be repeated. He had watched, he had

waited, he had planned, and he had accomplished his design.

Miles looked at the poor, wasted, weakened form and a great pity stirred him to the depths of his heart. Was this man a murderer?

Jo got up. It was getting late.

"Where are you going to stay to-night?" asked Miles.

"I don't know," said Jo, and as he spoke he fell apparently fainting to the floor. Miles stepped quickly to another room for water. When he returned Jo was gone.

The earliest morning train bore Miles homeward, and what happened when he arrived there does not need to be told.

What he told Mrs. Darricott, and what Mrs. Darricott told him, and how Ruth was taken into the secret—which was a secret no longer—how Ruth came into possession of her legacy, how she and Miles were married, how Mrs. Jordan cried over Miles and Ruth, and how Mrs. Darricott cried over Ruth and Miles, and how Ruth cried, and how happy everybody was—these things anyone can see for himself.

As for Jo, he was traced out and arrested, and after a while he was placed in an asylum for the insane. But he was so evidently harmless that by and by he was released, and so he was happy, too.

When can we leave these people with less regret than now, when their old troubles are over, and their coming troubles have not yet come?

We *will* leave them. It's a good time to withdraw.

[The end.]

NECROLOGY

HON. CHARLES A. BUSIEL.

Hon. Charles A. Busiel, ex-governor of New Hampshire, died at his home in Laconia, August 29.

Governor Busiel was a son of the late John W. Busiel, a prominent hosiery manufacturer, leading Democrat and influential citizen of Laconia. He was born in the town of Meredith, where his father then resided, November 24, 1842, the family soon after removing to Laconia, where he was educated in the public schools and at the old Gilford academy.

After leaving school he entered his father's hosiery mill and learned the business throughout, acquiring a practical knowledge of every department. In 1863 he went into business on his own account, but a few years later he sold out, and with another brother went into partnership with his father, under the name of John W. Busiel & Co., which name was continued after his father's death and the admission of another brother into the concern. The business of the firm has been extensive for many years, making it one of the leading industries of the Lake city.

Other lines of activity engaged the attention of Mr. Busiel and he became specially prominent in railroad matters, being a director in the Concord & Montreal and other railroads, and a prime mover in the enterprise which resulted in the construction of the Lake Shore railroad, of which he was for a time president. He was also president of the Laconia National bank and of the City Savings bank, and was a public-spirited citizen. The construction of the elegant passenger station at Laconia is credited to his efforts, while he was a managing director of the Concord & Montreal road.

Governor Busiel had been quite prominent in politics ever after arriving at maturity, and was for many years an active Democrat and conspicuous in party affairs in his town, which he represented in the legislature in 1878 and 1879. He was also a delegate to the Democratic National Convention in Cincinnati, which nominated General Hancock for the presidency, in 1880. Subsequently he changed his politics and as a Republican, in 1892, became the first mayor of Laconia, to which office he was reëlected. In 1895 he was the Republican nominee for governor, and was elected by a majority larger than any of his predecessors, of that party, had ever received. As governor he was distinguished for his independence, acting always upon his own judgment, and never being influenced by others. His wholesale vetoes of bills, good, bad, and indifferent, occasioned wide comment, but it was generally

conceded that his conduct in this matter was inspired by honest motives. In his later years he got out of touch with his party, and as proprietor of the *Laconia Democrat* he became what is generally known as a "free lance" in politics.

He was prominent in Masonic circles, and a member of the Knights of Pythias and other fraternal organizations, and was an attendant upon the services of the Congregational church.

In November, 1864, he was united in marriage with Eunice Elizabeth Preston, a daughter of Worcester and Nancy (Evans) Preston, a native of Concord, by whom he had one daughter, Frances Evelyn, wife of Wilson L. Smith of Germantown, Pa., who, with her mother, survives.

GEN. ALBERT S. TWITCHELL.

Albert Sobieski Twitchell, born in Bethel, Maine, September 16, 1840, died at the Maine General Hospital in Portland, September 12, 1901.

He was a son of Joseph A. and Orinda L. (Mason) Twitchell, and descended from two of the most prominent families among the early settlers of Oxford county. He was educated in the common school and at the famous Gould academy in his native town, and engaged for a time in teaching previous to the War of the Rebellion, in which he was for some time engaged in the Union cause. Returning home he took up the study of the law and was admitted to the bar at Paris, Me., in 1865. The following year he located in practice in the town of Gorham in this state, where he ever after remained, gaining prominence in his profession and the respect of the community as an upright man and a public-spirited citizen.

In politics he was a staunch Republican from principle rather than policy. He served three years as a selectman, for more than a dozen years was a member of the school board, and represented the town in the legislature for one term. He was for three years a railroad commissioner, and was also commissary general for two years. During the administration of President Harrison he served as consul at Santiago de Cuba creditably.

Mr. Twitchell was president of the New Hampshire Veterans' association for two years, and also held the offices of judge advocate and junior and senior vice commander of the New Hampshire department of the Grand Army as well as that of commander.

He was a member of various organizations, standing high in Masonic circles, being a thirty-second degree Mason. He was a member of the John E. Willis Post, No. 59, G. A. R., of Gorham. He was an Odd Fellow, belonging to Glen lodge of the same town, and was a member of Bramhall lodge, No. 3, Knights of Pythias, of Portland Me.

For a number of years Mr. Twitchell was the president of the Gorham Five Cents Savings bank. Other positions of trust were held by him, which he filled with great credit.

May 7, 1869, he married Emma A. Howland of Gorham, Me. Two children were born as a result of the union: Harold P., born May 31, 1875, who died May 23, 1883; and Rita May Twitchell, born May 16, 1889.

JOSEPH HAMMOND.

Joseph Hammond, one of the oldest residents of Cheshire county, died at West Swanzey, September 11.

He was born in Swanzey, April 5, 1809, being one of nine children of Joseph Hammond, and a grandson of Nathaniel Hammond, who came from Watertown, Mass., and settled in Swanzey in 1740, being among the earliest settlers of the town. He attended the public schools and Chesterfield academy, and taught school extensively in early life. Subsequently he was engaged as a surveyor, and in the lumber business. In 1834 he was captain of the Swanzey Rifle company. He was selectman three years, and had been town clerk, treasurer, superintending school committee, representative in 1850 and '51, postmaster under Lincoln. He was clerk of the Baptist church thirty-eight years and treasurer of the Dublin Baptist association fifteen years. He was in the grocery business from 1850 to 1863 and was at one time a member of the firm of Nims, Gates & Hammond of Keene.

Mr. Hammond's first wife was Lutheria S. Rogers, by whom he had two daughters, Sophia J. and Maria E. She died April 24, 1860. His second wife was Ardelia C. Randall, who died February 11, 1884. His third wife was Marion E. Farmer, who survives him, together with his daughters, Mrs. Martin Mason of West Swanzey and Mrs. Eugene M. Keyes of Keene.

J. THORNE DODGE.

J. Thorne Dodge, proprietor of Dodge's Hotel of Rochester, died suddenly of heart disease, September 2.

Mr. Dodge was a son of the late Jonathan and Sarah Dodge, and was born in the old hotel, of which his father was the proprietor, in the year 1844. He was brought up in the hotel business, had the management of the house after his father's death in 1871, and was the proprietor after his mother's death in 1889.

Politically Mr. Dodge was an active Democrat, and had served in the city council and the state legislature.

He was a thirty-second degree Mason, a member of Aleppo Temple of the Mystic Shrine, Boston, Humane lodge, A. F. & A. M., Temple Royal Arch chapter, Palestine Commandery, Knights Templar, Dover Lodge of Elks, the Rochester Board of Trade, and the Hotel Men's Mutual Benefit association.

He is survived by three sisters, Mrs. Martha A. Jones, who has assisted him in the management of the hotel, Mrs. Charles W. Howe of Rochester, and Mrs. Daniel Hall of Dover.

JOHN WOODWARD.

John Woodward, a well-known Grand Army man, and doorkeeper of the house of representatives in 1899, died at his home in Littleton, September 14.

He was born in Glasgow, Scotland, October 26, 1844, but came to this country in childhood, and enlisted in the Union Army as a member of the Second New Hampshire regiment when only sixteen years of age, subsequently reënlisting in the Second Vermont cavalry. He had been a resident of Littleton twenty-one years. In addition to membership in the G. A. R., he belonged to the Golden Cross, the White Mountain Grange, and the I. O. O. F. He was a member of the Unitarian church at Littleton.

Mr. Woodward was married October 18, 1866, to Malvina A. Putnam of North Lisbon. By her he had four children, three of whom survive, Mrs. George P. Prescott, Jr., of Suncook, Mrs. L. J. Crane, and Miss Emily Woodward of Littleton.

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An employee of the home office of the Mutual Life Insurance Co., of New York, has been troubled for years with severe headaches, and cramps in the stomach. About 3 o'clock every afternoon he would have an attack of headache which would often continue the whole night. "At first," he writes, "I tried all kinds of patent medicines without avail. Then I began to doctor, but all he could do was to relieve me for a day or two. About two months ago I was visiting some friends when my attack came on, and my friend gave me a Ripans Tabule. I took it, and an hour later found to my surprise that my headache was gone, and I haven't had a trace of one since. I bought a small bottle of Ripans and they worked like a charm. There was no pain in my stomach, my bowels were regular, and I felt like a different person."

A new style packet containing TEN RIPANS TABLETS in a paper carton (without glass) is now for sale at some drug stores—FOR FIVE CENTS. This low-priced sort is intended for the poor and the economical. One dozen of the five-cent cartons (120 tablets) can be had by mail by sending forty-eight cents to the RIPANS CHEMICAL COMPANY, No. 10 Spruce Street, New York—or a single carton (TEN TABLETS) will be sent for five cents. RIPANS TABLETS may also be had of grocers, general storekeepers and news agents.

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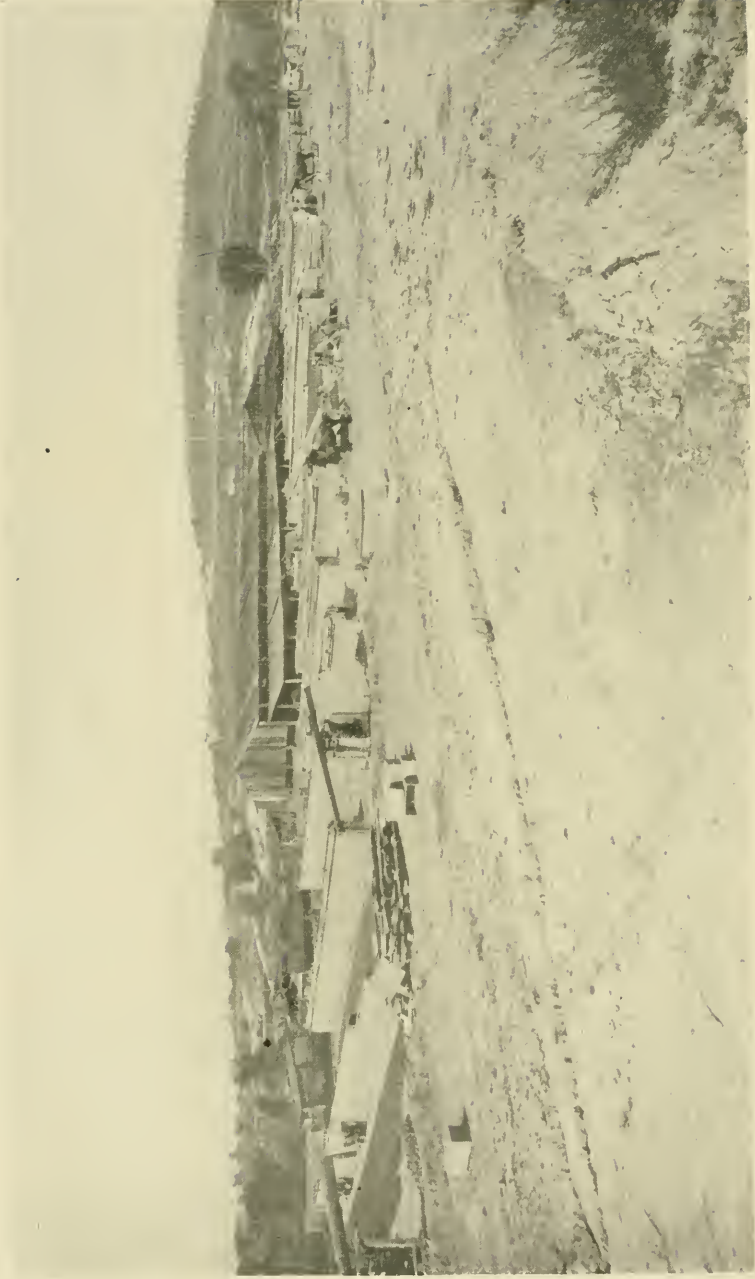
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ONE OF THE BRICKYARDS BELONGING TO W. F. HEAD & SON AT HOOKSETT.

THE GRANITE MONTHLY.

VOL. XXXI.

NOVEMBER, 1901.

No. 5.



"Power Station," and the Dundee Mills Company's Mills.

HOOKSETT AND ITS LEADING MEN.

By E. H. Dunstan.



NOT quite two centuries ago was evolved from what was then a wild, unbroken tract of land, little thought of for purposes of cultivation or general usefulness, the community which is now one of the busiest in the state, the town of Hooksett. Its earlier settlers were confronted with problems, which would have dismayed them had they not been possessed of the vigor, strength, and persistency which are even now characteristic of the inhabitants of the historic town.

Hooksett was originally the "White Pine Country," or perhaps it was better known as "Chester Woods." At any rate it was a seemingly impossi-

ble district for the purpose of settlement, and the eighty hardy settlers who journeyed from the vicinity of Hampton and Portsmouth to make settlement there in 1719 were obliged to utilize all their native qualities of persistency and energy before their lands became inhabitable or profitable.

It was in 1822 that the first meeting was held in the town for the purpose of qualifying legal voters. The session was at the house of one William Wall, and a board of town officers was elected. Previously the state legislature had formulated boundaries for the town, and had apportioned parts of the territory previously held by Dunbarton, Chester, and Goffstown.

Many interesting pages might be filled with the details of the struggles of the early inhabitants. Suffice it to say that homes were built, school and church facilities supplied, and sons and daughters born, until, at length, the wide expanse which had a century before been a wilderness was dotted with farmhouses and the results of industry could be seen on every hand.

Mills were built and operated, brick making plants established and the luxuriant growth of timber which dotted the hillsides was cut and transformed into material for building purposes. The growth of the town was not rapid but steady.

The brick making industry, now of great importance to the town, was commenced as early as the year 1820, but only in a desultory way. When Manchester first began to expand and become a prominent manufacturing town the demand for brick increased so rapidly that more attention was given to their manufacture.

The clay on the east side of the Merrimack river, where the kilns are located, is surpassed nowhere for the purpose for which it is used. The brick are widely known for their hardness and clearness of color.

Cotton manufacturing is another prominent industry. In 1823 the Hooksett Manufacturing Company was first organized. Its mills have changed hands several times since that time, and now a fine set of buildings are fitted with every improvement necessary to the successful manufacture of fine cloths. For



Roman Catholic Church.



Congregational Church.

some months operations have been partially suspended, but the promise of another season of activity at an early date will delight every one interested in the welfare of the town.

To-day Hooksett is prosperous and thriving and the residence of many of the families whose ancestors first settled there. Its men have gained prominence in civic, state, and national history. Its inhabitants of both sexes have been noted always for their strong religious sentiment,



The Old Home of Hon. Eugene S. Head.

and to-day the two churches are well filled each Sabbath with worshippers. In the War of the Rebellion an exceptionally large quota of volunteers were furnished, considering the sparse population, and in affairs generally the history of Hooksett offers much that is interesting to even the casual reader.

THE HEAD FAMILY.

The Head family is said to have been of Welsh and Scotch origin, and two brothers of that name settled at Bradford, Mass., in the early pioneer days, later to remove to Pembroke. The early records of the family tell of the bravery of the men, who were distinguished for military valor. Col. James Head was in command of the garrison house at Pembroke during the French and Indian war and was on the staff of Gen. John Stark. He was killed at the Battle of Bennington.

Natt and William F. Head were sons of Col. John and Anna Head, and were born at the homestead in Hooksett. Later in life they formed a business partnership and continued in the lumber and brick manufacturing business for a long term of years. In company with Frank Dowst of Manchester they organized the contracting and building firm of Head & Dowst, which is the largest and best-known concern of its kind in the state.

William F. Head was a quiet, unostentatious business man who entered but little into public or political life but gave nearly the whole of his time and attention to the operations of the firm of which he was a member. He married, in November, 1858, Mary H. Sargent of Allenstown, a daughter of Major Sterling Sargent. Two children were born, a daughter, Sallie, and a son, Eugene S. Head.

HON. EUGENE S. HEAD.

Eugene S. Head was born in Hooksett, June 1, 1863, the son of William Fernald Head. He was educated at Pembroke academy, graduating with the class of '83, and after-

interest; retaining, however, the former firm name. The yards where the brick are manufactured are three in number, with a total capacity of 75,000 hand made brick, of the finest quality, per day. About ninety men are employed during the season.



Hon. Eugene S. Head.

wards attending Dartmouth college. Immediately after close of school life he entered business with his father, the late William F. Head, under the firm name of W. F. Head & Son. Upon the death of his father in December, 1899, Colonel Head assumed entire control of the brick making

The banks from which the raw material is gathered are among the most extensive and finest as regards quality in the state, and also in perfection of manufacture.

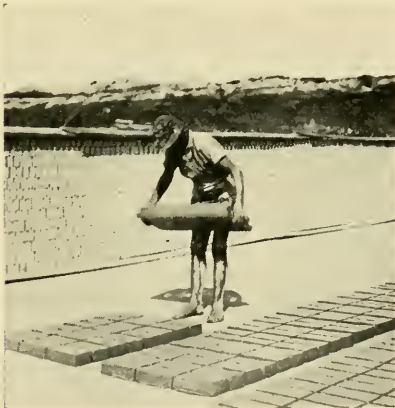
Colonel Head is connected with the Head & Dowst company of Manchester, who are widely and favora-



Residence of Hon Eugene S. Head.

bly known as contractors and builders, acting as vice-president of the company. He is also a director in the First National bank of Manchester, and of the Suncook Valley Railroad company. His service as a member of the school board of Hooksett has been continuous during the past fifteen years. He has held a position on the board of trustees of Pembroke academy for several years. Politically, as was the case with il-

lustrious predecessors, Colonel Head has pinned his faith to the doctrines of the Republican party since attaining his majority. His services to the party are so well known as to require no special mention in this article. Suffice it to say that he has contributed liberally of his means and his time to aid in whatever he thought would benefit his party and give his community and state good government.



Some Incidents of Brickmaking.

He was elected a member of the house of representatives in 1890, and is now a member of the upper branch of the state legislature. His title of colonel came through appointment to the staff of Governor Rollins during the latter's incumbency of the office of chief magistrate in 1899-1900. None of the secret organizations other than the Masonic body claims him as a member, but he has taken the thirty-two degrees open to him in this organization. His membership is in Jewel lodge and Hiram Chapter of Suncook, Mt. Horeb Commandery of Concord, Edward A. Raymond Consistory of Nashua, and Aleppo Temple, Mystic Shrine of Boston. He is an attendant at the Methodist church of Suncook. In 1884 he was united in marriage with Miss Hattie M. Hoyt, a daughter of Amos Hoyt of Allenstown. Two children have blessed their union—a son, William Hoyt, and Mary Harriett Head.

THE OLD POOR HOMESTEAD.

The above historic residence was erected in the years of the eighteenth century, immediately following the Revolutionary war, by Samuel Poor, the first of his name and family to settle in Hooksett. As will be seen



The Old Poor Homestead.

by the engraving, the place is still in an excellent state of preservation, and suitable for occupancy.

Samuel Poor was born at Rowley, December 13, 1758. He enlisted with the Continental troops under General Gates, and was with the latter at Saratoga in the battle of October 17, 1777, where, it is chronicled, he distinguished himself for personal valor and courage. He was appointed a lieutenant for distinguished service, and after the war was granted a tract of land in what



Erie Poor.

is now the town of Hooksett, adjoining the Merrimack river. His brother, George Poor, also served as an officer under Washington, in the War of the Revolution, and was an intimate of the Father of his Country.

Erie Poor, whose portrait appears in connection with this article, was the son of Samuel Poor, and when he married Susan Saltmarsh in 1825 the young couple settled on the farm next adjoining the old homestead.



Frank P. Poor.

Erie held many town offices and was a county commissioner.

FRANK P. POOR.

Frank P. Poor, a son of Erie Poor, was born in West Hooksett, April 30, 1849. His education was received in the schools of his native town, and he has constantly followed the vocation of farming, which was

pursued by his ancestors. A grandson of Samuel Poor, he naturally feels a pride in the distinguished services rendered his country by his predecessor.

Mr. Poor married, in the early seventies, Hattie E. Stark of Manchester, and nine children have blessed their union. These are Cora M., Annie Belle, Hattie, Susan, Thomas L., Samuel, Ben P., John S., and Harold E. Poor. With the exception of those who have married and left Hooksett all the children reside with their parents on the farm.

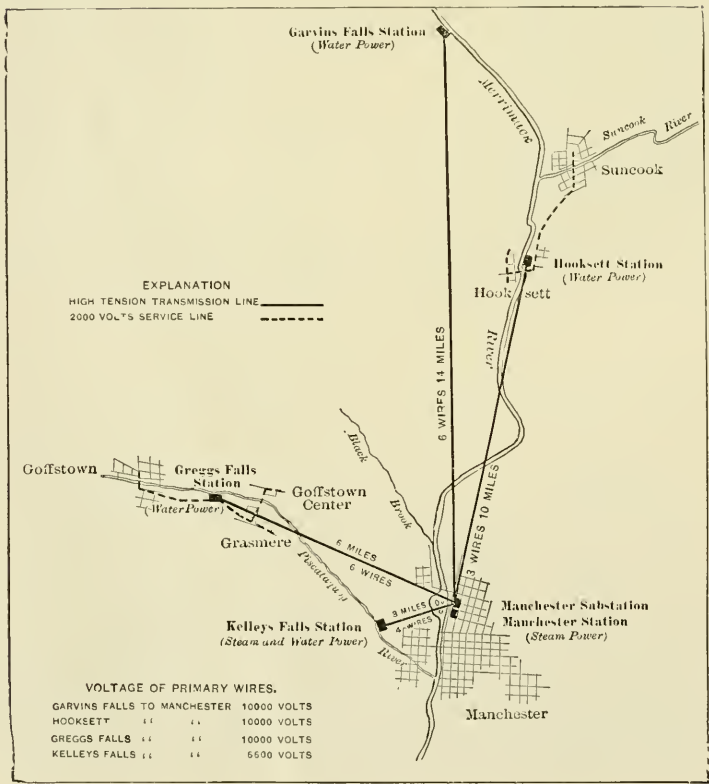
Mr. Poor is Universalist in religious faith, and a Democrat in politics. He is prominent in Golden Rule lodge, K. of P., and is a member of the Hooksett grange. Naturally preferring a quiet home life he has never sought prominence politically, although several responsible town offices have been proffered him. To-day he is enjoying the fruits of his labors on one of the finest farms in southern New Hampshire, and besides raising fruit and produce for the market, conducts an extensive milk route in Manchester and vicinity.



Residence of Frank P. Poor.



Power Station at Hooksett.



Map of Stations and Transmission

MANCHESTER TRACTION, LIGHT AND POWER CO.

The Hooksett Power station, where electricity is generated by the utilization of the magnificent water power from the falls, is one of the most important of a series of five which transmit directly to the sub-station of the Manchester Traction, Light and Power Co., at Manchester.

The station is located directly below the waterfall, in one of the buildings formerly owned by the Hooksett mills. The town office is located with that of the manufacturing company, but most of the business is done through the offices of the consolidated companies, on Hanover street in Manchester. The new company is capitalized at \$1,500,000, and Mr. J. Brodie Smith is its general manager.

The Hooksett station supplies its proportionate share of the power to operate 30,000 incandescent lamps, 1,200 arc lamps, and 1,500 horse-power in stationary motors, besides propelling seventy-five electrics over more than thirty miles of track. Here, as at Suncook, the plant was originally erected for local use, but with the consolidation of the companies the scope of its usefulness has been greatly enlarged.

There is a fall of sixteen feet at Hooksett, and 1,000 horse-power from this force is used in the driving of the station dynamos. Considerably more power can be had by additional development.

Improvements are projected for the local station in the near future, and as the need arises more generators and dynamos will be added until, at no very distant day, it is anticipated that nearly, if not quite, all of the power from the falls will be utilized.

THE DUNDEE MILLS CO.

Cotton manufacturing in Hooksett dates back to the year 1823, when, in July of that year, the Hooksett Manufacturing Co. was organized. The original mill is one of the oldest in the state. Among its grantees were more eminent men than were ever connected with any cotton mill in New Hampshire. In the lists of organization were to be found the names of Gov. John Bell, Isaac Hill, and Samuel Bell, who afterward become governors, and Hon. Richard H. Ayer, at one time a prominent man of the town.

Governor Bell was the first agent of the corporation, and continued to run the mill, sometimes under difficulties, until the year 1834, being then succeeded by Hon. John Nesmith, afterwards lieutenant governor of Massachusetts. In 1835 it passed into the hands of the Amoskeag Manufacturing Co. of Manchester, who continued to run it, with the exception of a short period after the outbreak of the War of the Rebellion, up to the year of 1865.

In 1865 the property was purchased by Robert M. Bailey and others of Boston, when a new mill was added and the old buildings enlarged and refitted. With the mill the new company secured control of the water power at this point. The capital was \$200,000, and the annual pay-roll amounted to about \$80,000. In 1880 the output was about five million yards of cloth, with a value of approximately \$300,000.

For years the mills were operated with varying success, the management changing so frequently as to forbid mention in detail in this sketch. Two years ago the opera-



George A. Robie.

tion of the mills was assumed by Messrs. French Campbell and Henry D. Bourne, two prominent young men of Manchester, under the firm name of Campbell & Bourne. For more than a year the plant was busily engaged and a larger force of operatives employed than had been the case for many years. After a season of unexampled activity the mills were partially shut down a little less than a year ago pending the formation of a new company with a largely increased capital. The shut down was necessitated by the close competition of more heavily capitalized corporations.

The formation of the new company is already an assured fact, but details are not yet ready for publication.

Suffice it to say that capitalists in New York and Boston will contribute the necessary capital, and Mr. S. N. Bourne, for years agent of the Stark corporation of Manchester, will be temporarily the agent. Mr. H. D. Bourne will retain his connection with the company. Exactly when the old-time activity of the mills will again become a surety, it is impossible to say, but already operations are being carried on on a small scale. The new corporation will be known as the Dundee Mills Co.

GEORGE A. ROBIE.

George A. Robie, Hooksett's oldest and leading merchant, was born here, June 21, 1840, receiving his early education in the public schools



Residence of George A. Robie.

of the town and the academy at Chester.

Mr. Robie has always lived in his native town, with the exception of a year in Derry. He has taken an active interest in all projects pertaining to the welfare of the town. Politically he has always been a staunch Republican, and has been signally honored by his party. Some of the best offices within the gift of the people of Hooksett he has held, first being elected town clerk in 1862, which

office he held for twelve years. Following this he was selectman for five years, and representative to the legislature for a term of two years. Mr. Robie has also been a member of the school board for several years, and postmaster during the administrations of Presidents Arthur, Harrison, and McKinley. One of the landmarks of Hooksett is the general store, which has been conducted by Mr. Robie for a long term of years, making him one of the oldest business men in the state.

He is a prominent member of many of the leading fraternal orders, having joined the order of Odd Fellows in April 1, 1869, and having since been prominent in their councils. He was instrumental in organizing Friendship lodge of Hooksett, and has passed through all the chairs of the order. He is also a member of Canton General Stark of Suncook, Social Rebekah lodge, and the Odd Fellows Veteran association of Manchester.



Post-office and Store of George A. Robie & Son.



Albert F. Davis.

In 1872 he joined Eureka lodge of Masons at Concord, and has since taken a demit and become a charter member of Jewel lodge of Suncook, and of Hiram Chapter. He is a member of Hooksett grange, and has served as its master.

In January, 1862, Mr. Robie was united in marriage with Miss Angie A. Wheeler of Newbury, Vt. One son, Arthur G. Robie, now associated with his father in business, has blessed their union.

Mr. Robie is widely and favorably known throughout the community in which he lives for sterling qualities which have made him successful in all his undertakings. A strict regard for truth and honesty in all his busi-

ness dealings has resulted in the building up of his large and successful establishment, and his affability and geniality have made him a general favorite socially.

ALBERT F. DAVIS.

Albert F. Davis was born at Billerica, Mass., May 11, 1840. His early education was received in a private school near his home, and, later, he attended the schools of Hooksett and Manchester.

For more than forty years he has been located on a fine farm in the part of Hooksett known as "Martin's," and has been engaged in farming as well as carrying on an extensive milk business.

August 10, 1862, Mr. Davis married Adelia Bartlett of Burlington, Vt., and the couple have only recently celebrated in a quiet manner the thirty-ninth anniversary of their wedding.

Mr. Davis is a member of Friendship lodge, I. O. O. F., of Hooksett, and of Social lodge, D. of R. He has taken all the degrees of Odd Fellowship, and has been repeatedly asked to take the chairs. For personal reasons he has always declined such advancement.

While in no sense a politician, Mr. Davis has always been a public spirited citizen, and has held the offices of selectman, tax collector, and supervisor. For some years he has also been a member of the school board. He has been frequently mentioned as a most probable candidate for representative at the next election, but he has given no assurance that he will make the running. In politics he is a steadfast Republican, and his election, if he consents to the use of his name, is practically assured.

ARAH W. PRESCOTT.

Arah W. Prescott was born at Bristol, February 20, 1834. At an early age he removed with his parents to the town of Hooksett, where he still resides. At eight years of age he went to work on a farm, and at nine accepted employment in the Hooksett woolen mills. His early education was received in the schools of Hooksett, and later he attended the academies at Derry and New Ipswich.

When a young man he went to Manchester and entered the mills of that city. His duties were performed in such a manner as to earn him promotion to the post of overseer, which he held many years. In 1864 he forsook the mills and embarked in the butchering business for a short time, only to return to the mills again. During his employment in Manchester he taught an evening writing school, and many men now prominent in business and professional life owe their skill in penmanship to his careful teaching.



Residence of Albert F. Davis.



Arah W. Prescott.

At the age of twenty-two he married Anna Ward of Hill. Three children were born to them, Ida A., Willie E., and Grace M. Mr. Prescott is a member of Hillsborough lodge, I. O. O. F., and has been identified with Odd Fellowship for thirty-one years. He is a Universalist in religious faith, but has taught a class in the Union Sunday-school at Hooksett for more than fifteen years.

Mr. Prescott held the office of selectman, from 1868, for several years, and was subsequently elected a member of the school board. Both offices were only relinquished when a pressure of business prevented him from attending to the many duties they

imposed upon him. To-day Mr. Prescott owns one of the finest places in the entire town, and is gradually withdrawing from the wood and timber business, in which he was long engaged. Real estate operations occupy his attention at present, and considerable holdings in Hooksett and Manchester are given his personal attention.

JOHN C. GAULT.

The Gault family first settled in Hooksett in the early years of the eighteenth century. Samuel Gault, born in Ayrshire, Scotland, was the first of the family to emigrate to America. In his early manhood Samuel visited Wales and was there



John C. Gault.

married to Elsie Carleton. The couple lived at Londonderry, Ire., for a short time before coming to this country.

The original Gault homestead was on the stage road from Manchester to Concord, but a short distance from what is now the centre of the village. It was a garrison house in the days of Indian depredations. Matthew, the son of Samuel and Elsie Gault, served with credit in the War of the Revolution. He was with General Stark at Bennington, later with Washington at Morristown, and finally stationed at West Point for a term. He married a daughter of Capt. Andrew Bunton of Chester.

The next son of the line was also

named Matthew, and was a pioneer of the brick manufacturing industry in Hooksett. He was also prominent in state and county affairs. His son, Norris C. Gault, was also interested in the brick manufacturing industry for many years but has now retired. He represented the town of Hooksett in the legislature in 1867, and was a selectman for a number of years.

John C. Gault was born in Hooksett, February 28, 1872. He is the son of Norris C. and Anne (Mitchell) Gault. He was educated at Pembroke academy, graduating in 1890, and Dartmouth college, graduating from the latter in 1895. Since leaving college he has continuously engaged in teaching. He was master

of the Haven school of Portsmouth from September, 1895, until December of the following year, when he assumed a position as supervising principal of the Webster school of Manchester, which he still occupies.

Mr. Gault is unmarried, and a member of the Methodist church. While at Dartmouth he was a member of the Kappa Kappa Kappa and

prominent of our early New England aristocrats, always the abode of good cheer and hospitality, the Ayer House, situated nearly opposite the passenger station, has a right to the honor and prominence which is accorded it in the town traditions.

It was the home of the man who had more to do than any other with the formation of the town of Hook-



Pearson's Hotel, formerly the Ayer House.

Casque and Gauntlet societies, and has since affiliated himself with Damon lodge, K. of P., of Portsmouth, Jewell lodge, and Hiram Chapter, F. and A. M., of Suncook.

He has always been a liberal Democrat in politics, and is a member of the school board of his native town. His personal popularity was recently proven when he was chosen as the most popular teacher in Manchester to make a trip to the Pan-American exposition, in a voting contest arranged by a Manchester newspaper.

THE AYER HOUSE.

The temporary abode of at least two presidents of the United States, the rendezvous of some of the most

sett and of the county of Merrimack, who was a noteworthy example of the true-hearted, hospitable country gentleman of a century since, being originally the residence of the Hon. Richard H. Ayer, who was born at Concord, January 12, 1778, and who died in Manchester, February 5, 1853.

Mr. Ayer was an intimate friend of President Franklin Pierce, and frequently entertained the nation's chief executive for weeks at a time. He was appointed collector of the port of Portsmouth by President Pierce. Another guest at the Ayer homestead was President Andrew Jackson, who made a brief stay there during his tour of New England.

Quaint tales have been handed down of the lavish entertainments furnished distinguished guests in the early years of the nineteenth century by Richard Ayer and his estimable wife, a daughter of Peter Green of Concord. It was not until after Mr. Ayer's death that the house passed into other hands, and it was in 1864 that Horace Bonney opened it as a tavern.

In somewhat less than forty years that the house has been utilized as a hotel it has harbored some of the most distinguished men in the state, and has ever been noted for the bounteousness and excellence of its fare. It is at present owned and conducted by James M. Pearson who is naturally proud of the historic past of his establishment. The interior has been modernized until it is now as cozy and comfortable a hostelry as can be found anywhere in the interior of the state.

JAMES M. PEARSON.

James Monroe Pearson, proprietor of the Ayer House, was born at Lynn, Mass., July 22, 1858. His education was received in the schools of his native city, and when a young man he entered the hotel business. After thoroughly mastering the details of the business he assumed the proprietorship of the Valley hotel at Hillsborough Bridge, and later of Osgood's Inn at Suncook. In each of these ventures he was successful, and his fame was widespread as a bountiful and hospitable host.

Mr. Pearson married Miss Susie E. Lane of Exeter. Politically he has always been a staunch Republican, but has never sought office as reward for his adherence to party principles.

He is a member of Jewell lodge, F. & A. M., and of Hiram chapter.

The Ayer House, which has been mentioned above, is one of the landmarks of the town, and is an object of much interest to casual visitors in Hooksett, on account of the traditions connected with it. It is now a hotel of modern appointments, finely



James M. Pearson.

furnished and with excellent facilities for the accommodation of guests. The building of the new electric road to a point within a few hundred feet of its doors will render it easily accessible to the people of this district.

RICHARD A. LANTRY.

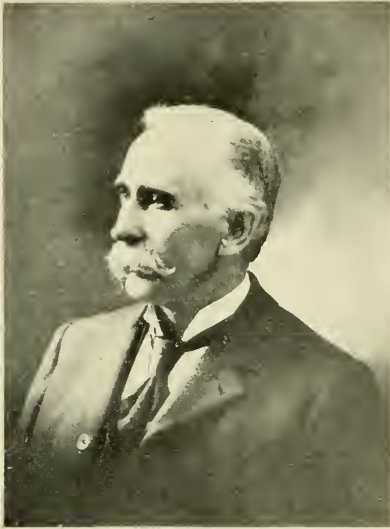
Richard A. Lantry was born in the West, November 29, 1846, but removed to New England when a very young man. His life has been an unusually active one, and he has held positions which bespeak for him the absolute confidence in which he is held by his friends and fellow-citizens.

His early education was received in the common schools, and he is in the fullest sense a self-made man. His position as station agent at Hooksett station has been continuously held during the past thirty-one years.

Mr. Lantry is a prominent member of the Odd Fellows and the Masonic fraternities and also belongs to the



Residence of Richard A. Lantry.



Richard A. Lantry.

Grange. He is and always has been a Republican in politics and has been successively clerk of the town, its treasurer for twenty-five years, ten years treasurer of the board of education and of the Republican club, and in 1889-1890 he represented Hooksett in the general court of New Hampshire. Mr. Lantry, in addition to the above duties, has found time to discharge during more than twenty years those of a justice of the peace.

When a young man he married Miss M. H. Durgin and four children, Mary Ellen, Albert Clark, Ma-

bel Durgin, and Cora Drusilla Lantry, have been born to them. Mr. Lantry is widely and favorably known throughout the state for his sound judgment on matters business and political, and for his sterling integrity.

EDWIN A. TYRRELL.

Edwin A. Tyrrell, a citizen prominent in town affairs, was born at Paxton, Mass., May 15, 1851. For nearly fifteen years he has continuously held the position of postmaster and station agent at "Martin's," in South Hooksett.



Edwin A. Tyrrell.

Mr. Tyrrell removed with his parents when very young to Cambridge, Vt., where he received his early education. Later he attended the schools at Troy, Vt., and upon the death of his parents in the late sixties, he removed to Manchester, where he accepted a position in the Manchester mill.

In September, 1887, Mr. Tyrrell located in Hooksett, having been appointed station agent at Martin's depot. During the same year, under the administration of President Cleveland, he was appointed postmaster.

Mr. Tyrrell has held several important town offices during his residence in Hooksett, having been supervisor in 1890 and 1891, and ever since that time a member of the board of selectmen. In 1899 and

1900 he was chairman of the selectmen, and in 1899 was sent to Concord to represent the town in the legislature. He is also a member of the board of trade of Hooksett, and was appointed a justice of the peace in February, 1897. Fraternally he is a member of Wildey lodge, I. O. O. F., of Manchester.

Mr. Tyrrell was married May 2, 1871, to Miss Junia A. Ela of Hooksett, who died in 1885, leaving three children, Leona O., Arthur J., and Wesley E. His second marriage was contracted December 24, 1885, with Miss Augusta R. Hatch of Malden, Mass. One daughter, Miss Leona O. Tyrrell, was united in marriage on June 15, 1899, with Orin J. Cate, a prosperous young farmer of the town.

ON THE PISCATAQUA—NOVEMBER.

By Charles Henry Chesley.

My boat swings idly, pointed to the bay,
The tide is making in without a sound;
A school of pollock, leaping in their play,
Send widening ripples far and farther 'round.

The anchor holds; the flood is mirrored glass,
From shore to shore no form breaks on the sight
Save here and there a patch of floating grass,
A phantom shape amid the morning light.

In from the sea a line of wild geese comes,
Intent to reach the reedy marshes near;
A sheldrake hurries by on wing that hums,
And lo, the gray November dawn is here.





Photograph by F. B. Webster.

Ruffed Grouse and Young.

BIRDS IN THEIR ECONOMIC RELATIONS. II.

By Ned Dearborn and Clarence M. Weed.

THE BOB WHITE.



THE bob white is found from Minnesota to Texas and eastward. It is favorably regarded by epicures and gunners and deserves the good will of those interested in agriculture. It lives in fields and pastures and during the summer feeds largely on insects. When insects are not plentiful, vegetable matter, which is always taken in greater or less quantities, becomes the staple form of diet. This includes grains, seeds, nuts, berries, and green leaves. It is recorded as a destroyer of the army worm in Massachusetts. Twenty-one quail taken in Nebraska, between May and October, had all eaten seeds and from thirty-one to forty-seven insects each. Of

two taken in New Hampshire in the winter when the ground was covered with snow, and examined by the writer, one had eaten 7 oats, 10 barberries, 1 poison ivy seed, and some bits of green leaf that were not determined; the other had eaten 25 oats, 12 barberries, 7 small seeds, and 9 leaves of white clover. The oats had evidently been taken from horse droppings in the road near by.

THE PRAIRIE HEN.

The prairie hen is of more importance than any other member of the grouse family. It is abundant in the prairie region drained by the Mississippi, and furnishes regular occupation for a multitude of gunners. Markets East and West are supplied with them.

The food of this species seems to be not materially different from that of other grouse in temperate latitudes. Insects form the major portion of its diet in summer. It is fond of grasshoppers and lives on them almost exclusively when they are sufficiently abundant.

In autumn and winter it is usually found in the grain fields feeding on cereals as well as seeds and berries. In the northern portions of its range the females usually migrate southward to escape the rigors of winter, leaving the stronger males on the home ground.

THE RUFFED GROUSE.

The ruffed grouse as a game bird ranks higher in popular esteem in the East than any other bird. The flesh is white and delicious, and its wariness and rapid flight exact the best efforts of even the most experienced sportsman. Its food habits are of secondary importance, but, nevertheless, interesting. The following from the pen of Dr. A. K. Fisher of the department of agriculture, Washington, bears directly on this point:

"The ruffed grouse is very fond of grasshoppers and crickets as an article of diet, and when these insects are abundant it is rare to find a stomach or crop that does not contain their remains. One specimen, shot late in October, had the crop and stomach distended with the larvæ *Edema albifrons*, a caterpillar which feeds extensively on the leaves of the oak. Beechnuts, chestnuts, and acorns of the chestnut and white oaks are also common articles of food. Among berries early in the season, the blackberries, blueberries, raspberries, and elderberries are

eaten with relish, while later in the year, the wintergreen (*Gaultheria*), partridge berry (*Mitchella*), with their foliage, sumach berries (including those of the poisonous species), cranberries, black alder (*Ilex*), dogwood (*Cornus*), nanny berries (*Viburnum*), and wild grapes form their chief diet. In the fall the foliage of plants often forms a large part of their food, that of clover, strawberry, butternut, wintergreen, and partridge berry predominating. In the winter these birds feed on the buds of trees, preferring those of the apple tree, ironwood, black and white birch, and poplar."

In isolated cases ruffed grouse cause some damage to fruit trees by eating the buds in winter. The extent of the injury which a grouse is capable of doing in a season may be estimated from the contents of a crop examined by the writer. It was taken from a female shot in January and contained 347 apple tree buds, 88 maple buds, and 12 leaves of sheep laurel. This was, of course, a single meal, and as two such meals are eaten per day, it must be reckoned as half the daily consumption.

One of the crops of four birds killed



Bob White.

during the latter part of September and subjected to the same scrutiny showed barberries, 5 per cent., sumach seeds, 20 per cent., and apple pulp, 20 per cent. Another contained 10 per cent. of mushrooms and 90 per cent. of red-humped oak caterpillars (*Edema albifrons*). The other two were shot from the same flock at the same time. Their crops were packed with the oak caterpillars just mentioned and white oak acorns, the ratio being 60 per cent. and 77 per cent. caterpillars against 40 per cent. and 23 per cent. acorns respectively.

THE PASSENGER PIGEON.

Most educated Americans are familiar with accounts of the enormous numbers of passenger pigeons which formerly inhabited many of our states. Some of the stories seem almost incredible, but there can be no doubt that they are substantially true. Audubon's graphic description is well worth quoting in this connection :

"Let us now inspect the places of nightly rendezvous. One of these curious roosting places on the bank of the Green river in Kentucky I repeatedly visited. It was, as is always the case, in a portion of the forest where the trees are of great magnitude, and where there was little underwood. I rode through it upwards of forty miles, and crossing it in different parts, found its average breadth to be rather more than three miles. My first view of it was about a fortnight subsequent to the period when they had made a choice of it, and I arrived there two hours before sunset. Few pigeons were then to be seen, but a great number of persons, with horses and wagons, guns and

ammunition, had already established encampments on the borders. Two farmers from the vicinity of Russelsville, distant more than a hundred miles, had driven upwards of three hundred hogs to be fattened on the pigeons which were to be slaughtered. Here and there the people employed in plucking and salting what had already been procured, were seen sitting in the midst of large piles of these birds. The dung lay several inches deep, covering the whole extent of the roosting-place like a bed of snow. Many trees I observed were broken off at no great distance from the ground, and the branches of many of the largest and tallest had given way, as if the forest had been swept by a tornado. Everything proved to me that the number of birds resorting to this part of the forest must be immense beyond conception. As the period of their arrival approached, their foes anxiously prepared to receive them. Some were provided with iron pots containing sulphur, others with torches of pine knots, many with poles, and the rest with guns. The sun was lost to our view, yet not a dozen had arrived. Everything was ready and all eyes were gazing on the clear sky which appeared in glimpses through the tall trees. Suddenly there burst forth a general cry of 'Here they come.' The noise which they made, though yet distant, reminded me of a hard gale at sea, passing through the rigging of a close-reefed vessel. As the birds arrived and passed over me, I felt a current of air that surprised me. Thousands were soon knocked down by the pole men. The birds continued to pour in. The fires were

lighted, and a magnificent as well as wonderful and almost terrifying sight presented itself. The pigeons arrived by thousands, alighted everywhere, one above another, until solid masses as large as hogsheads were formed on the branches all around. Here and there the perches gave way under the weight with a crash, and falling to the ground destroyed hundreds of the birds beneath, forcing down the dense groups with which every stick was loaded. It was a scene of uproar and confusion. I found it quite useless to speak, or even to shout to those persons who were nearest to me. Even the reports of the guns were seldom heard, and I was made aware of the firing only by seeing the shooters reloading.

"No one dared venture within the line of devastation. The hogs had been penned up in due time, the picking up of the dead and wounded being for the next morning's employment. The pigeons were constantly coming, and it was past midnight before I perceived a decrease in the number of those that arrived. The uproar continued the whole night, and as I was anxious to know to what distance the sound reached, I sent off a man accustomed to perambulate the forest, who, returning two hours afterwards, informed me he had heard it distinctly when three miles distant from the spot. Toward the approach of day the noise in some measure subsided. Long before objects were distinguishable the pigeons began to move off in a direction quite different from that in which they arrived the evening before, and by sunrise all that were able to fly had disappeared. The howlings of

the wolves now reached our ears, and the foxes, lynxes, cougars, bears, raccoons, opossums, and pole-cats were seen sneaking off, whilst eagles and hawks of different species, accompanied by a crowd of vultures, came to supplant them and to enjoy their share of the spoil.

"It was then that the authors of all this devastation began their entry amongst the dead, the dying, and the mangled. The pigeons were picked up and piled in heaps, until each had as many as he could possibly dispose of, when the hogs were let loose to feed upon the remainder."

The food of the passenger pigeon is almost wholly of a vegetable nature, although occasionally a few insects are eaten. Its usual diet consists of acorns and other nuts, together with seeds and grains. In the United States the passenger pigeon is now practically an extinct bird, the ruthless persecution it has endured having led to this result.

The mourning or Carolina dove is the only other species of the pigeon family that need be mentioned here. It is a beautiful bird whose plumage and habits entitle it to a higher consideration than judging from its diet alone it might be thought to deserve. It is vegetivorous, but seems to feed more freely on the seeds of weeds than on cultivated grains. Professor King took 4,016 seeds of pigeon-grass (*Setaria*) from the stomach of a single bird.

THE PLOVERS.

The plovers are generally distinguished by their bills which are of only medium length and are constricted between the base and tip; most of them lack a hind toe.

Economically, they stand with the rest of the shore birds. Of the half dozen species found in our territory, we will consider the three most important, namely—the ring-neck plover, the kildeer, and the golden plover.

The ring-necked plover is a dif-



American Woodcock.

fused species, abundant during their migrations, especially along the beaches. Though numbers of them are shot the bit they furnish seems hardly worth the ammunition. They are of more value living, as eleven stomachs examined by Professor Aughey testify; in each were from fifty-three to sixty insects, more than half being locusts.

In many parts of the United States the kildeer or the kildeer plover is one of the most familiar country birds. It is a summer resident in most of the Northern states. It commonly occurs in upland pastures, as well as along the margins of shallow ponds, or the beaches of lakes or the ocean. It winters in the South; in Florida we have seen these birds abundant during January in small flocks spending most of their time along the shores of the numerous ponds and lakes of that state. The major portion of the food consists of insects;

angle worms, crayfish and similar creatures making up the remainder. In the stomachs of thirteen specimens examined by King there were found ants, grasshoppers, and crickets and their eggs, caterpillars, moths, wireworms, curculios, plant beetles, a crane-fly, and angle worms. "The food habits and haunts of the kildeer are such as to bind it closely in economic relation with that all too small band of birds, which, like the meadow lark, frequent the open cultivated fields. On account of their relationship the kildeer plover should be stricken from the list of 'game birds,' and encouraged to breed in greater abundance in cultivated fields and meadows."

The golden plover breeds in the Arctic regions, but in the migration seasons it is very abundant and is highly esteemed as a game bird. It feeds on grasshoppers and other insects, worms, and berries.

THE SNIPES.

In the snipe family are many birds highly valued as game birds, and some that are useful as insect destroyers. At the head of the list stands the American woodcock, a familiar game bird in the Eastern states and occurring as far west as Nebraska. Few birds have so many good points as this; it is preëminently a game bird in all senses of the term, demanding all the skill of the hunter and being unexcelled in the quality of its flesh.

It is one of the earliest arrivals in spring and the return flight is not completed until late in autumn. In spring and early summer it lives in swampy places, probing the black mud with its long bill for worms. In

August it flies out to the cornfields where it finds an abundance of worms, grasshoppers, and other insects; the shade of the tall corn being quite as agreeable to these birds as the tangles of the swamp. Later they return to the runs, but after the leaves have begun to fall they may often be found on high ground, in hardwood forests, or among the high shrubbery of neglected pastures. Here they turn over leaves, looking for hidden insects and larvæ that lie underneath. This is in October when the woodcock is at its best. A curious feature of a woodcock's bill, recently discovered, is that it is able to bend its upper mandible upward toward the point, which must aid it in the process of feeling about for worms deep in the soft earth.

The American or Wilson's snipe is similar in its makeup to the woodcock, but it chooses different abodes. This snipe is found in open wet places, in meadows, or on sedgy banks, where it can force its long, sensitive bill into the soft turf. Besides the worms taken in this way it also catches many grasshoppers and other insects found upon the surface. Eight out of eleven stomachs opened by Professor Aughey contained from thirty-eight to sixty locusts each, besides other insects. The toothsome-ness of the snipe is equal to that of the woodcock, though its size is somewhat less.

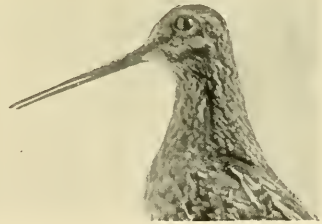
The gray snipe, or dowicher, is similar to the last, except that it is chiefly confined to the coast and consequently destroys few noxious insects, though it is quite as much a favorite with the gunner.

The marbled godwit is one of the largest of the shore birds; it is

known on the Atlantic coast only in the South, but is widely diffused in the temperate regions of the interior. During the breeding season it is often found on the prairies some distance from water. Its diet is purely insectivorous. Richardson tells us that on the Saskatchewan Plains it frequents marshes and bogs, walking on the swamp moss, and thrusting down its long bill to the nostrils in quest of worms and leeches.

The Hudsonian godwit is somewhat smaller than the last, and though more widely distributed, is far less common.

The willet occurs as a summer resident throughout the country, though more commonly coast-wise. It is a large, noisy species, not different in its food habits from shore birds in general. It follows marshes, often annoying hunters by its shrill notes of alarm. Other birds have learned to take warning when the willet cries, and leave a dangerous neighborhood. The name tattler has been applied to



Wilson's Snipe.

it and to others of its class. In spite of all their acuteness they often fall a victim to the huntsman, and willets are shot in large numbers every season.

The greater yellow-legs is another tattler much sought in the marshes. It is chiefly a migrant through the

country at large, noisy and restless like the willet.

The upland sandpiper, commonly called the upland plover, is something of an anomaly, being fitted out with a wader's bill and legs, yet avoiding the water. It is common from the Rocky mountains eastward, breeding on the prairies of the Western states and on high grass land in the East. It feeds on beetles, grasshoppers, and other insects, and is a continual benefit while it stays. Aughey states that in Nebraska in locust years, "the bulk of the food of this species consisted of locusts." Rev. J. H. Langille relates that they sometimes devour cantharides; their flesh then becomes a violent emetic. It holds a high place as a game bird, and is unsurpassed for the table.

The curlews are distinguished from the other snipes by their size and long, decurved bills. Of the three species found in our limits, the long-billed curlew, or sickle-billed, is the largest and most abundant. Its habitat is the whole of North America. It breeds throughout its range, but most abundantly along the Atlantic coast and on the prairies of the Northwest. These birds are generally found near the water, feeding upon the various forms of animal life common to the shore. In summer they devour many grasshoppers and kindred insects. Of 10 stomachs examined by Aughey, 8 had from 51 to 70 locusts, besides seeds and other insects; the other 2 had from 53 to 61 other insects, and from 15 to 20 seeds. Wilson tells us that in the fall they frequent uplands in search of bramble berries upon which they get very fat.

The Hudsonian and Eskimo cur-

lews are migrants only, breeding in high latitudes and mostly passing beyond our southern boundaries in winter. Their food habits are quite similar to those of the sickle bill. All eat more or less seeds and berries, differing in this respect from the majority of sandpipers.

There is quite a list of small sandpipers which are very similar to each other in economic value. Their diet consists chiefly of aquatic insects, worms, and small mollusks. Their open habits do not commend them to sportsmen, and they are too small to be of much consequence as food. The pot hunter, however, destroys numbers of them each season along the beaches, preferring thus to earn a few pennies by a slaughter of the innocents and to gratify a lust for murder rather than to turn his hand to honorable labor.

THE PHALAROPES.

The phalaropes are a family of small, sandpiper-like birds having lobed toes and thick under feathers which enable them to swim. They are usually seen floating lightly about upon the water, catching flies in the air or gathering larvæ from the water; on shore they take worms and various aquatic forms found there. The best known representative of the family is Wilson's phalarope, which is abundant in the Mississippi valley and westward, though rarely occurring east of Illinois.

The two species, the red and northern phalaropes, appear in limited numbers during migration, but they are of comparatively little importance.

THE RAILS.

The rails are narrow-bodied birds of medium size, which live in reedy

marshes. They are much sought by sportsmen and are considered very good birds for the table. They are very shy and hard to flush, depending more upon their legs for safety than upon their wings. They fly awkwardly and with seeming difficulty—a puzzling matter when the extent of their migration is considered.

The members of the genus *Rallus*, comprising the clapper, king, and Virginia rails, have bills longer than the head, and feed chiefly upon grasshoppers, snails, small crabs, aquatic insects, and occasionally a few seeds. The clapper rail frequents salt marshes as far north as Massachusetts. The rails are found from Texas to Kansas and eastward, though not usually north of the Middle states in the East. Seven stomachs of king rails taken at different times between May and October, opened by Aughey, contained from 17 to 48 locusts, and from 14 to 49 other insects, besides a few seeds, in each. The Virginia rail is the most common rail in the Eastern states as far north as New England.

Members of the Genus *Porzana*, including the Carolina rail, the black rail, and the yellow crake, have rather thick bills, shorter than the head, and feed more on vegetable matter. The only one of the group common enough to be of any special importance is the Carolina rail. Thousands of these rails are killed annually in the Atlantic states for market. They feed largely on seeds in the fall when they become fat and are excellent eating. They are a

diffused species breeding from the Middle states northward.

THE GALLINULES, COOT, AND CRANES.

The gallinules resemble the rails in their habit and appearance. They are larger than most rails, however,



Head of Clapper Rail.

and are distinguished by a horny plate or shield, which extends from the bill upward over the forehead. Their food is not noticeably different from that of the genus *Porzana* of the rails. The purple gallinule is a resident of the South Atlantic and Gulf states. The Florida gallinule is found throughout the warmer portions of the country, rarely reaching New England. Both are called mud hens by gunners.

The term mud hen is also applied to the coot, which is allied to the gallinules, having the same outline and frontal shield. It is peculiar in having lobate toes, which enable it to swim easily. Most of its time is spent on the water along marshy shores, where it finds shelter among the tall grass and reeds. Its food consists of insects, aquatic plants, and small mollusks. Its flesh is frequently eaten, though generally it is not highly esteemed.

The cranes are large waders re-

sembling the herons in outward appearance, but differing from them in structure and habits. The whooping crane is chiefly a migrant, moving up and down the Mississippi valley with the changing seasons; it is an omnivorous feeder. Audubon found these birds in November tearing up lily-roots from the bottom of a dry pond. Again in the same month he says "they resort to fields, and feed on grain and peas and dig up potatoes which they devour with remarkable greediness." In April they had left the fields and removed to the swamps and lakes, where they caught frogs, lizards, snakes, and young alligators. He saw one catch and swallow a butterfly, and from the stomach of another he took a fifteen-inch garter snake. Wilson credits them with eating mice, moles, and rats.

The sand-bill crane is common in the South and West, being a more southerly species than the whooping crane. Four stomachs of this crane examined by Aughey showed from 37 to 80 locusts, and from 36 to 78 other insects in each, besides more or less seeds.

THE HERONS, IBISES, AND STORKS.

The herons are waders, with sharp, spear-like bills, that frequent shores and marshes, feeding on any sort of animals small enough to be swallowed that may come in their way. Their flesh has a fishy taste which renders it unpalatable to most people. Taxonomists separate the ibises and storks from the herons proper, but as they all have the same economic value, it will best serve our purpose to consider them under the same heading.

The white ibis is an abundant resident of Florida, common throughout

the South Atlantic and Gulf states and northward to Ohio. It feeds upon crabs, craw-fish, snails, and the like. Audubon relates that when crawfish burrow deeply to find water in dry seasons, this ibis procures them by crushing the mound raised about the burrow, some of the dirt falls down upon the crawfish, which hastens to the surface to throw it out again when the crafty bird quickly plucks him from his hiding place.

The wood stork, better known as the wood ibis, is a large, gregarious wader, usually found in thickly wooded swamps of the Southern states. It devours fish, snakes, frogs, young alligators, crabs, rats, and young birds. It is related to the famous white stork of Europe.

The bittern, or stake-driver, is common throughout the country. It is a solitary bird, inhabiting weedy marshes, but known by its peculiar cry. During the day it hides among the tall grass and reeds, picking up a grasshopper or a beetle, or, perchance, a young mouse now and then. Towards evening it seeks the water and attends to its regular meal, which consists principally of small frogs and fish.

The great blue heron, the largest of its tribe in America, is well known in all quarters. Its tall and graceful form is often seen on the borders of ponds and streams, when it moves with a stealthy tread, on a combined watch for food and enemies. It lives principally upon fish and frogs, but readily devours grasshoppers, dragon-flies, water-boatmen, seeds, and even meadow mice. Small pickerel, which like to bask in the sunshine in shallow water, are destroyed in great numbers by this heron.

The green heron is another widely diffused species. It is the common small heron found beside brooks and in muddy places, at or near water margins. Being small, its diet is restricted to worms, insects, and their larvæ, tadpoles, small fish, and frogs.

The great white egret is found in the Southern states, but in much smaller numbers than formerly. This egret, in common with several smaller species, has, for years, been the object of unremitting persecution by plume hunters. As the coveted plumes appear only at the nuptial season, they are easily procured by visiting the heronries when the egrets assemble in great numbers to breed. It is not unheard of for one man thus

to kill several hundred old birds in one day, leaving the young to starve, and the dead bodies to rot after a few choice feathers have been plucked. Egret plumes are worn by certain dressy organized bodies of men, military and otherwise, and ladies. Much has been said and written of late against wearing feathers of wild birds, and it is to be hoped that the tide of popular sentiment may be turned against it, before such unfortunately beautiful birds as the egrets shall have been exterminated.

Although there are a number of herons that have not been mentioned, a complete enumeration would add nothing to what has already been said concerning the relations of herons to the welfare of man.



The Green Heron.



Hannah Dustin Monument, City Hall Park, Haverhill, Mass.



Views of Hannah Dustin Monument, Dustin Island Penacook, N. H.

THE STORY OF HANNAH DUSTIN.

A SEVENTEENTH CENTURY HEROINE OF HAVERHILL, MASSACHUSETTS,
AND CONCORD, NEW HAMPSHIRE.

By Mary E. Desmond.



SO much has been said and written in recent years regarding the "new woman" and her work that the achievements of the women of former days who did not figure among the so-called "enthralled" are apt to be lost sight of when contemplating the advanced ideas of the strong-minded women of to-day. These are heralding their views far and wide and are bringing into glaring publicity and notoriety the fair name of woman which should ever be synonymous with gentleness, kindness, and all that goes toward the formation of the character of a true womanly woman in any and all ages.

That the majority of women are naturally timid and lack the courage of the sterner sex is a wise dispensation of Providence. The protection of women from danger has again and again called out the highest qualities in man's character. Their relation to women in the rôle of protectors and natural guardians has descended to us from Adam; and, despite the rantings of those who feel called upon to "free women from slavery" such will continue to be their relative positions, and the true woman's "rights" will always consist of the right to be loving, ten-

der, gentle, kindly, and compassionate toward the weak and erring as her special prerogative.

Yet, although women are timid by nature, time and time again in the face of great danger they have proven themselves heroines and have amazed the world by their courage and daring and their powers of endurance. Qualities hitherto unknown even to themselves have developed when the need arose, and the record of their deeds of heroism has come down to us in the pages of history.

Among the heroines that the seventeenth century produced in this then sparsely settled country is Mrs. Hannah Dustin of Haverhill, Massachusetts, who in 1697 performed a deed which has made her name immortal in the history of that city and in the annals of the early history of the old Bay state, and also in the neighboring state of New Hampshire.

Haverhill was settled by the white man in 1640, at a time when what is now a thriving city of 37,175 inhabitants was the abode of a tribe of Pentucket Indians, who called their home along the northern bank of the Merrimack river after the name of their tribe. The settlement of this spot by civilized citizens was brought about by the petition of Nathaniel Ward and other residents of New-

bury, Mass., which is situated about six miles further down the Merrimack, for a grant of land at this place, and it was presented at the session of the general court held at Boston, May 13, 1640. The petition was granted, and the autumn following these hardy settlers came from Newbury and commenced a settlement on what is now the eastern portion of the city. Mr. Ward's chief object in coming to Haverhill was to get a settlement for his son, Rev. John Ward, who was the minister of the first Protestant church society in Haverhill. In consideration of the fact that the Rev. Mr. Ward was a native of Haverhill, England, the new settlement was named Haverhill. The site of the first church near the bank of the river, which was surrounded by a burial-ground, and which is the oldest cemetery in Haverhill, is at present called Pentucket cemetery, and a street in the thickly-settled residential portion of the city also bears the historic name of the Indian tribe whose wigwams once lined the shores of the Merrimack. The site of the ancient burial-ground of this tribe of Indians is now occupied by a large block on Merrimack street, which is the centre of the retail trade of the city. The name of the first minister has been perpetuated by a street which was laid out a few years ago near the site of his residence and which has been designated John Ward avenue.

There was also an early settlement in the western portion of the town which was called West Parish and which is known by that name to-day. Here, in 1697, were a few farm-houses, widely scattered, and large tracts of land, only a portion of which

in the vicinity of the houses being cultivated. At this time in Haverhill's history the Indians were very troublesome as their hatred had been aroused by the coming of the white men and the usurpation of their fishing and hunting grounds. In many cases the settlers had conciliated them by money and other offerings, yet occasional outbreaks occurred and these had made the settlers alert to the slyness of the attacks of the red men.

At the period of which we write, 1697, there had been several outbreaks, and the fall previous had witnessed many cruel deaths of the victims of the Indian's hatred and the capture of several prisoners. On the fifteenth of March of this year occurred one of the worst of these attacks. Without any warning, twenty Indians, attired in fighting costume and decorated with war paint, made an onslaught on the inhabitants of the western portion of the town. The first house attacked was that of Thomas Dustin, which was situated on a road which has since been named Monument street. In the house were Mrs. Dustin and a babe a week old, seven children of Mr. and Mrs. Dustin, and a nurse named Mary Neff. Mr. Dustin was working in the fields not far distant, and, learning of the approach of the Indians, he hastened home to warn his family and to remove them to a place of safety. On reaching the house he told the children to run to the garri-son house which was about a mile distant, and he then went to his wife's bedside to remove her to the same refuge. Before she had time to get up the Indians had reached the house. The agonized father knew

not what to do in the extremity. Outside on their way to the garrison were seven of his children; inside were his wife and babe. Frantically he rushed out with the idea of saving as many of the children as he could carry away with him on his horse, but in his love for them he could not take one in preference to another. When he overtook them he was fired at by the Indians, but defending himself and them as best he could with the aid of a gun, finally, after a hard struggle, he succeeded in placing them in the garrison house which was situated on what is known as Pecker's Hill. The old house has been recently torn down and only the cellar now remains to mark the spot.

In the meantime the Indians had entered the house and roughly forced Mrs. Dustin to rise and dress and prepare to march with them. The nurse tried to escape with the baby but she fell into the arms of two Indians who were entering the door, and she was also taken prisoner. The savages then filled the house and later set fire to it. The small band that had been pursuing Mr. Dustin and his children now returned, and in company with other captives, Mrs. Dustin and the child and nurse started on their enforced journey toward the New Hampshire line, which was not far distant. When a short distance from the scene of the capture, the infant began to cry and one of the savages snatched it from its mother's arms and dashed its brains out against an apple tree, which stood for many years afterward and was pointed out as the scene of the tragedy. About twelve miles northward were traveled that night, and during the next few

days the captives journeyed over one hundred and fifty miles.

The Indian who claimed Mrs. Dustin and Mrs. Neff as his property lived on a small island in the Merrimack river, at the junction of that stream and the Contoocook river, a few miles above Concord, N. H. Since that time the island has been called Dustin's island. Here a halt was made and the women lived here as captives, working for the family which consisted of two men, three women, and seven children. Another prisoner, a boy captured at Worcester, Mass., a year and a half previous, named Samuel Leonardson, shared their misery.

The night of the last day of March was fast waning, yet to the captives, who lived in perpetual fear of the cruelty of their savage persecutors, no sleep had come. They had learned that a new and horrible physical torture devised by the Indians awaited them in the near future, and death seemed preferable to the suffering they would be forced to endure. To Mrs. Dustin the thought of her husband and children so far away, whom she would in all probability never see again, was maddening, and all kinds of schemes by which she could escape suggested themselves only to be reasoned out as utterly useless. The Indian family slept soundly around the campfire, wrapped in their blankets, and a wild thought went through the brave woman's brain. Could she kill them as they lay asleep and then make her escape? As death seemed inevitable she determined to make the attempt and she informed Mrs. Neff and the boy of her purpose. It was a desperate resolve but so were the circum-

stances which prompted it. Armed with the tomahawks of the warriors they struck blow after blow on the heads of the sleepers, and before the Indians could fully awake to struggle or defend themselves they were sent to the happy hunting grounds. One old squaw who was severely wounded managed to escape, and also a small boy. Fearing that the story of their deed would not be credited, they cut off the scalps of the ten savages to carry home as trophies and proofs of their valor. Before dawn they escaped in one of their captor's canoes, after setting adrift all the others, and they floated down the Merrimack river to Haverhill.

The joy of Mr. Dustin on learning that his wife was alive and well was very great. He had mourned her as dead and the inhabitants of the town rejoiced with him at the reunion of the family. The ten scalps were later taken to Boston and Mrs. Dustin received fifty pounds from the general assembly as a reward for her bravery. She also received many presents of money from friends and a substantial gift from Colonel Nickolson, who was then governor of Maryland.

Mrs. Dustin lived to enjoy many years of happiness after her exploit. About five months later her husband purchased a large farm in the northerly part of Haverhill, not far from the New Hampshire line, and there they lived happily to an old age. The greater part of the money paid for this farm was that received by Mrs. Dustin for the scalps. The land borders on what is now known as North Main street, and which leads to Plaistow, N. H., and the name "Dustin Square," near the site of the farm,

perpetuates the memory of the family. One of the residential streets of the city proper is also known as Dustin street. A large number of the descendants of the Dustin family reside in Haverhill to-day.

In 1855 a project to perpetuate in stone the memory of Hannah Dustin was discussed in Haverhill, and that year the Dustin Monument association was organized. It originated among the residents of West Parish, where the heroine lived. The project met with general favor among the citizens, and a good part of the sum necessary for a suitable memorial having been subscribed, the monument was purchased and erected on the site of the Dustin house. It was twenty-four feet high, five feet square, and was of Italian marble, resting on a granite base. The tablets were inscribed with records of the brave deed and it was in every way appropriate to perpetuate the memory of the heroism of this brave woman.

The projectors of the scheme had relied upon the generosity of the Haverhill citizens to complete the payment of the debt contracted, but the money did not materialize and, finally, the payment of the debt became a matter of litigation in the courts. This was in 1862 at a time when the excitement of the Civil War overshadowed everything else, and money was very scarce. The matter was pending all through the war, and, finally, in 1865, judgment having been obtained in the courts, the monument was taken down and removed to Barre, Mass. The records of Mrs. Dustin's achievement were erased, and, after being suitably inscribed, it was erected as a

soldiers' monument in one of the public squares of Barre. It is probable that very few of the citizens of that town are aware of the fact that the monument they erected to the heroes of the Civil War was originally intended to commemorate a brave act performed by a woman over two hundred years ago. The street where this monument tarried for a time in Haverhill is called Monument street, but as no monument can now be seen anywhere in its vicinity the origin of the name is somewhat puzzling to strangers. A tablet erected in 1890, the year when Haverhill celebrated the two hundredth and fiftieth anniversary of its settlement, marks the spot where the Dustin house stood.

For many years it seemed that the exploit of Mrs. Dustin would only be recorded in the annals of history, but in 1879 it was announced in the press of Haverhill that a philanthropic citizen of that city had donated money for a monument to be erected for this purpose, in City Hall park. This park is a little triangular plot of about three quarters of an acre in area. It is bounded by three streets and is situated almost opposite the City hall. In the early days of Haverhill's history, this little breathing place was known as "the common," and it was set apart as public land shortly after the settlement of the town. It is the site of the second Protestant church, erected in Haverhill in 1699, which was destroyed by fire in 1837, and there also were placed the public whipping post and stocks in the early days.

The work on the Dustin monument was progressing rapidly before the fact was made public that the donor was Hon. E. J. M. Hale, a

millionaire whose memory lives in his benevolent deeds. Among them are the gift of the Hale hospital in Haverhill, its magnificent public library, containing over seventy thousand volumes, the greater part of which Mr. Hale contributed as well as the land on which the building rests, and also an annuity to carry on the good work. The monument being completed, November 27, 1879, was the day set for the unveiling, and on that day the mayor, city council, and many prominent citizens assisted at the ceremonies. At the opening of the exercises the mayor, in behalf of the council, said: "Gentlemen of the city council,—We meet here to-day as representatives of the city of Haverhill to accept, in her behalf, the gift of a statue erected to the memory of one of her brave daughters." He then read a letter from the donor which concluded with the words: "This monument is erected in honor of Hannah Dustin, and presented to my native town in order to keep alive and perpetuate in the minds of all those who shall come after us the remembrance of her courage and undaunted valor, and the patient endurance and fortitude of our ancestors, and to animate our hearts with noble ideas and patriotic feelings." The monument was then unveiled amid loud applause from the large number assembled.

The bronze statue which surmounts the monument is six feet high, and is a striking figure. The right hand grasps a tomahawk. On the face is a stern expression of determination which well portrays her resolve to defend her life from the savages, while the loose robe and

hair streaming in the wind add much to the general effect. The granite pedestal upon which the statue rests is nine feet in height, making the total height of the monument fifteen feet. On each of the four sides of the pedestal, which is six feet square at the base, are bas-reliefs in bronze portraying Mrs. Dustin's capture, her husband's defense of the children, the scene of the scalping of the Indians, and finally her return to Haverhill with the nurse and boy in a canoe. Under each of these scenes is a suitable inscription. The monument is enclosed by an iron fence. Trees which were set out in the park over fifty years ago have grown to an immense height. The shade of these tall elms causes the spot to be a very pleasant place and the florist's art has aided in making the little park a thing of beauty.

The citizens of New Hampshire have also commemorated the deed of Mrs. Dustin, and the Granite state shares with Massachusetts in the glory of the bravery of this pioneer settler. The island in the Merrimack river where the Indians were killed was chosen as a fitting spot to erect a monument to her memory. In 1874, five years before the Haverhill monument was erected, the citizens of Penacook, N. H., near the site of the Indian camp, contributed toward the erection of a suitable monument. The island on which it stands is connected with the main land by highway and railroad bridges. The monument is of Concord granite. It represents Mrs. Dustin holding a tomahawk in one hand and grasping a number of scalps in the other. The pedestal is eighteen feet high and the entire height of the monu-

ment is twenty-five feet. It was unveiled June 17, 1874. The inscriptions are carved on three sides of the pedestal, that on the west side being as follows :

Heroum Gesta
Fides. Justitia
Hannah Dustin
Mary Neff
Samuel Leonardson.
March 30, 1697.
Mid-night.

Opposite, on the east side, are these words :

March
15 1697 30.
The War-Whoop Tomahawk
Faggot and Infanticides
Were at Haverhill.
The Ashes of the Camp-fires at Night
and Ten of the Tribe
are Here.

The southerly side has the following extraordinary inscription which has called out much comment :

Statua
1874.
Know ye that we with many plant it ;
In trust to the state we give and grant it,
That the tide of men may never cant it,
Nor mar nor sever ;
That pilgrims here may heed the mothers,
That truth and faith and all the others,
With banners high in glorious colors,
May stand forever.

This strange composition was the work of one of the largest donors to the monument fund and it was accepted on that account. A good part of it would need an interpreter, and it can be easily seen that it was the product of a diseased mind. Shortly after the erection of the monument the person who composed this unique inscription died in an insane asylum. That the strange inscription was placed there is to be regretted, as one not familiar with the deed the monument commemorates can glean little or no information regarding it from this memorial.

Over two centuries have passed since Mrs. Dustin's brave deed, yet the memory of it lives, and the story is told o'er and o'er to each succeeding generation. Concord, N. H., the scene of the exploit, is now a large and growing city with extensive manufacturing interests, and the early home of this brave woman on the bank of the Merrimack in Massachusetts has grown from a small village to a good-sized manufacturing city, and is widely known throughout the country as one of the largest shoe manufacturing cities in the country. Instead of scattered farmhouses in the vicinity of Mrs. Dustin's home in the western part of Haverhill, that vicinity is now intersected with streets and many houses line the road where once the lonely Dustin house stood. Within a short distance, at the junction of Monument street and the road, over which the

Indians came on their bloody work intent, the electric cars whirl by on their way to Ayer's village, a settlement in the extreme suburbs of the city. Instead of the Indian war-whoop, the shouts and merry laughter of children are heard near the site of the Dustin house, where stands a handsome, modern four-room schoolhouse. The little ones in this vicinity hush their merriment as they listen in awe to the story of this episode of the seventeenth century, and they gaze in childish wonder at the spot pointed out as the place where dwelt the woman who nerved her arm for the bloody work it accomplished. The story is a thrilling one, and it proves that women in all ages have risen to the occasion when bravery was needed and none responded with more courage and strength of character than this heroine of the long ago, Hannah Dustin.

FLOWER FANCIES.

By Mary M. Gray.

Out in my neighbor's garden
 A group of sunflowers grow,
 Which are said, by another neighbor,
 To be "so *plebeian*, you know;"
 But I love their homely faces,
 They remind me of my youth,
 When every flower had graces
 No matter how uncouth.

Born in the narrow spaces
 Of a city's walks and ways,
 No length of days effaces
 The memory which plays
 Around a box of flowers
 Which in my casement bloomed;
 "Ladies' delights," long hours
 Of childhood they perfumed.

FLOWER FANCIES.

In a suburb later living,
 Great joy one day was mine,
 From a playmate's generous giving
 Me a flower from her squash-vine.
 Will your mamma *let* you pick it?
 I cried in great amaze,
 As she passed it through the wicket
 And scoffed at my joyful gaze.

"*It's an old squash-bloom—no danger,*"
 But I had to marvel still;
 Child of the city,—stranger
 To vegetables growing at will.
 And I bore it as a treasure
 To my little room at once,
 Though amusement without measure
 She expressed in "*Poor little dunce.*"

The sweet wild flowers calling,
 As I strayed in field and wood,
 (My grief at ridicule lulling)
 I stoutly pronounced as "*good,*"
 Even weeds had beauty for me,
 For I knew them not as such;
 With Nature's glamour o'er me
 I admired *Rag-weed* much,

And traced on slates and papers
 Its fringe-like outline, sure
 That in spite of Jack Frost's capers
 My pictures would endure.

Sunflowers were *grandmother-daisies*,
 Grown yellow and brown and tall;
 Removing seeds, traced I their faces,
 Letting petals in bright ruffles fall.
 So, these sunflowers, you, of my neighbor's,
 Seem grandmothers standing on guard,
 Protecting the fruits of his labors
 From small boys infesting his yard.

THE BOW OF THE RIVEN OAK.

By George Waldo Browne.

"Beneath this giant oak,
Where oft the dusky wooer met his love."



HERE now the stubborn ploughshare finds its way along the sloping side of one of our fair hills, not many arrows' flight from the valley of the Merrimack, stood a mighty oak in days gone by, in the pride and the glory of its ancient years. Many a strange tale could this wildwood monarch have unfolded to the paleface sons when they came, had they known its language and listened to its many tongues. But they passed it unheeded by and its secrets remained locked in its leafy bosom, save for those confessions which, from time to time, it had whispered to the maple and birch, which, nodding to one another, passed the gossip to the beech, and the beech to the hazel, and the hazel to the alder and willow, these in turn imparting them to the singing river, which retold them in fresh songs, so they all came to the ears of the red men that dwelt along the Silver river.¹

Under its inviting shade at noon-day the wild deer had loved to lie, finding restful solace from its distant wanderings, and at nightfall the stealthy panther had sought the pro-

tection of its powerful arms for a brief respite in its nocturnal raids. Beneath one of its gnarled roots the timid fox had made its home, unfear-
ing and unmolested. Among its lofty coppices the forest songster had built its nest, making the wilderness resound with its musical notes. And here the red man built his council fires and awoke the silence with his war songs and scenes of mimic battles. Here twice within its memory had the dusky foes met in terrific conflict, the twang of the bows, the sighing of arrows and the thud of stone hatchets dulled by the defiant death cries of the bravest of the brave, as the contending foes fought to the bitter end of death. In the sunlight of brighter years the Indian maiden had here her tryst with her dusky lover and plighted the troth of love unto the end. It was then the old oak unbended its sterner self and looked softly down on maid and warrior in the gentle twilight, for afar back in the dawn of more than four centuries of life, when its own form had none of its present gnarled and rugged, but when it uplifted its head with the erectness and suppleness of the young pine, it remembered a companion that relieved its loneliness and touched its heart with the tender glow of sympathetic harmony. But many generations of the kindred of

¹The Delaware Indians had a legend which resembled this somewhat, while it was told by the Penacooks in other forms. Some said the fox was the spirit of evil instead of that of the warrior's father. Still others believed it was the wraith of the Great Spirit.—AUTHOR.

the wild deer, the prowling panther, the timid fox, the merry wildbird, the warlike red man, the trustful maid and her lover, have come and passed away, aye, even the young oak, with its promise of long years and lasting beauty, succumbed to the wintry blasts of this northern clime. Thus the monarch stood lonely in its years.

At last the mighty oak, which had defied so many times the tempest as it groaned over the plains, or hung from the rocky towers of the everlasting hills, read in the lightning scrolls of the leaden-hued sky its doom. That very day it had witnessed the last tryst of Lewana, the proud Penacook brave, and his adored Clematis without unbending its iron arms or touching their brows with its leafy fingers. It had no sympathy with the boastful brave who constantly vaunted of his warlike deeds and who sought to win his bride with war songs rather than by lover's artful ways. Clematis did not look with favor on her fiery wooer, and the oak always was the maiden's friend.

Not many hours since Lewana breathed his passionate vows and turned away from the spot when dark clouds rolled over the face of the sun and deep mutterings were wafted on the wind, while a thousand arrows of lightning dart from the Great Spirit's storm bow! Deeper grew the inky mass overhead, louder the peal on peal of thunder, and sharper the flying shafts of lightning. The stout old oak shook, its arms clasped and unclasped and smote each other, until, a brighter flash lighting for an instant its grand form, the monarch stood a shattered wreck.

As quickly as it had risen the

storm cleared away, and as if satisfied with its work, a peaceful smile rested on the landscape, which had been robbed of its noblest figure. Soon Lewana passed that way to note with a warrior's surprise the wreck of the oak. Then as his clear eye glanced at the scattered fragments of bark and splintered branches he uttered a grunt of amazement. Half buried in a heap of the litter he saw a beautifully carved bow, such as the most skilled hand in his tribe had never wrought.

Not without some dread he stooped and picked it up, joyed to find that it did not slip away from him or resent his touch. He found it to be the smoothest bow he had ever seen, and its string gave the sharpest twang he had ever heard.

Elated over his prize he hastened home to show it to his brother brave and to the gray-headed chieftain with the wisdom of near a hundred years. This sage gravely shook his head, saying,

"'T is not for thee, my son. Take it back whence thou didst find it, lest thou anger those who bore through the storm raging over hill and vale. It is plainly the weapon of those spirits who roam unseen our hunting grounds."

But Lewana was loath to give up thus his treasure, and he decided to fit, at least, one arrow to the bow before he did so. "Surely that will be time enough to return it to the riven oak," he thought.

So the next day Lewana tried his new bow and though, perchance, his hand trembled when he used it, the arrow went straight to the mark. Once he had tried the wonderful bow he was more and more loath to part

with it. Whatso'er the distance, howso'er his aim, the marvelous bow never fails to send the arrow to the heart of the target.

"Surely," thought Lewana, "those who fly in trains the track of storm have given me this to win yet greater renown. I will keep it and show them that I am worthy of their trust. It will help me win Clematis, for no hunter can now hope to match Lewana, the long eyed."

So he kept the bow of the lightning riven oak,* and with each certain twang he grew famous as a hunter and vaunted louder than ever of his prowess. From the deer grounds of old Pawtuckaway to the haunts of the bear under Moosehillock, from the lair of the panther in the caverns of Cyciasoga to the foxland of the Uncanoonucs, his fame extended as a hunter, while he grew in importance among the wise men of his tribe, so that he was admitted to their councils. His companions grew to fear him, and none dared to cross his will, for his aim never failed, his arrow never missed its mark.

In new vainglory he renewed his suit of Clematis, confident now that she would no longer say him nay. To his angry wonder she was more obdurate than ever. If she had disliked him before she hated him now.

In the rage of his disappointment he vowed that she should be his willing or not willing, and with the threat on his lips he went to join the great fall hunt to start that day. Telling his companions that the most that would be required of them would be to bring home the game he should bring down with his bow of the riven oak, he proudly led them on their long march.

On the second day one of the dusky hunters started a silver fox not only which escaped his arrow but eluded with an ease which provoked him. Then another brave saw and lost the wary creature, and then a third, and a fourth, a fifth, ay, every hunter save Lewana met and missed the cunning fox—the handsomest they had ever seen of its kind.

"Let me get my long eye on the silver fox and his skin shall be the grandest trophy of the chase for me," said Lewana. "And my triumph will be all the greater that the rest of you have been dishonored by him."

His companions shook their heads, one of them saying:

"He is no mortal fox! Beware of him, lest he bring you much evil."

Lewana laughed at his more cautious friend, and even as he did so, lo! the wonderful creature bounded right across his pathway. Then began the wildest chase ever witnessed in the wildwoods of the Land of Granite Hills. All day long, now dodging to the right, anon darting to the left, in sight now, gone in the twinkling of an eye, bounding through the deep pine forests, flitting through the dense swamp where even Lewana of the long eye was obliged to pass around, always luring his pursuer on but ever eluding him, the silver fox maintained his race.

Angry that he should be baffled at every turn, Lewana followed until at last a small opening in the woodland was reached, and to the dusky hunter's joy he saw that the silver fox, as if unable to go farther, had stopped at the foot of a big tree. Failing to notice in his excitement that the hunted creature had paused beside

the riven oak, the now exultant warrior fitted an arrow to his charmed bow and let fly the winged shaft.

To his dismay the string gave back no twang, though the arrow flew on its way, striking the tree with a dull thud, causing the dry branches of the oak to smite themselves together in a wild manner. The fox! He suddenly vanished, and in his space stood the white wraith of Lewana's father!

Finding that their companion did not return from the chase, his friends

searched for him until they found his lifeless body under the riven oak, which now stood stark and stern.

And they made a grave for Lewana near by, and placed beside him his sheaf of arrows, but with no bow. Neither was any sapling planted above his lonely mound, for none had the hardihood to do it, so the vanity of this life carried a curse for Lewana into the next. This is the story an old chieftain told under the dead oak to the first white man who found his footsteps turned in that direction.

AT SUNNYSIDE.

By Moses Gage Shirley.

At Sunnyside the day is long,
And full of gladness and of song;
There slowly pass the golden hours
'Mid shady lanes and blooming flowers.

At Sunnyside the sky is blue,
The emerald meadows gemmed with dew;
The landscape stretching far and near
Each foot-worn wanderer doth cheer.

At Sunnyside no sordid gain
We seek, but castles fair in Spain;
And all the ships we send to sea
Sail to their havens peacefully.

At Sunnyside there is no ill,
No yearning heart but love can fill,
No sorrow deep but has its balm
Amid the even's slumbrous calm.

At Sunnyside we'll find again
The land of childhood's lost domain,
Its pleasant paths, its orchard trees,
Its gardens full of murmuring bees.

At Sunnyside we hope to dwell
At last and know that all is well;
When life is o'er may each abide
In perfect peace at Sunnyside.

BIRD SONGS IN AUGUST.

By H. H. Piper.



HERE was little change in the amount or quality of bird music after the middle of the month, and comparatively little after the tenth. August, 1901, will be remembered as particularly rich in bird songs, at least, that was the fact in this village (Dublin), and I have no doubt it was the same elsewhere. On the twenty-ninth, the leading member of the little chorus, the goldfinch, ceased quite suddenly from his canary-like song, though he still kept up his rhythmic twitter on the wing. He had sung in all parts of the village from morning till night, and persons not accustomed to observe birds had paused to listen to him. Once I remember waiting while he repeated his song thirty-two times within three minutes. His flight song gives him a somewhat unique place among the smaller birds, and to hear him so constantly nearly through August was a treat indeed.

But if the goldfinch was for several weeks the leading singer, the best record for faithfulness was made by the red-eyed vireo. He, too, sang at all hours, and everywhere in and out of the village. Every grove and thicket was made musical by him. I heard him many times every day, rain or shine, and he is still singing (September 6), almost as freely as a month ago. He sings as he works, or rather as he hunts, and like man

he finds it difficult to do two things at the same time and slight neither. Hunting for food seems to be the main thing, and singing a half unconscious accompaniment. His music lacks soul (if one may be critical in August), and yet, as the colchicum and the fringed gentian just before the frost seem among the most beautiful of flowers, so the red-eyed vireo, in the thin chorus of waning summer, touches the heart as few birds do. Last year and the year before he was present in as good numbers as this. I cannot recollect an off year with this bird. He is constancy all through.

The next two most faithful birds on the list were the chickadee and the wood pewee. I mention them together because, as I have observed them this August, they seem to have a certain affiliation. Over and over again the chickadee would call and the wood pewee answer. Sometimes the pewee would give the call. This association seems a little strange when the characteristics of the two birds are considered. They belong to different families. The chickadee does not object to wintering in the ice and snow; the pewee winters in Central America. The former is familiar in his ways, the latter retiring. The former blithe in song and movement, the latter more truly than any other bird expresses the human sigh. The fact that after the nesting season

birds of different kinds, large and small, mingle together in a most interesting way may account for what I have observed. A chickadee was the occasion of a delightful experience. I was standing under an apple tree near a thicket watching the movement of some small birds, when a chickadee observed me and came nearer, uttering certain odd sounds. At once there were answering cries from other birds which came into the apple tree to the number of a dozen and a half or more. There were half a dozen chickadees, four or five yellow warblers, two or three each of black and white warblers, wood pewees, and oven birds, and one red start. They hopped from limb to limb, chirping, eying me, and gradually coming nearer, till the initial chickadee was within a foot and a half of my face. I extended my hand toward him but he started back. All about me, within a few feet, were those beautiful creatures in a condition of excitement well calculated to show off their charms of movement, form, and color to the best advantage. This lasted for several minutes, then they quite quickly dispersed. All this time, a brown thrasher feeding a rod or so away had paid no heed. What had he to do with small fry!

A cuckoo sang on the seventeenth; I heard him again on the twenty-first and thereafter each day till the twenty-seventh, when he ceased, and I have not heard him since. He came and went with foggy, rainy weather. There were two or three days when he did not seem to have time enough to express all he thought and felt. When I waked at night he would still be singing. One thinks of the

cuckoo as a solitary bird, but often I heard two voices together, and apparently answering each other. Once I heard two birds very near together singing in unison, gradually one dropped behind and they continued in that way for some time longer. This strange bird, this "wandering voice," which few persons ever see, was a most welcome addition to the choir when every voice counts.

The oven bird, like the cuckoo, piped up for three or four days in succession near the end of the month and then relapsed into silence. No bird is more interesting to watch than this. He strides along like a tiny hen, sometimes on a limb, often on the ground. When he gives his call he points his beak to the sky, lifts his wings and quivers with the violence of his effort.

Among the occasional performers during the latter part of the month were a robin which had three periods of fine singing on the morning of the twenty-first, a song sparrow in rather a feeble effort on the seventeenth, a kingfisher with a half hour of chattering cries on the sixteenth, and a king bird which essayed a few connected notes on the twenty-fourth. Once or twice I heard fine songs from the field sparrow and the towhee. Several times there was singing I could not identify.

The cries and calls of birds, especially of the crow, bluejay, and robin, constant factors in the record of each day, became at times as interesting as songs. I was lying in a hammock one morning when a robin alighted on the ground near me and began to give forth cries of annoyance or perplexity. In a moment or two he flew away, but was soon back

again in the same place and uttering the same cries. Taking courage, he hopped forward eying me all the while and making gradually toward the house near by. Reaching the base board he inserted his bill at a point entirely concealed from the spot where he first alighted, and drawing forth some article of food he had evidently secreted there, he made away in hot haste. The cries and calls of the robin are given in great variety. His language is akin to the Chinese; inflection makes all the difference in the world. No voice is more truly characteristic of the late summer and autumn than the jay's. Some of his cries were often the first sound I heard in the morning. How musically it was borne on the silent air. What virility it indicated, what

individuality and intelligence. One cares little for the cawing of crows in early summer, but later it assumes an importance. I found myself dividing this supposedly somewhat monotonous cry into common, long drawn out, quick and excited, individual, the cawing in flocks, and the voices of the young birds.

I cannot omit the humming bird from my list, not for his squeak but for the music of his wings, nor the beautiful moth which, with a still softer sound than the ruby throats, hovers over the flowers at evening. And of other insects late August claims at least three, the bee, the cricket, and the cicada, which have an important place in the summer symphony.

THE FIRST NEW ENGLAND THANKSGIVING.

By Frederick Myron Colby.

'T was in the chill November days when Plymouth's woods were bare,
Bleak shone the waters of the bay beneath the sun's cool glare.
The harvests all were gathered and the fields lay brown and sere;
The turkeys fed in the meadows, the ducks swam in the mere;
Stored in the settlers' cabins lay the heaps of shining maize,
And wealth of peas and barley grown in sultry August days.

Said Bradford, Plymouth's governor: "'T is fit we make good cheer,
Now that the crops are garnered, for the blessings of the year.
Praise be to God for harvests gleaned and for His loving care;
From unseen perils He hath saved and from the red man's snare.
Let some of our bravest hunters go forth in their array,
And bring in spoils of the forest to keep Thanksgiving Day."

So girding for the foray, with musketoons in hand,
There went four hardy settlers to hunt through the wild new land.
They shot of ducks a dozen and of turkeys twenty-four,
Two deer, and geese and pigeons till they counted up a score.
And safe through the murky woodlands their burdens homeward bore,
To the cabins on the hillside clustered above the shore.

Then curled up from the hamlet the smoke of crackling fires,
 Where roasting venison was hung upon the crane's bent wires.
 And the good wives of Plymouth, with willing hands and strong,
 Prepared the homely banquet, 'midst many a laugh and song,—
 A brave New England dinner concocted with rarest skill,—
 A feast of forest dainties, graced with water from the rill.

They set on rough-hewn tables the steaming woodland feast,
 Fish, flesh, and fowl well roasted, and latest but not the least,
 The boiled old English pudding, well prepared with wondrous art.
 Bean porridge vied with hominy; squash pie with currant tart.
 I wish we could have tasted the good Thanksgiving cheer
 Which stayed the Pilgrim Fathers in that long remembered year.

And Wampanoag warriors marched from Mount Hope's royal height
 To sit at the whiteman's banquet, and wonder at the sight.
 Three days the feasting lasted and all did eat their fill;
 While every morn, at daybreak's gleam, the guns on Burial Hill
 Rolled forth their thunder from the fort that looked out o'er the bay,
 Proclaiming to the glad New World the first Thanksgiving Day.

* * * * *

Three hundred years have vanished, and the Plymouth woods are bare;
 And chill the waters of the bay gleam in November's air.
 Massasoit and his warriors, Miles Standish and his men,
 Long, long ago departed to the land beyond our ken;
 But in our towns and hamlets still we keep Thanksgiving Day,
 As did the Pilgrim Fathers, and with hearts as true, we pray.

A REQUEST.

By Amy Florence Heath.

Blow soft and sweet and low,
 O winds in the East and West!
 Blow gently, softly, lovingly,
 For one who is at rest!

"O God, our hope in ages past,"
 Protect our country now!
 Thy will be done, Our Father,
 As at Thy cross we bow!

Place the emblem fair above him!
 Wrap him in the banner blue!
 Flag he loved and rev'renced ever,
 With a love so faithful, true.

Weep for him, our gallant soldier,
 One of this world's noblest sons;
 Rev'rence aye, his sterling manhood,
 For the master saith, "Well done."

Nearer to Thee, we feel and know,
 "Tho' our eyes with tears are dim,"
 Nearer our Father's mansions fair,
 There to always dwell near Him.

Blow soft and sweet and low,
 O winds in the East and West;
 Blow gently, slowly, peacefully,
 For our statesman is at rest!

ROCKINGHAM COUNTY TOWNS.

THE ORIGIN OF THEIR NAMES TOGETHER WITH THE DATE OF THEIR
SETTLEMENT AND INCORPORATION.

By Howard M. Cook.



THE GRANITE MONTHLY of September, 1900, contained an article on the "Origin of the Names of the Towns in Hillsborough County Together with the Date of their Settlement and Incorporation." I thought that it might be of sufficient interest to continue the investigation in reference to the towns in Rockingham county. In that article it was stated that Rockingham county was one of the five original counties of the state, and that the act of the formation took effect March 19, 1771. The county was named by Governor Wentworth, after Charles Watson Wentworth, Marquis of Rockingham. In Charlton's "Gazetteer of New Hampshire," it is stated that two of the towns were incorporated in the reign of Charles I, one in the reign of Charles II, two in the reign of William and Mary, two in the reign of Queen Anne, seven in the reign of George I, thirteen in the reign of George II, and eight in the reign of George III. This shows that a large part of the towns were incorporated "in the good old colony times when we lived under the king." It will be noticed that there has been quite a shaking up of the town lines and that new towns have been formed out of the oldest ones. I am not informed as to the reason of these

changes, but I suspect that the original towns had such a large area that it was thought best to form new towns and have them in a smaller compass.

Taking then the thirty-six towns and the one city that comprise this county, in their alphabetical order, the following is the reason, briefly told, of the names, date of settlement, and incorporation:

Atkinson was originally a part of Haverhill, Mass. It comprises a portion of the territory conveyed to the inhabitants of Pentucket, now Haverhill, by the Indian chiefs, Passaquo and Saggahew, in a deed dated November 15, 1642. The first settlement was made in 1727 or 1728, when Benjamin Richards of Rochester, Nathaniel, Jonathan, and Edmund Page of Haverhill, Mass., moved into the town. When the dividing line between Massachusetts and New Hampshire was settled Atkinson, then a part of Plaistow, was assigned to New Hampshire. It was separated from Plaistow, August 31, 1767, and incorporated by the provincial legislature September 3, of the same year. It was named in honor of Theodore Atkinson, who was a large landowner, and for some years secretary of the province. Population in 1900, 442.

Auburn was incorporated by the

legislature of New Hampshire, June 25, 1845. It was originally a part of Chester, and known as "Long Meadow." It was probably named for the Auburn of Oliver Goldsmith, "the sweetest village of the plain." Population in 1900 was 682.

Brentwood was originally a part of Exeter, and was set off from that town June 25, 1742. It is probably an English name and was formerly spelt Brintwood. Population in 1900 was 957.

Candia was set off from Chester and incorporated by the provincial assembly December 17, 1763. It was named by Gov. Benning Wentworth, who was once a prisoner on the Isle of Candia in the Mediterranean sea. Population in 1900 was 1,057.

Chester was granted August 26, 1720, and was known by the name of Cheshire until it was incorporated by its present name May 7, 1722. Quite an area has been taken off from it to form the towns of Candia, Raymond, Hooksett, and the city of Manchester. It is an English name. Population in 1900 was 861.

Danville was formerly a part of Kingston, but was set off and incorporated as a town by the name of Hawke, February 22, 1760. It was so named in honor of Admiral Hawke of the English navy. The name of the town was changed to that of Danville by an act of the legislature June 18, 1836. The reason of the name is not given. Population in 1900 was 615.

Deerfield was formerly a part of Nottingham and was incorporated by the provincial assembly January 8, 1766. It is said that eighteen persons from this town died in the Revo-

lutionary army. The town was so named on account of the large number of deer that were found in the vicinity. While the petition for the charter of the town was pending before the general court, a large fat buck was presented to Governor Wentworth by one of the residents, and it is said that this secured the granting of the charter. Population in 1900 was 1,162.

Derry was incorporated July 2, 1827. This act of incorporation divided the old town of Londonderry nearly in the middle. It was an equal division in two respects. Derry took the east part of the town and the last part of the name. Population in 1900 was 3,583.

East Kingston was formerly a part of Kingston, and was set off as a parish by the name of Kingston East Parish, November 17, 1738, and incorporated with town privileges. Population in 1900 was 496.

Epping was formerly a part of Exeter, and was set off and incorporated as a parish February 23, 1741. Governor William Plumer was one of the prominent citizens of the town. Population in 1900 was 1,641.

Exeter was first settled by Rev. John Wheelwright and his companions in the spring of 1638. They came from Boston and the vicinity of Massachusetts Bay, and were banished on account of their religious opinions. As there was no provincial government in New Hampshire at that time Mr. Wheelwright and the others entered into a compact July 4, 1639, which provided for a method of self-government under which they lived until 1642, when, with the other settlements of New Hampshire, they placed themselves

under the government of Massachusetts Bay. A peculiarity of this body politic was that the laws were made in popular assembly, thus manifesting at this early period in our country's history the true idea of a pure democracy. Exeter is an English name. Population in 1900 was 4,922.

Fremont was a part of Brentwood until it was set off and incorporated by the name of Poplin, June 22, 1764. An act of the legislature passed July 8, 1854, changed the name to that of Fremont in honor of Gen. John C. Fremont who gained great distinction, in the forties, as the "Path Finder" to the Rocky mountains and to the Pacific coast. In the political campaign of 1856, when General Fremont was made the first Republican candidate for the presidency, the following stirring lines were written and sung:

"All hail to Fremont! Swell the lofty acclaim!
Like winds from the mountains, like prairies
afame,
Clear the track! the Path Finder moves on in
our front,
And our hearts shall keep time to the march
of Fremont."

Population in 1900 was 749.

Greenland was settled in the latter part of the seventeenth century, at which time it belonged to the town of Portsmouth. It was incorporated, according to Historian John Farmer, in 1703. When it became a town is said to be somewhat uncertain. Its name may be descriptive of its physical appearance. Population in 1900 was 607.

Hampstead, previous to the establishment of the dividing line between Massachusetts and New Hampshire, was considered a part of Amesbury

and Haverhill, Mass., and went by the name of Timberlane. Settlements were made in the town in 1728. It was incorporated by the government of New Hampshire, January 19, 1749, and was named by Gov. Benning Wentworth from a town in England. Population in 1900 was 823.

Hampton is one of the oldest towns in the state. It originally included the territory which now constitutes the towns of Hampton Falls, North Hampton, Kensington, and Seabrook. Its original name was Winnicomet. Settlements were made as early as 1638 by emigrants from the county of Norfolk, Eng. In the words of an old record, "It was allowed to be a town and hath power to choose a constable and other officers," June 6, 1639, by the government of Massachusetts, which claimed jurisdiction over the territory. Hampton is an English name. Population in 1900 was 1,209.

Hampton Falls was formerly a part of Hampton and became a separate town November 23, 1712. It probably takes its name from the falls on a stream of water that flows through the town. Population in 1900 was 560.

Kensington was set off from Hampton Falls, April 1, 1737, and "erected into a distinct parish." Its name is of English origin. Population in 1900 was 524.

Kingston was granted August 6, 1694, by Lieutenant-Governor Usher to James Prescott, Ebenezer Webster, and fourteen others, mostly residents of Hampton. It was first called Kingstown, the derivation of which is obvious, and the name so continued till about the year 1800. It

probably is an English name. Population in 1900 was 1,132.

Londonderry was granted June 1, 1722, by Gov. Samuel Shute to John Moor and 117 others. The grantees were Scotch Presbyterians who came in the year 1718 from the north part of Ireland, where their ancestors, who emigrated from Scotland, had settled 100 years before. They landed August 1, 1718, at Boston. A part of this company went to Casco Bay, then a part of the province of Massachusetts, with the intention of remaining there, but not being pleased with the country, they returned and located in this town in April, 1719. As many of these settlers came from Londonderry, Ire., they named the town in honor of their old home, which some of them had helped to defend in 1689 against the emissaries of James II. They were an industrious and thrifty people and strongly attached to their religious opinions. Population in 1900 was 1,232.

Newcastle is also one of the oldest towns in the state and was formerly known by the name of Great Ireland. The charter was granted by Gov. John Usher, May 30, 1693. A settlement was made as early as 1623. It was the seat of government for some years, and meetings of the governor and council were held here as late as 1718. It was named from the Duke of New Castle. Population in 1900 was 581.

Newfields, formerly South Newmarket, was originally a part of Exeter, and later a part of Newmarket, from which it was disannexed and incorporated June 27, 1849. Population in 1900 was 647.

Newington, one of the old historic places in the state, was a part of the

Dover and Squamscott patent, and was formerly known as Bloody Point Parish. The town was incorporated July, 1764. It suffered greatly from the depredations of the Indians. At the time of its settlement it was an important adjunct to the settlements of Dover and Portsmouth. The name was given by Governor Dudley, May 12, 1714. Population in 1900 was 390.

Newmarket was formerly a part of Exeter, and was set off and incorporated December 15, 1737. The name suggests the fact that probably a new market was opened up for the farmers of that vicinity. Population in 1900 was 2,892.

Newton was first settled about the year 1720. It was then called Amesbury Newtown. The present name is probably a contraction of Newtown. Population in 1900 was 924.

North Hampton formerly constituted a parish known as North Hill in Hampton. It was set off from Hampton and incorporated by the name of North Hampton, November 26, 1742. Population in 1900 was 812.

Northwood was originally a part of Nottingham. It was settled March 25, 1663, by Moses Godfrey, John and Increase Batchelder, and Solomon Bickford. It was incorporated February 6, 1773. It was that part of the old town of Nottingham known as North Woods. Population in 1900 was 1,304.

Nottingham, when it embraced the territory, now in the towns of Northwood and Deerfield, was one of the largest towns in the county. It was granted May 10, 1722. The most of the grantees were residents of Boston and Newbury, Mass. It is probably

an English name. Population in 1900 was 638.

Plaistow was formerly a part of Haverhill, Mass. After the establishment of the province line it was called the Haverhill district. It was incorporated February 28, 1749, by the name of Plaistow. The reason for the name is not given. Population in 1900 was 1,027.

Portsmouth was included in the grant to Mason and Gorges August 10, 1622. A settlement was made the following year at a place known as Odiorne's Point, now in Newcastle. A grant was made in 1621 by the council of Plymouth for a township on the Piscataqua river and harbor, which covered what is now Portsmouth, Newcastle, and a portion of Greenland and Newington. The settlement was at first known by the names of Piscataqua and Strawberry Bank, by reason of a bank on the river where strawberries were found. In answer to a petition of some of the inhabitants, May 28, 1653, the name of Portsmouth was given by the general court of Massachusetts "as being a name most suitable for the place, it being by the river's mouth, and as good as any in the land." It was also the name of the city in England where Capt. John Mason was born. It was incorporated as a city July 6, 1849, and is the fifth city in population in New Hampshire. Population in 1900 was 10,637.

Of the Piscataqua river which was described by the first settlers "as good as any in the land," one of Portsmouth's poets has sung its praises as follows:

"Like an azure vein, from the heart of the
main,
Pulsing with joy forever,

By verduous isles, with dimpled smiles,
Floweth my native river.

Singing a song as it flows along,
Hushed by the ice king never;
For he strives in vain to clasp a chain
O'er thy fetterless heart, brave river.

Singing to me as full and free
As it sang to the dusky daughters,
When the light canoe, like a sea bird, flew
Over its peaceful waters."

Raymond was originally a part of Chester, and was known by the name of "Charming Fair." It was set off from that town and incorporated May 9, 1764. The origin of the name is not given. Population in 1900 was 1,100.

Rye was taken from Portsmouth, Greenland, Hampton, and Newcastle. It is believed that the first settlement in New Hampshire was within its limits. It was incorporated April 30, 1726. Probably rye of a good quality was raised on the land. It is the only town in the state that is named for a cereal. Population in 1900 was 1,142.

Salem was incorporated May 11, 1750. It comprises a portion of the territory known as the Haverhill district, and also the territory severed from Methuen and Dracut, Mass., by the settlement of the province line. Salem is a Bible name; one of the seven towns in the state that have that kind of a name. Population in 1900 was 2,041.

Sandown was formerly a part of Kingston, from which it was severed April 6, 1756, and was incorporated by its present name. It was first settled in 1736 by Moses Tucker, Israel and James Huse, and others. The reason of the name is not given. Population in 1900 was 400.

Seabrook was originally a part of Hampton and was also a part of

Hampton Falls, when this town was incorporated, and so remained till June 3, 1768, when it was incorporated by its present name, the derivation of which is obvious. The southerly part was formerly included within the limits of Massachusetts. The first settlement was made in 1638. Among the pioneers were Joseph Dow, Christopher Huzzey, and Thomas Philbrick. Gov. Meshech Weare was then a resident of the town. Population in 1900 was 1,497.

South Hampton was incorporated May 25, 1742, and comprised portions of the territory belonging to Amesbury and Salisbury, Mass., and which were severed from those towns by the establishment of the province line in 1741. November 30, 1824, a small tract of land was severed from East Kingston and annexed to the town. It is the fourth town in the county which bears the name of Hampton. Population in 1900 was 297.

Stratham was originally a portion of the Squamscott patent granted to Edward Hilton, March 12, 1629. In 1693 it was annexed to Exeter. In January, 1716, a portion of the inhabitants petitioned to be incorporated into a town; at the same time another portion petitioned to remain as they were. The matter was considered by the provincial government, and on March 14, 1716, it was ordered "that the Squamscott Patent land be a township by the name of Stratham, and have full power to choose officers as other towns within this province." It was incorporated

March 20, 1716. Population in 1900 was 718.

Windham was formerly a part of Londonderry, and was separated from that town by an act of the general assembly February 12, 1742. The first settlement was made as early as 1720. The men of this town gave a good account of themselves in the French and Indian war. The town was probably named for Windham, Conn. Population in 1900 was 641.

In the account of the origin of the towns of Hillsborough county published in the *GRANITE MONTHLY* of September, 1900, the town of Windsor was accidentally omitted, and it is as follows:

Windsor was formerly known as Campbell's Gore. The town was incorporated December 27, 1798. It is one of the smallest, if not the smallest town in the state. Its shape is like a flat-iron. In the concluding part of the history of the town, as given in the "History of Hillsborough County," published in 1885, it is stated that "we have no church, no minister, no lawyer [no trouble], no doctor, no hotel, no post-office, only in connection with Hillsborough Upper Village, no store, no paupers, no drunkards, no voice in the legislature, and no prospect of having any." This ought to be a town where happiness reigns supreme, and the people thankful for nothing. The population in 1900 was thirty-eight, and at the November election of that year eleven voters went to the polls.

WE'LL RUSTLE THROUGH THE LEAVES.

By Caroline C. Shea.

The purple haze has stolen far,
A gray veil hangs the sky,
A silver frost rimes all the world
When morning lights are nigh ;
And here and there, the gold light glints
A cloud that softly grieves—
Then come away, November's here,
We 'll rustle through the leaves !

The last, lone bird has taken flight,
And through the first, soft snow,
The wild goose honk sounds on the air
As swiftly South they go.
While o'er the trees with branches bare,
The chill wind wildly heaves,—
O come away, November 's here,
We 'll rustle through the leaves !

The stubble stands in long, grim rows
Where once was tall, ripe maize,
And mournful o'er the drowsy land
Roam melancholy days.
The solemn crow, with haunting cry
Rests on the late corn sheaves,—
O come away, November 's here,
We 'll rustle through the leaves !

Through all the wood a carpet spreads
Of mingled brown and gray,
And glad it hides the timid flow'rs
In crisp, warm folds away ;
The squirrel seeking winter lair
Its old-time haunt bereaves,
Then come away, November 's here,
We 'll rustle through the leaves !

NECROLOGY

HON. JOHN S. PILLSBURY.

John Sargent Pillsbury, born in Sutton, July 29, 1828, died at Minneapolis, Minn., October 18, 1901.

He was a son of John Pillsbury and a brother of the late George A. Pillsbury, formerly mayor of Concord and later of Minneapolis.

He was in his early manhood successively a house painter, a clerk for his brother George, in Warner, a partner of Walter Harriman, a merchant of Andover, and a merchant tailor in Concord. In the early fifties Mr. Pillsbury went West. He opened a hardware store at the Falls of St. Anthony in 1855, prospering for a time, but losing heavily by the panic of 1857 and the burning of his store. Not discouraged, he engaged manfully in a struggle to recover the ground which he had lost, and, after several years, succeeded in doing so. In 1872 he became a partner with his brother, George, and his nephew in the famous milling firm of Charles A. Pillsbury & Co. He was also largely interested in pine lands and the lumber business, grain elevators, banks, and railroads.

Upon the outbreak of the Civil war he took a prominent part in the military affairs of the state, and was active in the enlistment of the Second and Third regiments of volunteers, and later he raised a company of cavalry for service in suppressing the Sioux uprising. As state senator almost continuously from 1864 to 1876, and as governor of the state for six years, he performed services of great public value. He pledged his personal credit in aid of farmers distressed by a plague of grasshoppers for several years. As governor he restored the credit of Minnesota by retiring after protracted and untiring labor, a \$5,000,000 issue of state railroad bonds, wiping out, as was said at the time, "the only blot on the state's escutcheon."

Having no academic education himself, aside from what was gained in the district school of his boyhood town, he enlisted himself early in the educational projects of his adopted state, and became known as the father of the Minnesota state university. As a regent of that institution, he brought about a large increase in the revenues for its support, and himself gave \$150,000 for a science hall. Four years ago he was paid the unique honor of being made by legislative enactment a life regent. His other benefactions were numerous. He gave a town hall to his native place. As a Christmas gift in the year 1899, and in honor of his wife, Governor Pillsbury

presented to the Home for Children and Aged Women the sum of \$100,000 to be known as the Mahala F. Pillsbury fund.

Mr. Pillsbury was married November 3, 1856, at Warner, to Mahala, daughter of Capt. John Fisk, a descendant of the Rev. John Fisk, who emigrated from Suffolk, in England, to Windham, Mass., in 1637. Their family circle originally included three daughters, two of whom have died, and a son, Alfred F. Pillsbury, who occupies an important position in the Pillsbury-Washburn Flour Mills Co.

COL. JOHN S. WALKER.

John S. Walker, born in Greenfield, June 19, 1820, died in Claremont, September 22, 1901.

Mr. Walker was the oldest son of Rev. John S. Walker, a native of Bedford, whose father, Robert, and uncle, James Walker, were the earliest settlers of that town, going from Londonderry, the famous New Hampshire Scotch-Irish settlement; and of Arethusa (Humphrey) Walker, daughter of Dr. Royal Humphrey of Athol, Mass. His father was a graduate of Dartmouth, and the second settled minister of the town of Greenfield. He acquired his education mainly under the instruction of his father. When nineteen years old he became sole proprietor and editor of a daily paper in Buffalo, N. Y., which he continued for two years. In 1841 and 1842 he reported the proceedings of the New York legislature for the Albany *Free Press*. He then became proprietor of a book store, and was editor of the *Courtland County Whig*, which he continued for about three years.

In the spring of 1846 he returned to New Hampshire and was editor of the Concord *Daily Statesman*—the first daily paper published in the state—during the memorable session of the New Hampshire legislature which elected Anthony Colby governor and John P. Hale speaker of the house, and also United States senator for six years. In October of the same year, in company with Charles Young, he went to Claremont, and they bought the *National Eagle*, a local newspaper establishment, Mr. Walker taking editorial charge of the same. On May 18, 1848, he was married to Harriet Harris, daughter of the late George B. Upham.

Mr. Walker was instrumental in organizing the New Hampshire State Agricultural society, and for the first three years was its secretary. In 1852 he was delegate to the Whig National convention at Baltimore, and with the New Hampshire delegation, on fifty-two successive ballots voted for Daniel Webster for candidate for president. In 1863 he was appointed assistant deputy surveyor of customs for the port of Boston, which position he held until after the death of President Lincoln. Upon retiring from that position he was for a time on the editorial staff of the Boston *Journal*.

Mr. Walker was aid to Governor Berry and also to Governor Gilmore, with the rank of colonel, during the War of the Rebellion, and with the late Col. Mason W. Tappan, represented the latter governor at a meeting of the governors of the local states at the consecration, in 1863, of the National cemetery at Gettysburg. He was active in procuring the extension of the line of

railroad from Bradford to Claremont, and was the first president of the road, which was called Sugar River railroad.

Mr. Walker had made several trips abroad, spending considerable time in England, France, Italy, and Switzerland, visiting South America, and making a long stay at Rio Janeiro. During these journeys he was a constant correspondent of the *Boston Journal*. He was a representative in the New Hampshire legislature in 1850 and 1851, and a delegate in the convention to revise the state constitution in 1850 and 1876. He was for three years a member of the State Board of Agriculture.

He was a prominent Free Mason, and a charter member of Sullivan Commandery, K. T., of Claremont. His wife's death preceded his but a few weeks, and he is survived by a son and two daughters.

CHARLES E. TILTON.

Charles Elliott Tilton, long known as one of the wealthiest residents of the state, died at his home in the town which bears his name, September 28, 1901.

He was a son of the late Hon. Samuel Tilton, born in that part of Sanbornton subsequently set off and incorporated as the town of Tilton, September 14, 1827. He was educated under the instruction of the late Prof. Dyer H. Sanborn, and at Norwich (Vt.) university, passing three years at the latter institution. He subsequently sailed for South America in pursuit of fortune, but hearing of gold discoveries in California, proceeded thither, but soon concluded that trade would be more profitable than gold digging. In 1850 he went to Oregon, and later formed a partnership with W. S. Ladd, for general mercantile pursuits which continued till 1859, when the banking house of Ladd & Tilton was established at Portland, and conducted a successful business till his retirement in 1880. He had meanwhile been interested in various important business enterprises, including the Oregon Railway & Navigation company, and various mercantile projects in different states and territories of the Pacific Coast region.

For the last twenty years Mr. Tilton had been retired from business, and a resident of his native place, which received many important benefactions at his hands, and where he had invested large sums of money in general improvements and business enterprises. He was a director of the Concord & Montreal railroad, and was actively instrumental in the construction of the Franklin & Tilton and Tilton & Belmont railroads. Aside from his many benefactions to the town he gave to the state of New Hampshire the fine farm which is the site of the Soldiers' Home at Tilton.

Mr. Tilton always voted the Democratic ticket, but never took any active interest in politics, and refused to be a candidate for any office. He was a member of no secret society. He was first married, in early manhood, to Miss Louisa Peabody Tilton, and three children were born to him by this marriage, Myra Ames Tilton, who married William Atherton Frost, and lives in Fitchburg, Mass., Alfred E. Tilton, who resides in Tilton near the paternal home, and William Todd Tilton, who died in childhood. Mrs. Til-

ton passed away August 15, 1877, and in 1881 he was united in marriage to Miss Genevieve Eastman, daughter of Franklin J. Eastman of Northfield, a former business man of Littleton, who survives him, with one son, Charles E. Tilton, Jr., fourteen years of age.

CECIL F. P. BANCROFT, LL. D.

Dr. Cecil F. P. Bancroft, for many years principal of Phillips academy at Andover, Mass., died of Bright's disease, October 4, at his home on Chapel avenue in Andover, having been ill for several months, and confined to the house since a trip abroad for the benefit of his health.

Dr. Bancroft was born in New Ipswich, November 25, 1839, and graduated from Dartmouth college in 1860. For four years he taught at Appleton academy, Mt. Vernon, and then entered the Theological seminary at Andover, graduating in 1867.

He was ordained February 1, 1867, and became principal of the institution on Lookout mountain, Tenn., where he remained five years. In 1872-'73 he studied at the University of Halle, Germany. He was chosen principal of Phillips academy in 1873, while in Rome, and, assuming the duties of the position, discharged the same with such earnestness and fidelity that the fame of the institution became widely extended, and its enrollment vastly increased.

His outside connections have been numerous and important. He was a trustee of Dartmouth college and of the state institutions at Tewksbury and Bridgewater, president of the Dartmouth Alumni association, the Merrimack Congregational club and the Head Masters' association of the United States. Besides the degrees of B. A. and M. A., given him by his alma mater, he received the degrees of Ph. D. from the University of the State of New York, L. H. D. from Williams, and LL. D. from Yale.

In addition to other work he has made many public addresses and contributed freely to the periodical press.

He is survived by two sons and two daughters, Cecil R., one of the former, being a professor in Yale university.

DR. ADOLPHUS CUTTING.

Adolphus Cutting, M. D., born in Croydon, June 25, 1811, died in La Grange, Ind., September 29, 1901.

Dr. Cutting graduated from the Dartmouth Medical school in 1833, and immediately located in practice in Hebron, O., where he was successfully engaged for nearly thirty-one years, and where in 1834, he married Miss Rebecca Ewing. In 1864, he removed to La Grange, Ind., intending to give up his professional labors, and look after his investments, but his reputation as a successful practitioner had preceded him to such extent that he could not resist the numerous calls for his services in that direction, and for nearly a quarter of a century longer he was more or less engaged in practice.

He was a man of strong natural abilities, and well informed on all the questions of the day. He was also possessed of most generous impulses, and aided many young men in getting a start in life.

His only son, George A. Cutting, a talented young attorney, on whom his heart was fixed, died at La Grange in 1881. His wife died in 1894, and his daughter, Mrs. Alice Crandall, in 1893. He leaves, surviving him, three daughters, Mrs. C. A. Davis, of Worthington, O.; Mrs. O. C. Reed, of Louisburg, Kan.; and Mrs. O. B. Prouty, of La Grange.

MAJ. JOHN T. CHENEY.

John Tirrell Cheney, born in Holderness (now Ashland), February 25, 1830, died at Painesville, O., October 16, 1901.

Major Cheney was a son of Person and Ann W. (Morrison) Cheney, and a brother of Col. Thomas P. Cheney of Ashland. He spent his early life in his native town, and was educated in the Holderness high school and Newbury (Vt.) seminary. He spent six years as clerk in a general store in Holderness, and was subsequently in trade there on his own account until 1853, where he sold out and removed to Amesbury, Mass., remaining two years, and then removing to Dixon, Ill., where he engaged in carriage manufacturing and in the operation of the Severance Scale Works, of which he became the proprietor.

Upon the outbreak of the Civil war, in 1861, he raised a battery for the Union service, of which he was commissioned captain, having had experience in the artillery service in the old militia days in the state. This was known throughout the war as "Cheney's battery." He was assigned to duty in Blair's division in Sherman's army. He was promoted for gallant service to the rank of major and became chief of artillery for the Seventeenth Army Corps on the staff of Gen. Francis P. Blair.

After the war he was engaged in the hotel business, and was active in public life in Dixon, serving as an alderman and as mayor of the city. He also conducted the same business for a time in Sioux City, Ia. Some six years ago he removed to Painesville, O., where he was engaged as a manufacturer of specialties. In politics he was a Republican, and liberal in his religious views.

His first wife was Mary Briggs, a sister of Maj. James F. Briggs of Manchester. She died during his service in the army, and he subsequently married Sylvia Severance of Peterboro, N. Y., who survives him, with a son and daughter by his first wife.

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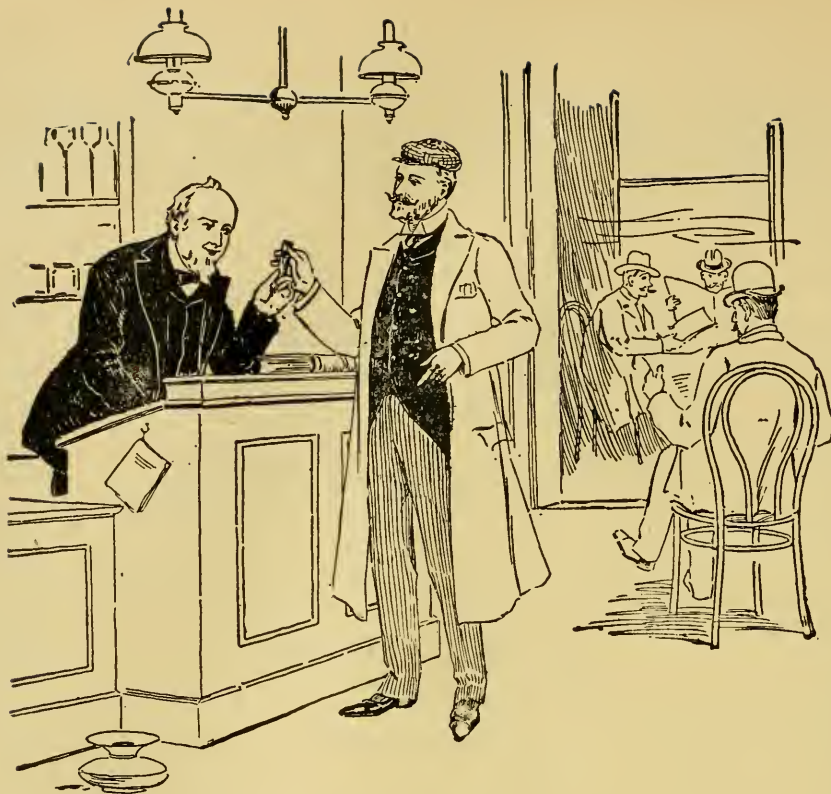
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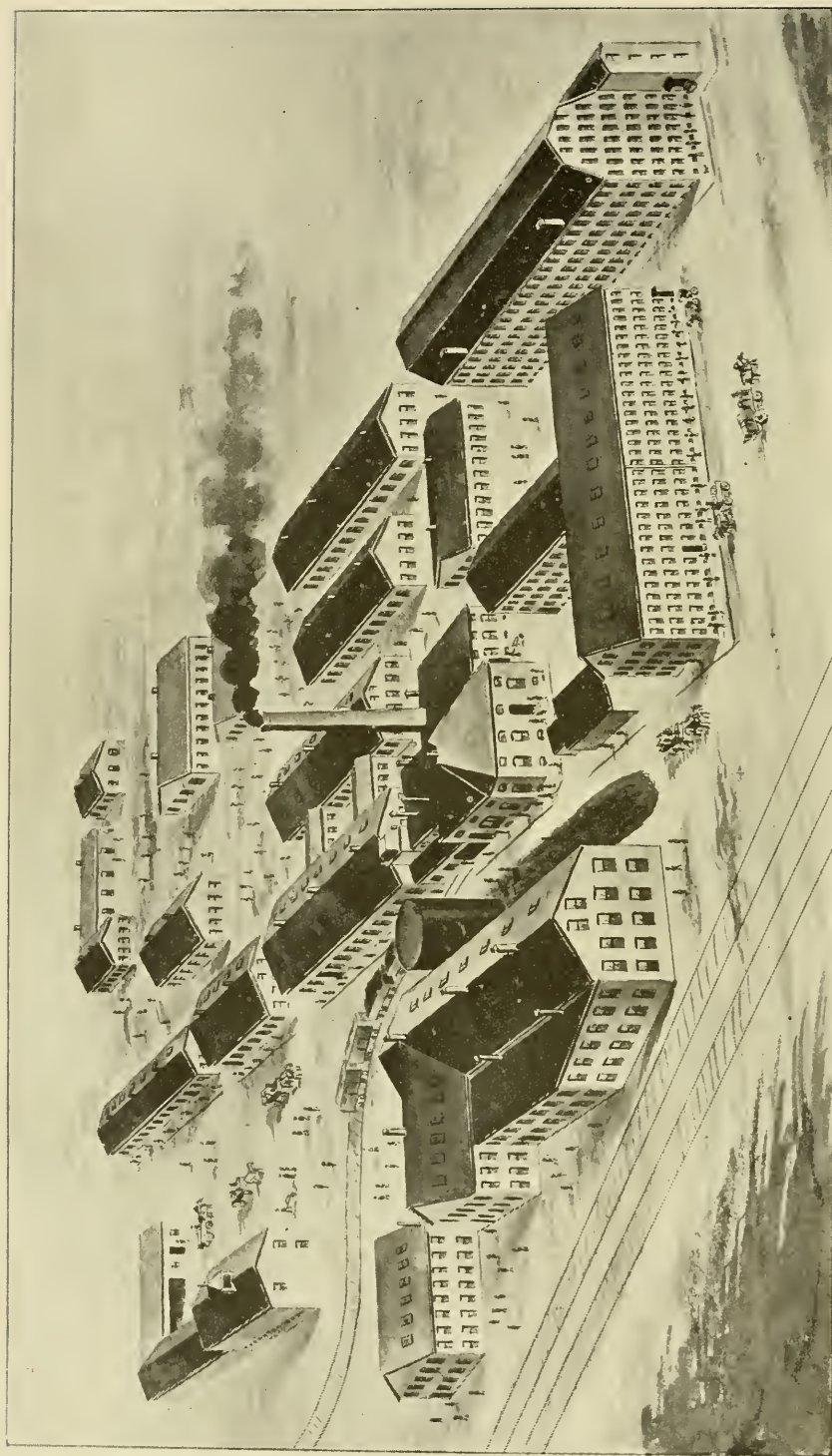
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BIRD'S-EYE VIEW OF THE WALLACE FACTORIES, ROCHESTER.

THE GRANITE MONTHLY.

VOL. XXXI.

DECEMBER, 1901.

No. 6.



View on Charles Street.

ROCHESTER AND ITS INDUSTRIES.

By H. L. Cate.



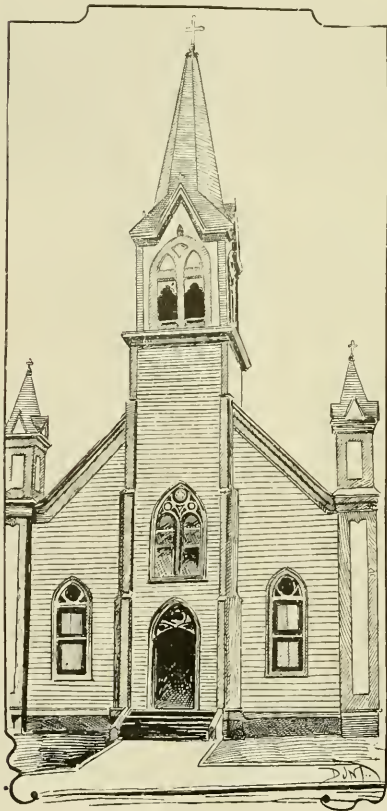
ROCHESTER is more of a commercial than an agricultural community. Its surface is diversified without having any great elevation, but it is its water power along the Cocheco and Salmon Falls and its location at the junction of several important lines of the Boston & Maine system that makes it pre-eminent among the cluster of thriving towns and cities in southeastern New Hampshire. It is true, also, that well-cultivated farms and productive soil are found in the regions

known as the "Neck," the "Salmon Falls road," "Ten Rod road," and at "Meaderboro," and farmers form no inconsiderable portion of the nine thousand or more inhabitants of the city.

Named for the Earl of Rochester, brother-in-law and favorite of King James II, a statesman of that day of adventure and exploration, over whose career there is a glamor of romance, Rochester was first settled in 1728; tradition says by Capt. Timothy Roberts of Dover. The title of captain (how earned is not



Congregational Church.



Church of the Holy Rosary—Catholic.

explained) indicates courage and ability to command, and such qualities must Captain Timothy have possessed, for he started into the wilderness to hew out for himself a new home, on the day following Christmas of the year mentioned. On some points, however, history is



Church of the Unity—Unitarian.

more positive,—the date of the original charter is 1722; the government of the town was organized in 1734, and it became a city in 1891. The change from town to municipality was brought about largely through the efforts of the late Hon. C. S. Whitehouse, who became Rochester's first mayor. Its form of government, a mayor and common council, has proven eminently satisfactory.

The city includes three villages. East Rochester is on the Salmon Falls, a busy, attractive place, with a hotel, public reading-room, good schools, churches, several substantial business blocks, and the busy, productive mills of the Cohecho Manufacturing Co.; Gonick, on the



The Gafney Residence, to be the Gafney Home for the Aged.

Cocheco, and the city proper. Gonic is the center of great brick-making activity, the out-put of its yards

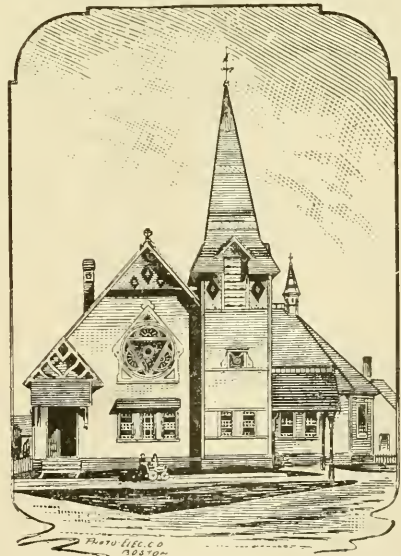
der the control of the New England Brick Co.

Situated as Rochester was in the pathway of the nomadic Indian tribes, wandering from the sea-coast, along the rivers, to the great lake above, its early history is replete with the adventure and tragedy of



St. Mary's Church—Catholic.

ranking Rochester as the second brick producing center in New England. Gonic is a contraction of Squamanagonic, an Indian word signifying a place of clay and water. Many of the yards have been absorbed by the trust, and are now un-



True Memorial Church—Free Baptist.

pioneer life. Many of its early settlers were Scotch Presbyterians, that sturdy people who upheld the best traditions of resolute courage and simple piety.



The Parson Main Statue.

honorably part at Saratoga, Yorktown, Trenton, and Valley Forge, and in later years were found on all the fields where were waged the great conflicts of the Civil war.

Rev. Amos Main was the first settled minister of the town. On July 3, 1896, a fine bronze statue of Parson Main on a base and pedestal of granite, was dedicated with considerable ceremony. The monument cost about \$5,000. This was a result of a donation by Mrs. Sophia Dodge Hall of \$500 to beautify Central square. The Hon. Chas. Main, a descendant, gave \$2,000 towards the statue, and Dr. James Farrington, D. Hanson, J. T. Dodge, E. Wentworth, N. B. Scruton, I. Salinger, Abby McDuffie Chase, W. G. Bradley, Jas. A. Ricks, Albert Wallace, Sumner Wallace, and George E. Wallace were the other contributors. The Rev. Amos Main served his people twenty-three years.

"Though rough and rugged were his
ways,
Such lives the firm foundation
laid,
On which to-day the world may
raise,
The fairest structure faith has
made."

"What were the labors of Hercules
To the toils of heroes such as these?
Rearing in faith, by sorrow tried,
The church and the schoolhouse, side by
side."

Both in the Revolution and in the War of the Rebellion Rochester men were equal to the demands of patriotism and courage. Her men bore

Among the names which stand for all that is best in the civic life of the town are those of J. H. Woodman, a patron of education, the Uphams and Marches, the Tibbitts and McDuffees. Franklin McDuffee rendered the town an invaluable service by compiling its history, bringing order

out of chaos from ill-kept town records, and sifting fact from tradition. The Adamsses—Isaac and Seth—who invented and perfected the Adams printing press, were natives of this town. They were benefactors of the town, too, a fund for the benefit of widows and maiden ladies, established by Seth Adams, is known as the "Adams Fund." A beautiful

paved a street of the city, recently, at an expense of nearly \$5 000. His son, C. A. C. Hanson, through his own efforts, established, a few years ago, a fund of \$10,000 or more, for the perpetual care of graves and lots in various cemeteries of the city.

The church and the schoolhouse have literally stood side by side in Rochester. A new high school build-



Looking down Main Street.

and costly monument has been erected to his memory. That grand statesman, John P. Hale, was a native of Rochester, likewise Jacob H. Ela, the great anti-slavery advocate; the twin brothers, Ebenezer G. and Edwin Wallace, promoters of the commercial prosperity of the town; the Lothrop and Places, and Capt. Chas. B. Gafney, whose late residence is to be used for a home for the aged. Dominicus Hanson will be remembered from the fact that he has

ing is nearing completion at a cost of nearly \$30,000. A few years since a six-room house was completed at Gonic, at a cost of \$16,000, and worthy of mention as unusual, the building was completed inside the amount appropriated. The old high school building, a fine building itself, costing \$25,000, is to be used for grammar grades. There is also a substantial and modern building at East Rochester. The system of concentration has been successfully put

into operation, and the children from most outside districts are brought in to the centres to attend school.

There are fourteen churches to minister to the spiritual wants of the people. The First church (Congre-

(Catholic), at Gonic, and two Advent churches.

Rochester has two good banking institutions, the Rochester National bank and the Rochester Loan and Banking Co., H. M. Plumer being



Rochester High School.

gational) is the only church of that denomination in the city. Its house of worship is an attractive but simple structure, with a fine interior. Its present pastor is Rev. Henry A. Blake. Quakers or Friends have found Rochester congenial, and the Quaker meeting-house, in the Mead-erborough neighborhood, is a landmark. The handsome True memorial church, Rev. John Manter, pastor, is the home of the Free Baptists. The Methodist church is the largest church edifice in the city, and aside from these there are the Church of the Unity (Unitarian), St. Mary's and Holy Rosary (Catholic), Baptist churches at Walnut Grove, Gonic, and East Rochester, a Methodist church in the same place, St. Leo

cashier of the former, and John L. Copp of the latter.

Rochester has an active board of trade, of which J. Frank Springfield is president; three bands—the City band, Rindge band, and Harrison's American band, the latter ranking among the best bands in the state. There are the usual fraternal organizations. The oldest lodge of Odd Fellow, Motolinia, owns a substantial brick block, while Kennedy and Cocheco lodges are both prosperous. Norway Plains Encampment, the A. O. U. W., Foresters, Rebekahs, Pythian Sisterhood, Grand Army, Red Men, Knights of Pythias, Veteran's Union, St. Jean Baptist society, Sons of Veterans, A. O. H., Royal Arcanum, Knights of Co-

lumbus, Maccabees, all are represented.

The Masons have a beautiful hall. Herman lodge is presided over by Chas. L. Wentworth, as master; Temple chapter by Dr. F. L. Keag as high priest, and Palestine commandery has for its eminent commander Dr. Robt. V. Sweet, who has served the city as mayor.

The Patrons of Husbandry are in an especially prosperous condition, represented by two granges, Rochester and Banner, the latter at East Rochester. The Rochester Cycle club, the leading social organization of the city, occupies a building fitted especially for the club's convenience. Mrs. Lillian B. Neal presides over the Rochester Woman's club, and the Monday club is another organization of women belonging to the State federation, the object of the latter being the study of history.

The public library has about eight thousand volumes. A reading-room is maintained in conjunction therewith. But while the city has invested \$10,000 in a lot, it has not yet reached the distinction of owning a city hall.



The Old High School—to be used for Primary Grades.

Two newspapers are here published—the *Record* and *Courier*. The city owns its own water system, has a good system of sewerage, electric light plant, and one line of electric road. There are seven hotels, some fine private residences, and some handsome business blocks, the exterior effect of several being very pleasing to the eye.

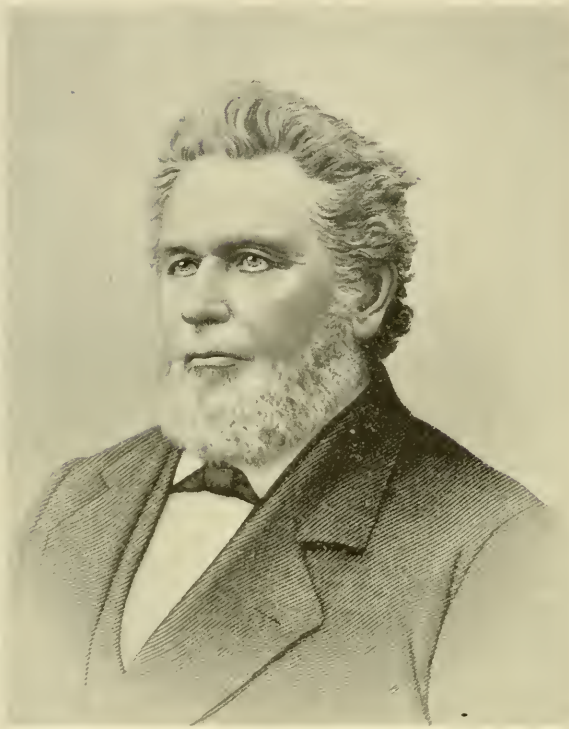
The Sturtevant guards are Co. I of the N. H. N. G., and the company has a commodious and convenient armory.

Not a little fame comes to the town from the annual Rochester fair—one of the leading exhibitions of the kind in New England. The fair has been held annually by the Rochester Agricultural and Mechanical association for the past twenty-six years. Cold Spring park, the home of the fair, is a lovely spot, containing fine buildings—a village in miniature, a good half-mile track, and several wooded ravines.

Rochester has but one large public park, the common. In the center of this stands the Soldiers' and Sail-



Schoolhouse at Gonic.



E. G. Wallace.

ors' monument. On Main and Wakefield streets are magnificent elms, an heritage of earlier days, which, in summer, almost completely shade these streets, and, in 1896, Mayor S. D. Felker inaugurated a system of tree planting with a view of making our streets and country roads more attractive in years to come. Woodman park is of smaller dimensions than the common, but it is to be improved and a fountain placed thereon.

Considerable advancement has been made in permanent road building.

A generous gift of Frederick H. Rindge has placed the income of a substantial fund at the disposal of operatives of the Cocheco Woolen Manufactory, at East Rochester, who live virtuous, temperate, and indus-

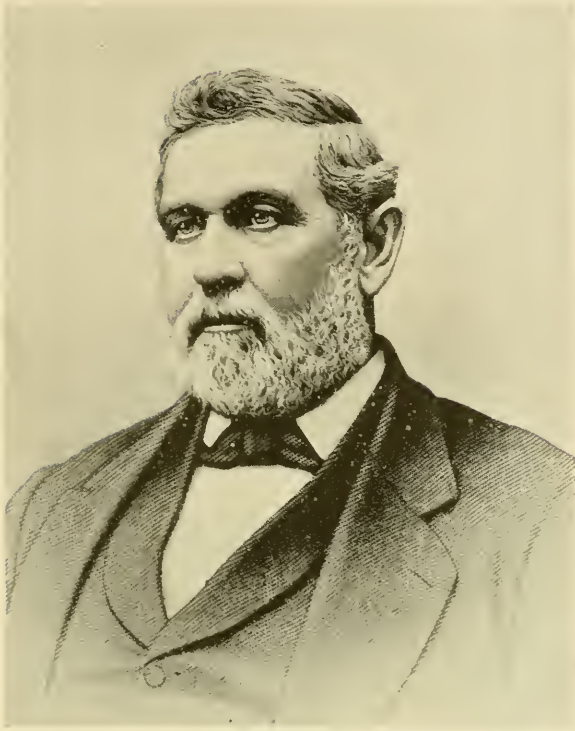
trious lives, and who, from any cause, are unable to earn the necessities of life.

During the past two years over \$100,000 have been expended at North Rochester, by Spaulding Bros., in improving the water power there and in building a leather-board mill. The mill is now in full operation, with prospects of additional mills being erected.

THE WALLACE FACTORY.

[See frontispiece.]

The manufacture of leather and shoes is the basis of the prosperity of the town, and while there are other important industries, notably the manufacture of fine woolens at East Rochester and Gonic, that contribute to Rochester's growth and prosperity, Rochester may rightfully be called a



Edwin Wallace.

shoe town. It is the great E. G. and E. Wallace plant that has been the potent factor in the industrial thrift of the town. To the energy and steadfastness of purpose of these two men of an earlier time is due the solid foundation of the present establishment. From their integrity and honest dealings with all men has arisen the secure financial position of the present firm.

A glance over the history of the town shows that they were prominent in the steady, faithful progress characteristic of those times. Both served in the state legislature, and Ebenezer G. Wallace was a member of the constitutional convention of 1876. This great shoe establishment was founded over half a century ago, and has always been, as it is to-day, the

leading industrial establishment of Rochester. Turning out four or five thousand pairs of shoes per day, as this great establishment often does, one wonders what becomes of all the shoes made. The early products of the Wallace shops were largely plow-shoes or brogans, and went into the South and West, but keeping pace with the demands of the times in the matter of good taste and common sense, the factory as it is to-day can satisfy almost any individual taste or private judgment. Man appears to be the only animal in the economy of nature whose feet are not protected with some sort of defense against the injuries and friction incident to locomotion, therefore the demand for shoes never ceases. Time was when the shoemaker's shop of

the olden time was a feature of the town, and most of the shoes were taken from Wallaces to be finished. The finished shoe of the factory that has gone through as many as a hundred and fifty operations, and under as many pairs of hands, has an elegance and comfort that the old-time

the best appliances the work of one man for a single day will make a year's supply of shoes for a family. To accomplish as much the primitive shoemaker would consume two weeks' time. This great establishment from tannery to packing-room has few equals in New England.



Hon. Albert Wallace.

village shoemaker, with all his efforts, could not bring to his products.

Much of the economy of production lies in the efficiency with which the stock is managed. A side of leather is started from the tannery and in its little journey through the factory is converted into a pair of shoes, such as any man may be proud to wear. The marvel of the shoe industry of to-day is that with

The firm must have the faculty of winning permanent customers for uninterrupted business is the rule here. This is one item that makes the industry so valuable to the city; it runs steadily for the most part of the year. Then again labor troubles are practically unknown to this firm.

Doubtless the unlimited financial resources of the firm enable it to put into the shoe markets of the world

the very best qualities of goods at the most reasonable prices. The foundation of the business was laid in 1854, when E. G. Wallace started in the tanning business, and eight years later, or in 1862, the shoe manufacturing began, a partnership being formed between Ebenezer G. and Edwin Wallace.

constantly demanding. The hides purchased are mostly Western buffs and packers, and the out-put is from 1,200 to 1,800 sides a week.

A new industry, the manufacture of Goodyear welting, has been started, and 10,000 to 20,000 yards a day are produced.

To-day the firm employs over



Hon. Sumner Wallace.

The tanning department is a great industry in itself. Within the past two years the old currying shop, long a landmark on lower Main street, has been torn down, and a three-story building of ample dimensions erected to take its place. New machinery of the most approved pattern has been installed in this building and it is equipped to turn out a good supply of the different kinds of leather such as progressive trade is seven hundred hands, and the tanneries and shops cover five acres of ground. There are two large brick shops devoted exclusively to shoe making, having in all 76,000 square feet of floor space. They make men's, boys', and youths' medium grade shoes, and these are sold to jobbers throughout the United States, many of them in the West and South, and some of the products find their way through exporters to South



Residence of Hon. Albert Wallace.



The E. G. Wallace Homestead.

American countries and to Cuba. The first brick factory was built in 1869, being 35 by 177 feet on the ground, three stories, basement, and attic, and having an ell built in 1876, three stories high and 35 by 80 feet in dimensions. The second factory was built in 1880, is four stories in height, basement and attic, and is 120 feet long and 48 feet wide. These figures serve to show what the plant has been in the past, and what it is to day. Besides the buildings mentioned there are carpenter shops, box shops, and many other buildings.

Power, heat, and light are derived from a splendid steam power plant of 700-horse power, an electric lighting plant, a steam heating plant, all well housed in a brick building away from the factories. A huge water stand-pipe supplements the city water service as a protection against fire.

The offices in the north end of the upper factory are fitted with modern conveniences.

Mr. Geo. E. Wallace, son of Edwin Wallace, who sold out his interest in the firm some years since, is now president of the Rochester fair, and has, aside from a fine house facing the common, an extensive stock farm on the Ten Rod Road, the equipment of which is among the best in New England.

The business is conducted by the heirs of Ebenezer G. Wallace, the active managers being the brothers, Albert and Sumner Wallace, and associated in the management of one of the departments is Charles E. Hussey.

These younger men were educated in the public schools of the town

and fitted for college at South Berwick academy. They graduated from Dartmouth college in 1877, and after leaving college entered the employ of the firm, and mastering the details of the business they gradually assumed its management, and are eminently fitted to assume a position among the leaders of the business interests of the state.



Charles E. Hussey.

Mr. Albert Wallace has a beautiful home on Main street, is a member of the Rochester city council, and has served in the New Hampshire legislature and senate.

Mr. Sumner Wallace was a member of the council under Governor Rollins. He has nearing completion, on Main street, what will be one of the finest residences in the state.

Aside from their business in their native city they have extensive interests in other cities and towns in New England.



H. L. Worcester.

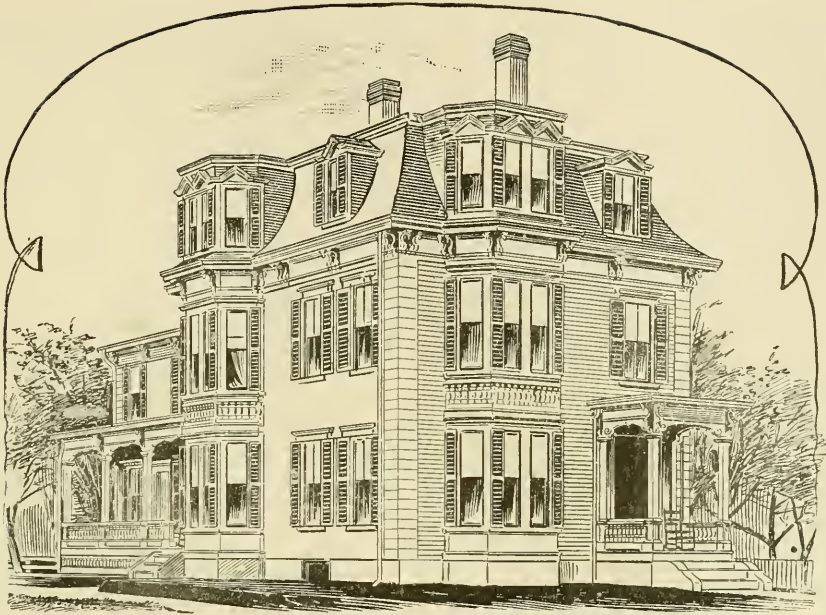
HORACE L. WORCESTER.

H. L. Worcester, now serving a second term as mayor of Rochester, was born in Lebanon, Me., March 28, 1846. His father, grandfather, and an uncle served in the War of 1812, his uncle being killed at the battle of Lake Erie. At the outbreak of the Rebellion Mr. Worcester was a boy attending school. During the war he enlisted in the navy and was assigned to the U. S. S. *Lackawanna*, West Gulf Squadron, and served on the blockade off Mobile and Galveston, and cruising in the Gulf of Mexico, receiving his discharge at the close of the war. He engaged in shoemaking and farming, and in 1868 came to Rochester. In 1881 he bought the blank book, stationery,

and periodical business of Mrs. A. T. Colton, with his brother-in-law, Frank Greenfield, from which he retired in 1899.

He served as town clerk four years, and mayor two years. Mr. Worcester is president of the Norway Plains Savings bank, is a member of St. Paul commandery, Knights Templar, of Dover, and is a past commander of the department of New Hampshire, G. A. R. Mr. Worcester married Millie, daughter of Chas. Greenfield, and they have a charming and hospitable home.

Mrs. Worcester served with distinction as president of the State Relief Corps, and was a member of the board of lady managers of the Pan-American exposition from New Hampshire.



Residence of H. L. Worcester.

PERKINS, LINSKOTT & CO.

The firm of Perkins, Linscott & Co., shoe manufacturers, occupy a thoroughly modern and up-to-date shop, centrally located. This shoe business is one of the most important industries of the city. The individual members of the firm are C. H. Perkins of Boston and Albert H. Linscott of Rochester.

The Perkins-Linscott shop, as it is locally called, attracts the attention of even the casual observer, because of its proportions. It is four stories in height, each floor being 200 by 46 feet in dimensions. There is also a one-story basement annex, 86 by 46 feet in dimensions. The boiler and engine room and repair shops occupy a brick annex 50 feet wide and 60 feet long. Here is located the fire alarm signal of the city, Rochester using the well-known Gamewell sys-

tem. This excellent modern shoe plant has a capacity of between two and three thousand pairs of shoes per day, runs steadily throughout the year, and employs about 350 hands. To furnish power for this plant the firm has a 120-horse power boiler, and a 90-horse power engine, also a 600-light electric lighting plant. Thus it will be seen that the pay-roll of this firm is an important factor in the town's industrial prosperity. The business was established some six years ago, at Springvale, Me., under the name of Perkins & Jones. Two years later it became Perkins, Linscott & Co., and the business was then moved to Rochester.

The grade of goods made is boys', youths', and men's medium grade shoes, of machine and Goodyear welt. The goods of this firm sell well in the markets, and there is a steady and increasing demand for the



Shoe Manufactory of Perkins, Linscott & Co.

products of this shop. Nothing is left undone by the resident member of the firm to maintain the standard of excellency established through years of constant effort, and many improvements in the way of modern shoe-making machinery have been added within the past few years.

Formerly Mr. Linscott resided at Auburn, Me. He is a practical and thorough business man, and, socially and fraternally, is a representative citizen of the city. Mr. Linscott and family have a handsome home on that fine old thoroughfare and residential way—Wakefield street.

THE ROCHESTER WOOLEN CO.

Among the new industries recently added to the list of Rochester's manufacturing establishments is the business of the Rochester Woolen Co. For several years the extensive

woolen plant of the Norway Plains Manufacturing Co. had been shut down and its employes had sought other fields of labor. Here was a great water power and large mills in the very heart of the city, idle and silent, and when it was learned that the upper mill and its contiguous property had been purchased, and the Rochester Woolen Co. organized to utilize the mill for manufacturing purposes, the announcement gave great satisfaction to the people of Rochester.

The Rochester Woolen Co. was organized August 6, 1901. The individual members of the firm are Charles E. Clark, H. H. Groves, and Herman E. Clark. The product of the mill will be woolen goods, a light weight ladies' sacking now being made, and machinery is already being put in place for a heavier line of the same description of goods. The goods are

sold direct to New York parties rather than to commission houses. Forty looms are now in operation, and with the new and modern machinery being put in, not only will the capacity of the mill be doubled, but it will be thoroughly equipped to meet the modern requirements that manufactories of this kind demand. At present the capacity of the Rochester Woolen Co. is 25,000 yards of cloth a month, requiring the employment of about fifty hands.

The mill itself is one of the best built and most attractive mill buildings in the city. It is situated upon what is called the upper dam, this dam having been thoroughly rebuilt by the present owners. The building is four stories, 55 by 100 feet, with an annex 20 by 30 feet, three stories, and there are two good-sized store-houses connected. An addition for an office has been built, and many

general improvements made. The mill uses water for power, having a wheel of 70-horse power and over, and has also a supplementary steam plant with an engine of 100-horse power.

Charles E. Clark was proprietor of a machine business in this city for eighteen years, establishing the first modern shop in the city. He has been a resident of Rochester for twenty-five years, and has also been actively engaged with extensive lumber interests. Mr. Groves, who came here from Hudson, Mass., has had forty years' experience in the manufacture of woollens. Herman E. Clark, the third member of the firm, is the eldest son of Mr. Clark. He is a native of Rochester, graduating from Cornell university in 1899, and for two years subsequently devoted his time to his studies in Germany and France.



The Rochester Woolen Company's Mill.

KIESEL FIRE BRICK CO.

We have spoken briefly elsewhere of the importance of the brick-making industry of Rochester. In this connection it is interesting to note that the first brick used in the colonies were imported from Holland, and in 1629 10,000 brick were imported from England to Boston to



Wm. E. Turner.

be used in building chimneys. No longer does New England need to import brick, but rather sends the products of her yards to foreign ports. Rochester sends not only common kiln-burned brick to all parts of the United States, but a superior quality of fine brick, the like of which are manufactured nowhere else in America. These are the product of the Kiesel Fire Brick Co., whose works are situated at the head of Orchard street.

The plant consists of a main building, 80 by 100 feet, three stories high,

with a one-story annex, 60 by 45 feet, a stone-shed, 200 by 24 feet, and a detached office building. An average of fifteen hands are employed, and the out-put is about 1,500,000 fire brick per annum. The works are under the successful management of Wm. E. Turner.

It may be interesting to note that the Kiesel works were established here in 1889, Mr. Turner assuming charge of them in 1890. The brick are made of a pulverized quartz, mined in this vicinity, mixed with fire clay. This clay comes from New Jersey, and is the very best product of that state in this line. Each brick, after moulding, is subjected to a pressure of about ten tons before burning. They are then submitted to a heat so intense that in it ordinary brick would be entirely consumed. The firm also manufactures tiling. Different brands of brick are produced, and they are used for steel furnaces, welding forges, rolling mills, puddling furnaces, sawmill furnaces, lime kilns, baker's furnaces, and a thousand and one purposes. A light brick can also be made for building purposes. Under Mr. Turner's management the works have been wholly successful.

Mr. Turner ranks high as a citizen and a business man. He is prominent in the Unitarian society, in the Odd Fellows, and, as a member of the city council for three years from ward five, served the city with distinction. He was on several important standing and many special committees, and his fearlessness and outspoken championship of measures benefiting the city won for him emphatic approval. Mr. Turner is prominent in politics and is an im-

portant factor in the work of the Republican party. He is a native of New Haven, Conn., and came to Rochester from Boston. Mr. Turner has had thirty years' experience in handling clays.

OSMON B. WARREN.

Rochester has a light and roomy post-office, and the postal facilities are excellent. Osmon B. Warren is serving his third term as postmaster. His first appointment was from President Hayes, and he was reappointed by President Arthur, March 31, 1882, and again by President McKinley in 1898. To illustrate the importance of the Rochester office we may state that during the first six months of 1901 there were issued 2,110 money orders, amounting to \$15,291.63.



Osmon B. Warren

Thirty-six mails are received and despatched daily. Rural free delivery has been established during the past year. Postmaster Warren



Mill of Gonic Manufacturing Co.

is prominent in the Masons, Odd Fellows, and Grand Army affairs, and is much sought for by social gatherings. He has served in the legislature with distinction, and was revenue storekeeper at Portsmouth under President Harrison.

Mr. Warren is a native of Rochester, the son of James and Lydia War-

ren, confined at Andersonville, Charleston, and Florence. A report of his death reached Rochester, and elaborate memorial services were held in his honor at the Methodist church. He was released, however, in February, 1865. Mr. Warren has twice been a delegate to the G. A. R. National encampment.



Stephen C. Meader.

ren, his father being a Methodist clergyman.

Mr. Warren saw much active service in the Civil War. He was in the battles of South Mountain, Antietam, and in the movement that drove the famous rebel general, John Morgan, and his raiders, from the state of Kentucky. Later he was in the terrible slaughter of the Wilderness, and was made a prisoner at Spottsylvania, May 12, 1864. He was

STEPHEN C. MEADER.

Gonic is one of the dearest and most attractive little villages in New England. It lies between D. & W. and Nashua divisions of the Boston & Maine railroad, and is on the line of the Dover, Somersworth & Rochester electric road. The prosperity of the place is largely dependent upon the Gonic Manufacturing Co., which makes fine woollens, — broadcloth,

sackings, and Venetian cloth for dress goods. The mills were founded in 1838. The plant covers about four acres of ground, and the grounds are always kept in fine order, so much so as to win admiring comment from all who view them. The mill buildings are in themselves attractive architecturally. These are of brick, built in the most substantial manner. The capacity of the mills is about 1,000,000 yards of cloth per annum, valued at about \$400,000. The product is put upon the market through Porter, Wilder & Co., of Boston and New York.

Stephen C. Meader has been the agent of the mills since June, 1881, and is general manager. A native of Rochester, he has always been identified with its best interest. He is a patron of the church, of temperance, and, indeed, of every good cause. Twice has he served in the state legislature, and is at present a member of the city council, it being his second term. He is also a director of

the Rochester Loan & Banking Co., and a trustee of the Rochester public library. No man in the community stands higher in civic, social, and private life. The Meaders were among the first settlers of the town, and were naturally the followers of agricultural pursuits, as manufacturing was conducted there only on a small scale.

He studied four years in the celebrated Friends school at Providence, R. I. After this, entering the mills, he mastered there every detail, and advanced step by step to the highest point in the great manufacturing concern, a place he fills with honor to all concerned. Mr. Meader is a disciple of the Quaker faith, but a helper in the good work of all denominations. The Meaders have done much work of a helpful and elevating nature for this little village of Gonic. It may be said the company supports a fine hotel here—the Bradford Inn, a hotel which would be a credit to any town.

THE ISLAND.

By Mary H. Wheeler.

The heat had been intense the whole bright day
 And rushing northward on a crowded train
 I caught a view through dusty windowpane
 Of shining water, reaching far away,
 With cool, soft gleam beneath the last long ray
 Of setting sun. Beyond the silver plain,
 In hazy distance, rose a mountain chain,
 But near at hand a mound-like island lay;
 Green, oh, so green! with leafy trees and pines,
 And mossy rocks and steps to climb thereto,
 And rustic lodge, half hidden by the vines,
 Revealed by gleam of windows shining through,
 The island seemed from that cool lake to rise,
 A glimpse of rest—a dream of paradise.




View of Village Main Street, Hopkinton.



Home of Capt. Joshua Bailey, who Marched a Company to Bennington in 1777.
Present Home of Mrs. C. G. Hawthorne.

THE SETTLEMENT OF A TOWN.

By C. C. Lord.

“ISTORY is a methodical record of the important events which concern a community of men, usually so arranged as to show the connection of causes and effects.” Such is the language of Webster’s International dictionary. It embodies an idea we intend to make positive. In the present instance, history is not simply a narrative of past actual facts. It is instead an account of such facts in their logical, social relations. In other words, we intend that in this case history shall teach something.

The settlement of a town may, to some people, mean much less than it really is. We contemplate the subject in its wider intellectual range. In the present instance, the settlement of a town reflects the composite life of a large contemporary social establishment. Besides this, it determines social results affecting the life of future generations.

The town of which we speak is Hopkinton. This town was granted by the Province of Massachusetts in 1736. Settlements began about the year 1737. An incorporation of the township was effected in 1765. The pivotal events of our narration relate more especially to a period from 1736 to 1765.

The settlement of the present town of Hopkinton was begun through the agency of sixty grantees, or proprie-

tors, of Hopkinton, Mass. This fact at once suggests the incentive to the adoption of its corporate name by the younger township. In some cases it has been and is held that a name illustrates a subjective quality. The idea is suggested in the present instance. When the early settlers of Hopkinton adopted their corporate name, the act was in a sense symbolic of an historic persistence of certain individual and social qualities. They were peculiar people who came from Hopkinton, Mass., and settled Hopkinton.

Yet the early settlers of Hopkinton were not in an exclusive sense peculiar. In their day and generation there were many others like them. Hence we may consider them as a composite type of a larger community. A selected type of a class may effectively illustrate the whole.

The early settlers of Hopkinton were peculiar for three reasons, to wit:

1. They were settlers of a hostile wilderness.
2. Each original grantee was bonded for the performance of certain industrial deeds in a prescribed time.
3. The proprietors were expected to maintain an effective attitude with regard to a vigorous civil controversy.

These three facts, though implied as much as expressed, afford the basis of an important and extended argument.



Congregational Church. Organization Effected in 1757.

They are only positive, aggressive, and persistent people who can subdue a wilderness full of savage men and wild beasts. They are only people of intelligent capacity and moral stamina who can command sureties for the performance of such a work. They are people of a broader intellectual culture and wider practical experience who can be trusted to take an effective *ex parte* attitude in a great public controversy. Practically speaking, these three points are axiomatic. Still the discussion of the third and last one is essential to the end we have in view.

The township of Hopkinton was granted by Massachusetts. The land was claimed by both Massachusetts and New Hampshire. It was an old controversy. To fix an historic, critical date, we will say that this

controversy began in 1627, when the Plymouth company granted to Sir Henry Roswell a tract of land that had been twice in whole or in part granted to Capt. John Mason, who, at length, appears to have held no less than five titles to the soil eventually involved in the great controversy over the boundary line between Massachusetts and New Hampshire, and which was never definitely settled till 1741.

The township of Hopkinton was not and could not have been granted in the dark. Massachusetts, in granting this and other townships within the territory of New Hampshire, acted in full cognizance of the privileges assumed and the contingencies apprehended. The study of Colonial civil events contemporaneous with the settlement of Hopkinton, attests the

diligence of Massachusetts in regarding the selection and the conduct of the settlers sent by that province to the disputed territory of New Hampshire. It is now our part to show how well the intelligence, enterprise, and perseverance of the early settlers of Hopkinton attested their loyalty to the actual and implied ideals contemplated in the new township by Massachusetts.

The early settlers of Hopkinton were intelligent, moral, industrious, and persevering. In spite of the peril and distress of Colonial wars they struggled hard to establish and maintain the institutions of civilization in their new home. Yet this was not all. They considered themselves a select people entitled to the confidence of only selected associates. This fact was manifested in one of the first acts of the proprietors.

In 1737, at home, before the new township was occupied, the grantees of Hopkinton passed the following vote :

“That no proprietor shall have liberty to sell his lott without leave obtained first from the Propriety.”

The acts of the proprietors being subject to the approval of a committee of the general court of the province, the foregoing vote was rejected. It is easy to conceive why. The vote contravened the title of a proprietor in his legally vested rights in fee simple. Still the vote was a legislative strain that showed the direction of social wind. The early proprietors of Hopkinton sought to avoid the degenerating influence of debasing social contact.

It is the privilege of a superior class of men to exercise a virtuous pride in the spirit of self-dependence.



Old Parsonage, Built for the Rev. James Scales, First Minister, Ordained in 1757.

The early settlers of Hopkinton illustrated this truth. Upon the issue of war they suffered greatly. They sent men to the army, sustained the depredations of hostile Indians, suffered the interruption of their industrial prosperity, and witnessed the partial depopulation of their township. Yet their courage and independence were remarkable. In 1740, four years before the outbreak of King George's war, a warrant for a meeting of the proprietors contained the following article :

"To chuse one or more meet persons to prefer a Petition to the General Court on the Behalf of the Propriety praying that they may be allowed such time (Beyond the time Limited In their Grant) to fullfill their Duty of Settling as the Court Shall think fit In Respect to the danger of War."

The following is the action upon the article :

"Put to vote whether they will Send a man or men to present a Petition to the General Court for a further time to Do their Duty in Settling their lots or rights In s^d township by reason of the War—past in the neg^e."

The import of this vote is evident. The early settlers of Hopkinton were not disheartened or discouraged. They were not in a suppliant mood. They comprehended the situation and its perils. Yet they would not ask for release from any legal demands upon them. They would do their duty and await the issue. Such is the attitude of only men of superior mental and moral mold.

In the year 1765 the town of Hopkinton became incorporate. From the grant to the incorporation there



Home of Capt. Jonathan Straw, Revolutionary Soidier. Present Home of Amos Frye.



Home of the late James K. Story. Said to be the First Framed House in Town.

had been peculiar trials for the early settlers to bear. They endured the perils and expenses of King George's war, and the Seven Years' war. They were obliged to purchase a regrant of the township from the Masonian proprietors of New Hampshire. They were involved in the Bow controversy, a portion of their territory being claimed under a New Hampshire grant. There were many local disaffections and some failures among the first grantees or residents. Yet the body of the proprietors held on, projected and maintained industries, provided for the common defense, developed civilized improvements, organized a church, ordained a minister, and established a public school. We assume there was a material increase of population. In its inception the township represented sixty proprietors and their families. In 1767 a census recorded 473 in-

habitants. There must have been some change in the social aspects of the people. Inferior personal elements had unavoidably crept into the community. There was no longer that unity of public sentiment that had once prevailed. We feel so sure upon this point that we venture our reason for entertaining it.

In March, 1765, the town of Hopkinton held its first annual meeting under its incorporative privileges. There were many important questions to consider. The acceptance of the incorporation was one. The acceptance was prompt and final. The payment of arrears of the province tax was another. It was voted to pay them. Rev. James Scales was confirmed as minister of the town, a provision was made for his salary, and a vote to build a meeting-house was passed. These and other things

tended to show the predominant integrity of the mind of the township. Yet there was a violation of consistency. We will try and explain it.

An incorporation of the town had been secured only after effort. Such an important public scheme demanded the support of some one competent to present it effectively to the Colonial authorities. There

The subject being considered in town-meeting the clerk made the following record :

“ Voted Not to allow the Rev^d Mr. Scales any Thing for his Time & Trouble in procuring the Incorporation of this Town.”

In a mere casual aspect of the record, this vote is a surprise. It does not express the accustomed public spirit of the township. There



View, in Oldest Part of Village Cemetery. Memorial Building and Baptist Church in the Distance.

seems to have been but one man of sufficient intelligence and culture to assume the attitude of a general agent of the township in this matter. He was the Rev. James Scales. This faithful pastor and citizen labored and persevered until the charter of incorporation was a fact. Evidently he expended time and money in the cause. Hence the warrant for the first annual meeting of the township included an article providing for the payment of the Rev. James Scales for his described public services.

had been a grant of 500 acres of land to Abraham Kimball, born in 1742, the first male white child of the township. In 1753 ten acres and all the flowage had been granted for a saw-mill. The same year eighty acres and the flowage had been granted to Nathaniel Clement for a grist-mill. Yet, in 1765, the town voted not to allow the Rev. James Scales anything for his services in procuring its incorporating charter.

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We are happy to say, however,

that the matter did not rest here. The reason is apparently evident. The social aspect of the township had begun to change. Impulsive, thoughtless, and inconsiderate people were voting in town-meeting. They had carried a point. Still the true cause was not lost. Justice often survives and triumphs after a temporary defeat. The truly representative mind of the meeting was

depreciate his public service in this case. It was ungrateful to deny him a pittance in return. It was disgraceful to put the town in an attitude so thankless and contemptible as that implied in the action just taken. Thus we surmise the better mind of the meeting held forth in debate. It advised, rebuked, and shamed the opposing obduracy. As a result, reaction came. Justice and



View in Mt. Putney Cemetery. Two Oldest Gravestones in Town for Aaron and Jeremiah Kimball in Foreground.

aggressive and refused to be suppressed. The matter of the Rev. Mr. Scales's remuneration was again broached. Argument confronted influence. The legal incorporation of the town was a social necessity. It was the earnest of local prosperity. This conviction was a fixed element of the public mind. It was only inferior judgment that doubted the utility of the incorporation. The Rev. Mr. Scales had lent his individual efforts for the welfare of the whole community. It was unjust to

reason prevailed over injustice and folly. At length another action was taken. A motion to reconsider had been made. The meeting was ready for the question. The clerk made the following record :

"Voted to reconsider and amend the second Vote found this Day which was Not to allow the Rev^d Mr. Scales anything for his Time & Trouble in procuring the Incorporation of this Town—and then Voted to allow him Twenty-five Pounds, old tenor, therefor."



Site of the Ancient Famous Tavern of Elder Joseph Putney. Present Home of George M. Putnam.

A new township cannot always remain the same. Yet a new township, founded by a select and superior class of residents, can effect a substratum of popular excellence, attract others of similar character, and keep subsequently inferior social elements in proper subordination. The popular illustration of this fact, not only in Hopkinton, but also in other towns in New Hampshire, ultimately afforded a source of local pride that has become an historical boast. In brief, they were select and selected men who elevated the high standard of that society which was so long an ornament of rural New Hampshire.

For further illustration of this subject we adduce another fact of a specially local nature. In the list of family names in Hopkinton that appear to have become located in the township as early as 1765, and that continued local for a long time, or as some have till now, we mention the

following: Annis, Bailey, Chandler, Clement, Colby, Eastman, Flanders, French, Hills, Howe, Hoyt, Jewett, Jones, Kimball, Merrill, Putney, Stanley, Straw. It cannot be assumed that later residents have always been lineal descendants of earlier ones of the same family name. Yet, in many instances they are known to have been. The representatives of not a few of the family names we give have made their creditable records in local or general history. The same thing might be said of the descendants of early superior families that located in Hopkinton subsequently to 1765. The details are not essential to our main argument

Blood tells. This is the burden of this article expressed in brief. The early, select, superior families of Hopkinton gave to the locality a social impetus that is, in a measure, active even to this day. The careful student of local society can identify

it anywhere. It is in the domestic circle, the recreative assembly, the school, the town-meeting, and the church. In every place it thinks with superior clearness, speaks with greater intelligence, and acts with nobler prudence. It represents ideally and actually the models of life that predominant society is at last compelled to accept and adopt. Its worth and utility are recognized in every department of efficient social service. The farmer, the manufacturer, the merchant, the teacher, the magistrate, the professional man, —all acknowledge and rely upon its superior capacity and credit. There is not an individual needing assistance and support that does not realize a higher degree of encouragement

in the loyalty of a representative of that grand social stock of which Hopkinton and other towns in New Hampshire have been so long and so justly proud.

It is a commendable privilege of later local society to contemplate the progressive heights it hopes to attain. Aspirations and ambitions are noble qualities of humanity. Yet we have one thought to impress upon people through the elaboration of this article. It is well at times to consider the superior social heights from which one has descended. Thus may one profitably, if not humbly, remember the ancient times and consider the years of many generations.



Site of Putney's Garrison. The Pillar Records the Date, 1744: Rev. James Scales Ordained at this Garrison in 1757: Church Organization Effected the Same Day.

A HUNTING SONG.

By Fred Myron Colby.

Hurrah! hurrah! we're off, we're off!
My gallant steed and I,
To the dense green woods and sedgy moors
Where the deer and the herons hie.
The sun shines fair in the autumn sky,
The streamlets in the shadows lie,
As with flying hoofs he beats the sod,
My gallant charger silver-shod.

The bugles blow and echo wide,
Their music fills the scented air;
The woods are green, the streams flash bright
Under the autumn sunshine fair.
And my steed with the chestnut hair,
Proud of his breeding and his care,
Left afar all his gallant peers
As the pack rang in his ears.

Across our path the black thorn twined,
And many a clover blossom sweet
Lifting its beauty to the sun,
Was crushed beneath his flying feet.
On, on, where the moor and the forest meet;
Was ever antelope half so fleet?
Of fence nor stream he takes no heed,
My pure bred, gallant chestnut steed.

The tall old oaks their branches toss,
And charming vistas sweep in view;
One moment, and they pass from sight,
With other pictures fair and new.
O'er mossy meads pearl-dashed with dew,
Past pools where the wild heron flew,
Till, far within the forest fast,
The quarry stood to bay at last.

Ha! ha! we've won, my noble steed,
We have won the race and prize!
Thou art worth thy weight in gleaming gold,
Thou light of my soul, my eyes!
And now before the damp fogs rise,
We'll homeward dash as the swallow flies,
And soft, fair hands shall caress thy neck,
And thy dark mane with ribbons deck.



Lawrence Mansion at the right.

PHILLIPS EXETER ACADEMY'S HISTORIC DORMITORY.

Sarah B. Lawrence.

THE passing of the Lawrence mansion into Dunbar Hall recalls many reminiscences of a family long prominent in the history of Exeter and of the academy.

The stately old house was built by Jotham Lawrence, a lawyer and a graduate of the academy, in 1793. Mr. Lawrence was a connection of Amos and Abbott Lawrence of Boston, and a distant connection of the famous Capt. James Lawrence.

Mrs. Lawrence was a granddaughter of the celebrated old English physician and minister, Dr. Samuel Shepard, who practised as a physician, and was bishop, for forty-four years, of the church in eastern New Hampshire, beginning to preach in 1770.

One of the most talented graduates of the academy in 1794 was Col. Samuel Shepard Conner, a brother of Mrs. Lawrence, who graduated from Yale college. He was an able lawyer, and conducted a paper in Maine, then a part of Massachusetts. Mr. Conner was a zealous anti-Federalist. At that time congress was making preparations for the War of 1812. Madison, who was then president, happened to see an editorial by Mr. Conner. It was so pointed and pertinent that the president embodied it substantially in his war message. Mr. Conner was given a lieutenant-colonel's commission in the army, and after the war was a representative in congress from Massachusetts. Here his brilliant talents attracted the attention of Daniel Webster. In



An Interior of the Lawrence Mansion.

1819 President Monroe appointed him surveyor-general of Ohio. He died in Covington, aged thirty-five years.

Eight children were born to Mr. and Mrs. Lawrence in the old Lawrence house. The second son of Jotham Lawrence was one of the most distinguished sons of Exeter. He graduated from the academy in 1823, and from Dartmouth college four years later. His successful practice of law in Washington secured him a reputation in the highest rank of the legal profession in the supreme court of the United States. When he was thirty-eight years old he argued and gained a case in which one of the most valuable ranches in California was involved, for which he received a fee of \$10,000. He also gained a case in which Daniel Webster was his opponent. Mr. Webster arose in the court-room and said, "I am proud to be beaten by my friend Alexander Lawrence, who is a son of New Hampshire, like myself."

Mr. Lawrence married into the aristocratic family of Carroll of Carrollton, a descendant of one of the signers of the Declaration of Independence. He died suddenly in 1857.

Sarah Lawrence Green was the last occupant of the old homestead in Exeter, dying in 1894. She was a typical gentlewoman of the old school. When a young lady, on a visit to her brother Alexander in Washington, her great beauty and charm attracted the attention of a prominent member of the president's cabinet, Chief Justice Chase, who made her an offer of marriage, but she had already become interested in Colonel Green, a lawyer, whom she afterward married.

The old Lawrence mansion has been the scene of many a distinguished gathering of eminent and cultured men. Daniel Webster and Edward Everett have danced the stately minuet in the landscape parlor. In later days Gen. Daniel

Sickles and General Butler were entertained there. Upon the walls of the wide parlor still hangs the original landscape paper imported from Italy by Mr. Lawrence. One entire side of the room represents a view of the Bay of Naples, with Vesuvius in the background.

Antique mahogany of the most massive kind was used in furnishing the house. Handsome inlaid sideboards, their tops laden with fine cut-glass decanters and silver candlebrabras decorated the paneled dining-room in those days.

The china used on the inlaid mahogany dining table was old blue India, one set of china bearing the coat-of-arms in the centre, was 200 years old, having been handed down from the English ancestors. On the tall mantels were bronze lamps for burning whale oil, which was used at that time as an illuminator.

A Broadwood London piano filled one corner of the room, being the fourteenth piano made by the celebrated London makers. A few years since a member of the firm wrote to know if this instrument could be procured for the London museum, as it was the oldest one known to them of their make.

No one called at this hospitable mansion without being offered a glass of wine, of rare old vintage, and it is related that an old parson, who was for thirty-eight years pastor of one of the Congregational churches, was a most frequent visitor at this house.

The turning of the old house into a dormitory destroys one of the finest types of an old New England home, and the passing of the Lawrence family from Exeter removes one of its most cultured and hospitable families.



An Interior of the Lawrence Mansion.

ARE OUR SEASONS CHANGING?

By Robert Marshall Brown.



MAGAZINE of fashion—let us hope more accurate in purveying the vanities of this world than in teaching the doctrines of science—edits under the title of "The Lessons of the Heat," a brief sermon to all people who were disgruntled over the condition of the weather during the hot spells of the past summer. Like many another tale with a moral, while the end is desirable, the premise is drawn from the imagination. It reads:

"Statisticians tell us that the American summer is growing warmer every year, and that in a very few years more the 'hot wave' will be with us, not for a few days at a time but for many weeks. If this is true, American citizens must learn to endure heat with more Christian fortitude and self-restraint than they have displayed during the recent hot wave. . . ."

The term "New England weather" has become a stock phrase that is used to explain the vagaries of the seasons. Summer gradually yields to winter, and winter is forced to retire before another advance of the sun northward; in the supremacy of each and in the two periods of doubtful rule we enjoy the seasons. A summer does not pass without a record for warmth or rain is surpassed—thunder storms may be se-

vere, hot spells pronounced, cold rains predominate—something is different. A winter cannot bear a resemblance to former winters either in the amount of snow or the severity of its blasts.

Strangely rooted in the minds of the New Englander there has flourished, either as a legacy from the generations before them or reborn from seed scattered carelessly, the idea of a changing season. The laws of that change have never been advanced. The belief that the seasons are different from what they were wont to be has been sufficient. It is not natural to believe in the immutability of things. Change is a law of the universe. The rate of change, however, in natural processes is apt to be beyond the discernment of a single generation. Animal and vegetable life is a good indicator of climatic conditions. The New England products have not changed in the period of the history of the country, except so far as the change can be traced to the civilizing influence of man. Where the Indians reaped their harvests of corn, the stalks still grow and yield their fruits. The strawberry, that delighted the first visitors to New Hampshire, still ripens and rewards the finder of its retreat. The same shrubs and trees adorn the Granite hills. It seems as if the inanimate by their continuous

presence resent the belief in a changing season.

It is unfortunate that no data are available with which to strengthen the "insinuations of vegetation." Previous to the middle of the last century the individual dairy must, to a large extent, be relied upon to furnish the information concerning the condition of the climate. In the fifty years or more of accurate records no sign is given of a continuous change in one direction. The records from New Bedford and Providence, collected a few years ago by the New England Meteorological society, show the same thing, no indication of a persistent change. There appeared, however, to be some evidence of a periodicity in the climatic records. Great fluctuations are recognized in different years, but the records failed to show anything progressive in the temperature of any month and in the amount of rainfall.

Mr. John C. Smock in an article on the "Climatology of New Jersey" in the "Report of the Geological Survey of New Jersey" discusses this problem, and after a careful analysis of the data on hand concludes as follows:

"Both the fluctuations in temperature and those of rainfall have been investigated. The results do not indicate any changes, or any regular variations, or cycles of definite lengths, although there are found to be comparatively short rainfall periods, which correspond somewhat with observed sun-spot periods. It is doubtful if even these will prove coincident throughout when tested by long series of observations. The fluctuations of temperature do not appear capable of resolution into any

orderly arrangement. Warm and cold terms of years, of varying length, alternate irregularly."

In the investigation of the secular variation in temperature from records at New Haven since 1780, Philadelphia since 1758, and New York since 1821, Stott came to the conclusion that "there is nothing in them to countenance the idea of any persistent change in the climate having taken place, or being about to take place; in the last ninety years of thermometric records, the mean temperatures show no indication whatever of a sustained rise or fall."

The records of the seasons in the years that are gone, taken independently and out of their setting, have no great value as arguments against this idea of change; at the same time these same records show that our ancestors lived through mild as well as tempestuous winters, were troubled with late springs, rainy summers, drought, and frost, not unlike the experiences of our own generation. To such as believe that the winters are more moderate than the winters of the earlier days, reflection upon the following may be beneficial. The winter of 1754-'55 was unusually mild. Navigation on the Hudson was not closed and troops sailed from New York to Albany during January and February. The winter of 1805-'06 is reported an open one. The Hudson river was free from ice as late as February 20. Again in 1810 the Hudson was open until January 19. In 1841 the first fall of snow for the year was on April 20. The winter of 1852-'53 is reported as one of the warmest on record, and much rain fell during the season. In 1857-'58 plows ran in January. In fact,

some farmers in New York state plowed every month of the winter. In 1865-'66 not enough snow fell to make sleighing.

Late springs were occasionally recorded, as in 1842, when frost occurred on June 1, causing great damage to the fruit crop. On May 30, 1845, ice was measured on ponds three fourths of an inch thick. Advanced springs may be interpreted from the records of the years 1865 and 1878. Cherries were in bloom in the former on April 27, in the latter on April 23. The summers recorded are of various aspects. In 1850 we read that the rain fell every day from July 14 to August 9. Three years later, in 1853, there was a summer noted for "great drought." No rain of any value fell during May, June, and July, and no frost was recorded in New York from April to October. The following summer, 1854, was exceedingly warm. Twelve days in July the mercury stood at ninety-five degrees and over in the shade, and during eighteen days of the month it was over ninety degrees.

These were samples of seasons picked here and there from among more normal conditions and gleaned from individual records published in New York and New Jersey may aid the casual observer in weighing the seasons of his own experience. It is not on record whether these excesses found our progenitors imbued with sufficient "Christian fortitude and self-restraint."

There have been a number of reasons advanced to explain this belief in a changing season, and prominent among them may be mentioned the following:

1. The short and defective memories of people who recall a few seasons only and who exaggerate the frequency of some special event. The recollection of one or two severe snow storms in earlier years is harped upon until the excess is used as a type. The minor details of the same season have been forgotten. Do you not remember a number of years ago the disastrous storm that stopped traffic for four days, clogged all the wheels of commerce and forced humanity to live where the tempest dictated? That was a harsh winter! But can you not clear the cobwebs from the memory and recall how even and almost tame were the remaining eighty-six days of that season? Ah! I fear that the very uneventfulness of the winter has caused you to misjudge the season. How like the recollection of a sea voyage. While the days drag out unceasingly in their monotony, and from the rising to the going down of the sun seems in the living an existence, yet in the memory a brief one, since it is marked only by a pleasant feature here and a disagreeable experience there. In later years the pleasant comradeship of but a few hours, or the inconvenience of storm, or the unwelcomed disaster, is all that is retained of the voyage.

2. A change of residence. Many a dweller in the city to-day was country born. The wrestling with a winter's storm on the exposed homeland, where walls and fences serve to drift the snow exactly where it is not wanted, a shovel and an oxsled for weapons, is a different task from the fight that a city makes with its army of well-equipped men. The awakening on fields and roads covered with

snow, nothing but the trees to break the expanse of whiteness, is more picturesque and lasting than the glance from city windows on snowy streets broken by the early laborer on his way to his task or already attacked by the city authorities. Very frequently the change is from the country village among the hills to a seaport town. In the former the winter temperature is considerably lower and the precipitation of snow is greater. The retention of the snow upon the ground is a noticeable feature. The city near the coast has its winter moderated by the proximity to the water. The storm which adds to the accumulation of snow on the hills often falls as rain nearer the sea.

3. Fluctuations of seasons occur. These are large and often in the same direction for several successive years. There is a tendency in statistics to maintain a pendulum-like change in seasons, although not a persistent change. The New England Meteorological society in its investigations found some signs of a twenty-year period of precipitation and temperature. Brückner investigating the same problem concludes that relatively warm and dry periods alternate with cold and wet periods, the same phase recurring at intervals of about thirty-five years. Mr. A. E. Watson studying the problem in England deduces from the records of 300 severe winters that the severe winters occur most frequently in the years ending 0-1 and 4-5, the beginning and middle of each decade. The severe winters of the years ending in 0-1 he finds to occur early as November to January, while those of the years ending 4-5 are late as January to March. A periodicity might

easily be mistaken for a persistent change in one direction if the complete swing of the climatic pendulum was a long one.

4. Difference between impressions of the child and adult. The depth of this problem need not be entered here. Suffice it to say that the boy who would skate all day on a temporary pond in some convenient hollow and believe that the season was serving his ends has grown to man's estate. The child who was satisfied to slide all day down a knoll on his father's lawn, now from his superior view, smiles condescendingly upon his children in the pursuit of the same happiness.

5. The statement is read or heard and accepted without further thought, then transmitted carelessly. An idea, pleasing on the face of it, often finds ready soil in which to grow. Thus the vender of fashions, above quoted, offers to the New Englander the disagreeable prospect of a tropical summer and names the statistician as authority. Statistics show no such condition whatever. They have been read as through a glass, darkly. Some one has heard that the destruction of forests has been instrumental in a changing season. The results of all investigations deny emphatically such a statement. Another believes that the moon is the cause of our climatic experiences. Years of study have acquitted the moon of the charge. Our climate comes to us in New England more or less ready made. Local conditions must therefore be largely eliminated. Our weather is made up of types. The types are ever repeating. The severity of the type depends upon our position in regard to the centre of dis-

turbance. The types may, in ages, be replaced by others. The types themselves may change in a measurable degree in their effect upon humanity within a thousand years.

A hundred years is not a sufficient time in which to discern a persistent variation. A generation looks upon the question from actual experience in a very superficial manner. There is every reason for believing that the earth, during its early history, was warmer, and that a continuous change in the climate has been effected. Astronomers generally accept as the best theory that has been advanced the contraction of the sun as the cause

of solar radiation. The contraction yearly is slight; the sun remains unchanged in size to a generation—to hundreds of generations. The amount of contraction during the past six thousand years would not be noticeable, even with the best modern telescope. So with our climate the change within historic times is imperceptible. There is nothing further from our lot than the prophecy quoted from the pages of fiction. There is no one who has observed anything with which to further his belief in a changing climate except as the fluctuations of a type or types have been misinterpreted.



LITTLE RED ROBIN.

By Mrs. Nancy Morey Paul.

Little red robin, say where hast thou flown?
Vainly we wait for thee all the day long,
None sang more merrily,
Sweetly and cheerily,
None watched more tenderly,
Little nest home.

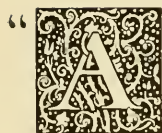
Robin, red robin, the little birds three
Lay in their cozy home watched o'er by thee,
'Till when they older grew
Out from the nest they flew
Just as "all birdies do,"
So to be free.

Little red robin, the nest is still there,
Empty it swings in the full-scented air—
Swings there so drearily;
Never a song from thee
From the old apple tree—
Thou art not there!

HEART OF OLD HARRY.

A STORY OF CHRISTMAS IN THE DAYS OF OUR FOREFATHERS.

By G. Waldo Browne.



"HIDEOUS waterfall," six miles of a swift-running stream, long ribs of yellow sand thrown in disjointed array on the river's bank, a background of ancient pines and oaks, less than a score of primitive dwellings, with log walls and bark or thatched roofs, fifty or sixty men, women, and children imbued with the stubborn spirit of the trying times, a solitary wigwam standing by the waist of the forest, its dusky occupant droning in the doorway over the unhappy fate of his race, and with a bitterness creeping into his soul in spite of his professed Christianity;—these comprised the warp and weft of the old township, which never found a place on the maps, but which still lives in tradition as "Old Harry's Town." Throw over the landscape the dull, leaden-hued sky of December, over the minds and hearts of men the deep cloud of feelings arising from religious differences and hostile settlements, and you have completed the picture, mentally and physically, of the birthplace of the Queen city of the Merrimack on that memorable Christmas day of 1741.

Tradition claimed that this territory about Amoskeag Falls had always been debatable ground. Before the coming of the palefaces the red races had fought among themselves

for its possession, with sad inroads on their numbers. They contended again for it against the new-comers, and dismally lost. Then the white conquerors quarreled among themselves for its ownership. The two provinces, Massachusetts and New Hampshire, claimed jurisdiction over it. In the heat of this civic battle two clans of men, as dissimilar in every characteristic as the pine and oak under which they respectively pitched their tents, came to Old Harry's Town, as its first actual settlers. One was comprised of sturdy sons of Scotland, with the rigid teachings of the Presbytery fixed in all they knew and felt and did. They settled under a title for New Hampshire. The other clan, favored with a grant from Massachusetts, for meritorious service in fighting the Indians under Captain Tyng in his famous "Snow-shoe Expedition," were English colonists, who were Orthodox of the most straight-laced pattern, as severe and unyielding in their Puritanical doctrines as the Scots were in their belief. Tyng township was the name applied to their grant, though it cannot be said to have escaped the reproach of an unpopular designation. The outsider still declared that he who had settled there had gone to the Old Harry! Those were days and these were scenes of such strong opinions and inflexible purposes as

to baffle judgment in this conservative period. The rival factions applied race epithets expressive of the most malignant hatred to each other. The first were sneeringly styled "Irishers" and "intruders." They, in retaliation, denominated the English as "foreigners" and "robbers." The Puritans settled mainly at the lower end of the town, the Presbyterians about Amoskeag Falls.

Among these latter was James McNiel, a tall, stalwart descendant of the Lowland Scots, who had been one of the first to settle within sound of Amoskeag Falls. For six years he had been compounding his ill-will of the Tyngs men; and, increasing at a more rapid rate than any promissory note, it had more than doubled in that time. He was one of those who had fought in the courts a case of attempted eviction for over two years, and only the day before this Christmas he had been served with a new notice to defend his home. But if an uncompromising Presbyterian, his opposition to the English colonists had felt a sting none other had known. Soon after their coming his only daughter, Mary, had met one of the Tyngs men, fallen in love with him, and, in spite of the regards of her parents, had become his wife. Of course she had done wrong, but the love "that laughs at locksmiths" is innocent of race prejudices, ignorant of religious vows, and thoughtless of others' hearts.

In his unbounded anger her father closed his door forever against her, and in his heart he meant never to forgive her. Soon after her marriage to John Perham she went with him to a home of their own in Massachusetts, and she did not meet her father

again. If he got no word from her directly, rumor, which is ever ready to carry messages of unhappiness, said that they were not prospering well. While James McNiel did not allow the names of his only child and her husband to be spoken in his house, he was not likely to forget his son-in-law, for it was his uncle, Benjamin Perham, who was trying to dispossess him of his own house and lands.

James McNiel's stern, unforgiving nature, as well as his household, was shared by his good wife Jeannette, who, if she ever repined over the step taken by Mary, was never heard to complain. If her mother heart softened at times, and what mother's does not, be the cross ever so heavy? she knew it would be worse than useless for her to give expression to her feelings. She was as firm a Presbyterian as her husband, and in her mind, if not her heart, she knew sufficient reason why the sin of Mary could not be overlooked.

On this gray Christmas the worthy couple returned from a meeting "over the river," which town had been able to settle a Presbyterian minister for half of the time, with a feeling of sincere, if rigid, piety in their hearts. Not to have observed the Saviour's natal day would have seemed sacrilegious to them. And when his wife had laid aside her extra wraps worn to the meeting and busied herself in the preparations for the afternoon meal, which was to be served just before candle light, he took up the well-worn family Bible and began to read aloud certain passages in his deep voice, with a peculiar halting and quick starting in his manner of reading that was his own.

The good housewife had placed the broad haunch of venison on the spit before leaving home, and beside it was a fine turkey, which had been a present from one of the neighbors. McNiel was no hunter, and this was a specimen of the turkey broods which roamed the wildwood in their native element. An enormous Indian pudding, too, was already browning to crispiness. Rare delicacies of the place and season, half a dozen white and red apples were roasting before the fire. If these were small and tart their scarcity more than covered these failings. Near these was a dish of chestnuts roasting over a bed of coals.

While this fare was plain it was wholesome and every way in keeping with its surroundings. The homes in Old Harry's Town were all of the most primitive character. There had been no sawmill in the valley, or, to be strictly correct, had not been until that season, and that built by the English, and the houses were all built of logs, hewn or unhewn, as the inclinations and the circumstances of the owners dictated. The McNiel dwelling, which was typical of the better class, had been made of hewn logs, and the roof was covered with wide shingles riven from some big pine. The building was low-storied, and had small openings or loop-holes for windows, over which small mats of skins had been arranged to stop the apertures whenever it was desired.

It was divided into two apartments, the kitchen, or room first entered,—and which answered for dining-room, sitting-room, and parlor, as well,—if plainly, even scantily, furnished showed good order and exacting neatness. Four wood-bottomed chairs, with tall, straight backs,

were placed against the walls at regular distances, which indicated a mathematical precision in choosing their positions. An ancient hardwood table, which had been brought from the old country, and was built so as to be changed into an armchair of ponderous dimensions, stood near the center of the apartment, and bore such a display of dishes as the couple were in the habit of using. A high, old-fashioned clock, which doled forth the passing seconds with deep, sonorous raps, and pealed out the hours in thunder tone, stood in one corner, a favorite heirloom. In another corner was a linen wheel, one of the originals introduced into this country by the Scotch-Irish.

That which more than all else lent cheer and home-like character to the room was the wide-mouthed stone fireplace, heaped high with well-seasoned maple logs, resting upon huge andirons mounted with big brass knobs. Fire dogs, or creepers, held the smaller sticks of wood thrown on by Mrs. McNiel, as she resumed work on the coming dinner. Besides these were the cob-irons, with sharp-pointed hooks, to hold the spit. Over these hung the sooty iron arm called the crane, with its hooks of various lengths and sizes to hold the kettles hung above the fire. On a shelf formed by the stone work were gridles, skillets, pipkins, and other vessels used in cooking over the coals.

A little removed from this fire-way was a receptacle made to contain the tableware, which, as the rude cover is thrown aside by Mrs. McNiel, we see contains pewter spoons, forks, basins, pans, bowls, cans, bottles, in fact, everything seems to be pewter! This reminds us that that was the

"pewter age," when pewter reigned triumphant. In another recess Mistress McNiel, however, had a small but choice collection of silverware, which she concluded to display on this particular occasion. It is needless, perhaps, to say that all this ware glistened with frequent and generous rubbing.

It was not long after their return before Mrs. McNiel had completed the Christmas dinner. The venison and the turkey were steaming on the table, a platter of hot baked potatoes right from the bed of coals, the roasted apples, and the big brown pudding, standing at respectable distance around them. A heavy, homespun cloth overspread the table, while sprigs of holly scattered with studied carelessness of appearance, gave sweet reflections of the day.

At his good wife's bidding Mr. McNiel laid aside, but at a convenient distance, the good book and seated himself at the head of the table. She took her accustomed seat, but as she did so, chancing to glance across the table, she started with something of affright in her looks. How she had come to do it was past her comprehension, for she had thought of no company likely to come to their lonely home, but she had put a third plate at the place where Mary had once been pleased to sit. Thoughts of the absent one instantly filled her mind, and she exclaimed involuntarily, dropping into the broad, Scotch dialect:

"There's ane a-wantin', Jamie! There's—"

He, too, must have been thinking of her, though he had not yet seen the extra plate, else why should he have said so promptly:

"Hush, Jeannette! d'ye quite forget yer womanliness? It is as we began, Jeannette, and ye were quite content then," he added, seeing her look.

As she offered no reply to this, he began to say grace with unusual fervor, though her listening was mechanical rather than responsive. She was thinking of Mary, until as his deep "a-men" fell on the scene, a slight noise was heard at the door.

"List, Jamie! I thought I heard some one outside the house."

"The wiid, Jeannette. You seem uncanna' nervous tae-day. Weemen air kittle cattle."

"You have ne'er heard me mention her name—"

"The muir reason why thou shouldst not now, weeman! I am sure—"

"Hark, Jamie! there it is again! I heard a cheel's voice then."

Before he could protest she had reached the door, and with the gust of wind which entered, as it was opened, came a tearful, childish outburst of grief. At her feet was a most unexpected, forlorn little figure.

"A wee bit o' a lassie!" cried the motherly Mrs. McNiel, catching up the slight form in her arms. "Why, cheel! who are you and whither have ye coom?"

"Is she alone?" asked McNiel, not yet reconciled to the visitor.

"Not a soul with her, Jamie, as far as I can see," glancing hurriedly up and down the road. "Dear me! how cold and dark it has grown!"

The little child thus strangely and unexpectedly found at their door could not have been far from four years old. She had a pretty face, with flaxen ringlets falling about it

in disheveled array. She was plainly clad in a homespun garb, which gave evidence of rough usage. She trembled and started with fright as Mrs. McNiell took her up.

"Poor thing! she is nearly frozen and seems all tired out, as if she had come far. Her clothes are wet, too, as if she had been wading in water. Come right up to the fire, dearie, and get warm and dry."

Leaving his seat at the table and coming forward, Mr. McNiell said,

"She be a pretty cheel, Jeannette. Ask her her name."

His wife was nothing loath to do that, but the answer of the little stranger puzzled them:

"I'se Peaceful, mum."

"Peaceful, dearie? Of coorse sich a wee bit o' lassie a ye are peaceful," falling again into the Scotch idiom. "Ye have a mother, lassie?"

"'Es, and a papa, and a mumma, a grandpa and a grandma, too, I dess, do I nebber see them."

"Dear me! how the little thing does talk. She is pretty, Jamie! What name does your mother call you, dearie?"

"She jess calls me Peaceful, but papa sometimes calls me Torment! I s'pose that's when I'm naughty. But I like to have him call me that 'cos he always kisses me after it."

"Perhaps she has n't any name, Jeannette. You know sometimes children are not named till they are older than she, though I nae leek that way. But I would n't try the little brain too much till she has got dry and warm."

"I'se hungie, too!" murmured the little unknown, casting a wistful glance at the table. "I'se mo' hungie 'n cold and wet!"

"How she does talk, and so honest, too. It must be I put on that plate for her. I can see the good Lord's hand in it, Jamie, I can! You shall sit to the table with us, dearie. We shall be glad o' your company. You will drive away our loneliness, won't she, Jamie?"

"Don't be silly, Jeannette. O' coorse we shall be glad to have the little thing eat. Sure, there is enough," looking at the well-laden table. Then he asked, coming nearer the truth than he dreamed:

"Do n't your folks ever call you anything besides Peaceful?"

"I'se Peaceful Ferburn," she murmured. "Is n't dinner 'most ready? I'se come a long way. I wants mumma now!" and as if the thought had come spontaneously she began to cry suddenly.

"Dear me!" said the kind-hearted Mrs. McNiell, for she was kind-hearted in spite of her appearance to the contrary, "don't take on so. Your mother sha' be found, and until then we'll take good care of you. We must find her parents, Jamie."

"Better eat dinner first, Jeannette. It is getting cold, and she is hungry. She will cry less on a full stomach."

So the little visitor was seated at the spare plate on the high table, and helped to generous portions of the tempting viands. She partook with a relish which showed that she must have been hungry. During the meal Mrs. McNiell tried by artful questions to obtain some further information concerning her little guest, but the most she could learn was that she lived a long way off and that she had come far on foot.

"Blessed little feet!" exclaimed

Mrs. McNiel, "they nae luk so they could carry her very far. Did you ever see such beautiful curly hair, Jamie? And such blue eyes! I canna tell, but somehow I seem to see Mary in them!" falling into her native dialect again.

"Tut, woman! must I plainly command you to speak that name na' more to me. We have no Mary, and unless she cooms unknown to me she sha' ne'er cross my threshold. But see, Jeannette! the little bairn is sleepy."

Such was indeed the case. Her long walk, and the warmth of the fire after being out in the cold, with having eaten heartily, had made her drowsy.

"I dess I will s'leep dess a little bit," she murmured, lying back in the good woman's arms. "Den I'll go see mumma and papa. I'se like 'ou."

"Bless you, my little bairn, for that. You shall sleep just as soon as I can take off your damp clothes. They can dry while you are sleeping on my own bed."

Working with her hands while she talked, Mrs. McNiel soon had the little one undressed, when she bore her in her arms to the tall posted bed in the adjoining room. She was about to place her on it, when the sleepy little stranger aroused enough to clasp her tiny hands and begin to murmur:

"In the peace of my Lord let me sleep; in the innocence of my 'ittle heart let me 'wake. B'ess papa and mumma in all dat dey do that is dood in thy sight. 'Member grandpa and grandma, who live long way off. Et grandpa's heart be softened, and grandma's love be stwentened.

Lord, I love Thee and I am vine. Amen."

"Dearie me! the blessed little thing. She has God-fearing parents, Jamie. I know they must be good people. You must find them in the morning. I hear some one at the door. Run, Jamie! they are after her now, and I have just begun to love her so."

But her husband was slow of movement, and before he had risen to his feet the skin door was pushed in, when a stout, honest-looking man entered, shaking himself like a huge dog to throw off the snow which had caught upon his bear-skin coat.

"Good evening, Jamie, Jeannette. I pray you will forgive me for breaking into a neighbor's house like a thief. I think you must have been very taken over your Christmas dinner, for you did not hear me pounding away, as if trying to drive off a pack of wolves. So I came right in. I wish you a merry Christmas. But I can't stop to say more. It may be you have not heard the news?"

"We have heard no news, Archie. What be it? And while you tell take a cheer."

"Nay, nay, good folks. It can be all told in far too few words. A little girl has wandered away from her parents this afternoon, and she cannot be found. It is feared she has fallen into the river. They have searched the Merrimack as far down as Goffe's, but found nothing of the little one. It is a sorry Christmas for her if she is out in this storm, to say nothing of the river. And her father and mother are well—"

"Hold on, good Archie!" cried Mrs. McNiel, who could remain silent no longer. "There be a bit o'

a lassie coom here to us just now. Can she be the one you are looking for, and for whom there is this worry?"

"A little girl come to you, good Jeannette? It must be the one," crossing the floor into the next room, where Mrs. McNiel was still standing, and the child was sleeping on the bed.

"I hardly know the child," said Mr. Stark, for that was the man's surname, "but I have no doubt of its being the lost one. How sweetly she sleeps. It seems too bad to take her out into this storm."

"Let her be here till morning, Archie," said Mr. McNiel. "Jeannette and I will be glad to have her."

"I don't doubt it, Jamie, under the circumstances. But her parents are crazed over her. Ah, she opens her eyes. She will soon be awake enough for me to carry her home. I will wrap her up in my great bear-skin." He gave the little sleeper a second, closer look, and then he watched the couple with suspicious intentness, while a smile overspread his countenance. But the child took their attention away from him, so nothing strange was noted.

"Be 'ou Santy Claus come for 'ittle me?" cried the somewhat frightened child, starting up. "I'se a naughty 'ittle dirl for running 'way and 'ou don't want me." Then, as if a new thought had come into her troubled mind, she added, holding out her hands to Mrs. McNiel,

"Do'n't let him take me 'way from 'ou!" throwing her arms about her neck. "I like 'ou!"

The impulsive, childish exhibition of affection touched her heart as noth-

ing else might, and almost unconsciously she folded the tearful child to her breast, murmuring:

"They shall not, cheel! they shall not—in this storm," adding the last as a saving clause.

The smile on Mr. Stark's genial countenance broadened and deepened.

"She takes to you, Jeannette, as if she was your own child, or grand-child more naturally speaking.

"She does that, Archie. I have learned to love her in the short time since she coom. Why, it seems as if she had always been with me! I tried to make her out, but I dinna succeeded veery weel."

"Her father and mother—"

"I pity them! Tell them to coom here and get her. It is na fit night to take sich a wee, wee bairn out. See! it storms harder than ever, judging by the way the wind blows."

"It is a bitter night to take one out so young and frail. But would you be willing, Jamie, for them to come?" he asked, and under less excitement they must have noticed the singular question.

"Willing? What d'ye ye mean, mon? Send them along with our blessing. Tell them, Archie, the bairn is sleeping in Jeannette's arms as if in her own fold."

"I will use your very words," declared Mr. Stark, buttoning his big coat to his chin. "I won't forget one word, and I am sure they will come. A merry Christmas to you, Jamie, Jeannette, and the little one. I will ne'er be gone long. I wish you a merry Christmas!" Kind Mr. Stark seemed to have suddenly lost his mind, but he did not tarry any longer.

He had four miles to go through that reeking December snowstorm, and it was nearly three hours later he came back in sight of the ruddy light beaming from the hearthstone of the McNiels. The door was open and he could see outlined in the glimmer that hung like a veil between the light from within and the darkness without, the stalwart figure of Jamie McNiel, bending forward into the storm. He was not alone now, for the anxious parents of the little girl had gladly come with him, their grief suddenly changed to such joy as they had never known. The journey had been all too slow for them, and the woman had not been able to remain silent.

"How I tremble, John!" she said, as they drew near the house. "Let me lean on your arm. Can it be true that I am to see my darling child safe and well, and to be welcomed home at last?"

"Be bold and fear not," said Mr. Stark, leading the way. "Hilloa, Jamie! was I overlong in coming?" pushing him back into the house in what, under different circumstances, would have been considered rudeness. "Come in, friends, out of the storm."

As Mr. McNiel was forced to retreat, his wife came forward with the little one in her arms, saying:

"She is a blessed little lassie and she—"

"Mother—father!" broke in the foremost of the new-comers, rushing forward. "And my darling baby! This is the happiest hour of my life."

Mrs. McNiel stopped with a look of wonder. Quickly comprehending the situation, her mother heart allowed her to exclaim:

"Mary! can it be possible you have come?"

"Yes, dear mother. I could hardly contain myself with joy when Mr. Stark brought your glad welcome. And to think my little darling should have found you. Providence must have guided her footsteps. Dear little feet! how tired they must have been. Come to mamma, darling."

While she talked wildly thus, and little Peaceful, who truly deserved her name, nestled in her mother's arms, Mr. McNiel and his wife looked on in a bewildered way. Gradually the truth found its way to even his sluggish brain, when he exclaimed sharply:

"What does this mean? Mary, how dare you disobey me in this? By what authority have you brought these people into my house, Archie Stark?"

"Your own, good Jamie. You bade me hasten to them with your blessing, and to tell them the bairn was sleeping in Jeannette's arms as if in her own fold. Which in truth she was, for a grandmother—"

"But I did not know this! You deceived me, Archie Stark. I—"

"Tut—tut, good man! if I did it was for your own good. The wound is old enough, and has bled enough to heal now, Jamie. Here is John awaiting to clasp a father's hand. Do n't be so glum, man. Besides all this Christmas cheer, such as won't come to another home in Old Harry's Town, I have a bit of good news. Massachusetts has given up finally her claim to New Hampshire territory, and your home is no longer claimed by another. John, here, is a likely lad. Remember it is Christmas. Let there be peace on earth

and good will toward men. See! your own motto over your hearth-stone. Surely you are a man of your word, Jamie."

"And this is your cheel, Mary?" asked Mrs. McNiel, while her stern husband remained silent, his feelings at war with each other. It was an awkward pause for John Perham, but he felt that he could afford to wait.

"It is, dearest of mothers," replied Mary, joyously. "You see, we came up to spend Christmas with John's uncle—how I wanted to come to you, but I did not dare to! This afternoon Peaceful took it into her silly little head to run away. Oh!

you can't imagine our worry and grief. To think she should have come here, but it has completed my happiness. Father, you forgive me? I did wrong, but it was for love's sake."

"Come, Jamie," said Mr. Stark, "are you not willing to abide by your word? John is willing and anxious to greet you, for he took your welcome in good faith."

"And I will live up to it, Archie. I'll ne'er let this foolish feeling part us longer. It is Christmas, and if it be stormy without we will pile more logs on the fire. John and Mary, you are not going to leave us to-night."



A LULLABY.

By Hale Howard Richardson.

Lullaby, my lily babe,
Lullaby, my sweet!
Night is urging day afar
Down the dusky street;

Sing a song to baby dear,
Song without a word,
Just the music of the heart,
The carol of the bird!

Lullaby, my lily babe,
Mother's close to thee,
Slumber holds thine eyelids tight,
But baby heareth me;

Hears the song of babyland
With mother-love complete,
So lullaby, my lily babe,
Lullaby, my sweet!

HON. CHARLES H. BURNS—AN OMISSION.



IN the sketch of Hon. Charles H. Burns in the article on Wilton in the July number of this volume of the *GRANITE MONTHLY*, omission was inadvertently made of certain important facts. It should have been stated that he served eight years, from 1876, as solicitor of Hillsborough county, having been first appointed by Governor Cheney and subsequently—after the change in the manner of selection—twice reelected by the people. He also served six years most efficiently as United States district attorney for the district of New Hampshire, having been appointed by President Hayes in 1881, and reappointed during the succeeding administration, his service extending nearly two years into the administration of President Cleveland. During this time pension frauds were becoming quite general throughout the country, and Mr. Burns gave much time and effort to their suppression in his district, employing more time in this direction than all other incumbents of the office.

Mr. Burns has been engaged on the one side or the other in the trial of more important cases, civil and criminal, than any other lawyer now living in his county, the most noted of the latter class, probably, being that of the State *v.* Elwin W. Major, of Wilton, for the murder of his wife, in that town, by poisoning, in De-

cember, 1874. Although not then the county solicitor he was called into the case, and the work of preparation was substantially in his hands. It was a hard fought case throughout, but after two trials conviction was secured, and the execution of Major finally resulted, to the general satisfaction of the public, little doubt of his guilt ever having been entertained.

One of the most interesting cases in which Mr. Burns was ever engaged, and one in whose successful prosecution, single-handed and alone, he won great credit, was an action brought by him in behalf of the town of Wilton against the county of Hillsborough, after the great freshet of 1869, which entailed a loss of some \$60,000 upon the town, a far greater loss than other towns in the county had met with. This action was brought under an old statute, providing for reimbursement by counties for a share of the loss, in case of such great public calamities visited upon towns within their limits, but whose benefit no town had previously had occasion to avail itself of, so that it had become entirely overlooked and forgotten. Mr. Burns carried the suit through to success upon his own responsibility, the town authorities hesitating to assume the risk. He recovered a verdict of \$10,000 for the town of Wilton, which, on appeal, was affirmed by the supreme court.

AT THE SHOCKING OF THE CORN.

By Adrienne Webster.

I wandered over the meadow
One gray October day,
And followed along the river bank
Winding an aimless way.

The tall elm trees beside me
Were flaming with gay woodbine,
And twining about the bitter sweet
Clung the dreaded poison vine.

Over the water the button bush
Drooped its buttons—fire red,
And I wished the sun might kindle them
Through the dark cloud overhead.

But halfway across the meadow
I saw where I would be
The shocks of corn in the rising wind
Waved and beckoned to me.

And in their friendly shelter
I rested while the sun
Battled the threatening rolling clouds
Until my wish was won.

Then sweetly over the meadow
There sounded forth so clear
The belated call of a meadow lark,
“Spring, oh, spring is here.”

THE OLD, OLD TOWN BY THE SEA.

By Carl Burrell.

There is an old town by the sea,
As old as old can be,
Where tides ebb low and the tides rise high,
And men are born and wed and die
In this old, old town by the sea.

In this old, old town by the sea
The tides sweep in, the ships sail in,
And the winds blow in from the sea,
And a child is born in the early morn,
In this old, old town by the sea.

THE VOICE OF A PEOPLE.

In this old, old town by the sea
 At just high noon when tides turn soon
 And it seems a boon just to be,
 It is highest tide for the blushing bride
 In this old, old town by the sea.

In this old, old town by the sea,
 The tides go out, the ships sail out,
 And the winds blow out to the sea,
 And the lights go out, and a life goes out,
 In this old, old town by the sea.

There is an old town by the sea,
 Where the tides rise and fall, and we
 Are born on the rise and wed on the high
 And die with the ebb when the ships sail by,
 In this old, old town by the sea.

THE VOICE OF A PEOPLE.

By Frederick J. Allen.

Most righteous are the wars we have waged, waged for men enthralled,
 And glorious are the victories to which our God hath called.
 The alarum of war hath sounded on land and over seas,
 And as it dies in silence cometh promise now of peace.

Our country bears in daily prayer the weal of a world to God ;
 And glorying in the sacrifice of her sons beneath the sod,
 She sendeth more to the ends of earth in the strength of the sainted dead,
 To follow duty as fighters of old followed where duty led.

The kiss and the message from lover's lips go with the soldier afar,
 And the light of her eyes in his distant skies is ever the bright day-star ;
 The prayer and the song of her lonely heart are not for his return,
 But that he faithfully guard the fires where Freedom's altars burn.

The cry of the suffering soundeth aloud from the darkened isles of the sea ;
 And the Spirit that strove in our fathers of old in war against tyranny
 Still liveth in us from the North to the South, and in might ariseth again ;
 Lo ! the King of the Nations hath summoned us to lead in His battle for
 men.

'Tis God's own Love that hath brought us out of the bondage that hath
 been,
 And His Word abides till Victory rides through all the fields of Sin ;
 Oppression shall cease and Slavery die, and Wrong with his iron hands,
 And Peace, star-crowned, for a thousand years shall reign through the
 earth's fair lands.

NECROLOGY

WILLIAM CHAMBERLAIN.

William Chamberlain of Jackson, Mich., warden of the Michigan state prison, who died in Chicago, November 7, while en route to attend the session of the National Prison Congress at Kansas City, was a native of the town of Pembroke, in this state, born February 7, 1834. His parents were Moses and Mary (Foster) Chamberlain. They removed to Concord in 1836, and emigrated to Michigan in 1843, locating near the present village of Three Oaks, where they engaged in farming. Here William spent his life till thirty years of age, securing such education in his earlier years as the district school afforded.

In 1864 he engaged in mercantile business in the village of Three Oaks, where he was appointed postmaster in 1865, serving till 1870. He served as county superintendent of the poor for many years. He was a member of the Michigan house of representatives in 1871, 1872, 1873, and 1875, and represented Berrien county in the senate in 1879-'81, being president pro tem. of the senate for the latter term. He served as a member of the commission to revise the tax laws of the state in 1876, and was a member of the executive committee, and for some time president of the State Agricultural society. He was inspector of the state prison from 1885 till 1893, and in the latter year was made warden, holding the position up to the time of his death, and conducting the institution upon sound business principles, without regard to politics. Although himself a Republican, he was recommended for and sustained in the office by influential Democrats as well as members of his own party.

He was an earnest and enthusiastic member of the Congregational church in Jackson, and had served as moderator of the State Association of Congregational churches.

PROF. JAMES W. WEBSTER.

James W. Webster, a veteran teacher in the Boston public schools, and a prominent citizen of Malden, Mass., died at the Malden City hospital, November 2.

Mr. Webster was a native of Concord, son of Atkinson and Rebecca (Smart) Webster, born October 20, 1832. He fitted for college at the seminary in Northfield, and commenced teaching at nineteen, being first engaged in Epsom, subsequently in Claremont, and afterwards, for six years, as prin-

cial of the Rumford grammar school in Concord. From Concord Mr. Webster was called to Boston, in 1863, where he was first engaged as usher of the Phillips School for Boys, and was soon appointed sub-master of what was then the Prescott school in East Boston, now the Emerson. In 1871 he was elected master of the Hancock school, which was the largest grammar school in Boston, from which he resigned a few years ago. He was engaged in active school duties up to the very day of his illness.

Mr. Webster took up his residence in Malden in 1872. He at once became interested in town affairs, and ever since had been identified with good citizenship movements. He was on the building committee of the Centre grammar school, and later under the city government. While in the council he was on the committee that built the present high schoolhouse. He was a member of Converse lodge, F. A. M., of Malden, of the Boston Congregational club, and for about twenty-five years he was officially connected with the American Institute of Instruction, first as secretary, then as treasurer.

For several years he was clerk of the First Congregational church in Malden, and for many years he had been on the church committee. Some fifteen years ago Dartmouth college conferred upon him the honorary degree of doctor of laws. He married, November 29, 1860, Sarah L., daughter of the late David M. Carpenter of Chichester, by whom he is survived, with one son, Rev. Eugene C. Webster of Jamaica Plains, secretary of the Congregational General association of Massachusetts.

GEORGE W. MARSTON.

George W. Marston, born in Portsmouth, May 29, 1833, died in that city October 21, 1901.

Mr. Marston was the son of Levi L. and Mary L. (Odiorne) Marston, and was educated in the Portsmouth public schools, graduating from the high school in 1854. He served for a time as a clerk at the navy yard, and then went South, and was postmaster at Lexington, Ky., at the outbreak of the Civil War, but was compelled to resign on account of the change in political conditions, and, returning North, was again engaged at the navy yard.

Subsequently he was associated with the late Frank W. Miller in the proprietorship of the Portsmouth *Daily Chronicle*, afterward acquiring the entire property for himself, and then receiving Washington Freeman as a partner. Later he sold out to Mr. Freeman and engaged in journalism in Minneapolis for a time. Afterward he accepted a position in the New York custom house, and from there went into the government printing office at Washington as a proof-reader. Failing health compelled his retirement after a time, and for the last ten years he had quietly resided in Portsmouth.

QUINCY A. WOODWARD.

Quincy Adams Woodward, a prominent citizen of Nashua, died at his home in that city, October 21, 1901.

Mr. Woodward was born in Tyngsboro, Mass., February 5, 1828, being a son of John Woodward, a mill owner of that town. He went to Nashua in

1845, and learned the blacksmithing and carriage-making business, and was subsequently, for some time, a partner there, in the firm of Sumner, Woodward & Vincent. Later he was in business alone for several years, and was afterwards engaged in building and real estate business. He built the first line of the Nashua Street railway, and was its first superintendent.

He served as tax collector in 1861 and 1862 and was for six years chief engineer of the fire department. He had also served on the board of aldermen, and was the Democratic candidate for mayor in 1879. He attended the Universalist church, and was prominent in Masonry, having served as treasurer of St. George commandery, K. T., for more than twenty-five years. He is survived by a wife (their fiftieth marriage anniversary having been celebrated November 29, 1899), one son, George S. Woodward of Nashua, and one daughter, Mrs. Ira P. Jefts, of Melrose, Mass.

HON. JACOB D. YOUNG.

Jacob D. Young, born in Barrington, December 28, 1823, died in Madbury, November 8, 1901.

He spent all his life in Barrington and Madbury, held all the important offices in the gift of the people in the former town, and served as judge of probate for the county of Strafford from 1877 till 1894, when he retired on account of age, having reached the constitutional limit of seventy years. He was also a member of the executive council of the state in 1895 and 1896.

In politics Judge Young was an earnest Republican and active in party affairs in his section of the state.

He married Miss Sarah Twombly of Madbury, who survives him, with four children,—Edward L., Lewis H., and Lilla Young, and Mrs. Esther Hall, wife of A. I. Hall of Rochester. The late Col. Andrew H. Young of Dover and Aaron Young of Portsmouth were brothers of the deceased.

WARREN MCINTIRE.

Warren McIntire, born in Lisbon, January 27, 1820, died at Littleton, November 12, 1901.

He was the son of Reuben and Anne McIntire, and fitted himself for teaching, in early life, to which occupation he was largely devoted for many years, first in Ohio and then in New Jersey, settling in Littleton in 1853, where he taught a long time, and was also for thirteen years superintendent of schools under the old district system, subsequently serving for a time on the board of education. After giving up teaching he was engaged with his brothers in agriculture and lumbering. He was an earnest Democrat in politics, and a member of the Baptist church at Sugar Hill in Lisbon. He first married, in 1853, Persis Hurd of Lyman, who died in 1867, leaving four children, Harry, of Denver, Col., Harvey, of Spokane, Wash., Mrs. Anna Smith of Onset, Mass., and Mrs. Ardelle Piper of Littleton, all of whom survive him. In 1868 he married Jane Carr of Waterford, Vt., who survived but a short time, and about twenty-nine years ago he married Mary Hicks of Lyman, who survives him.

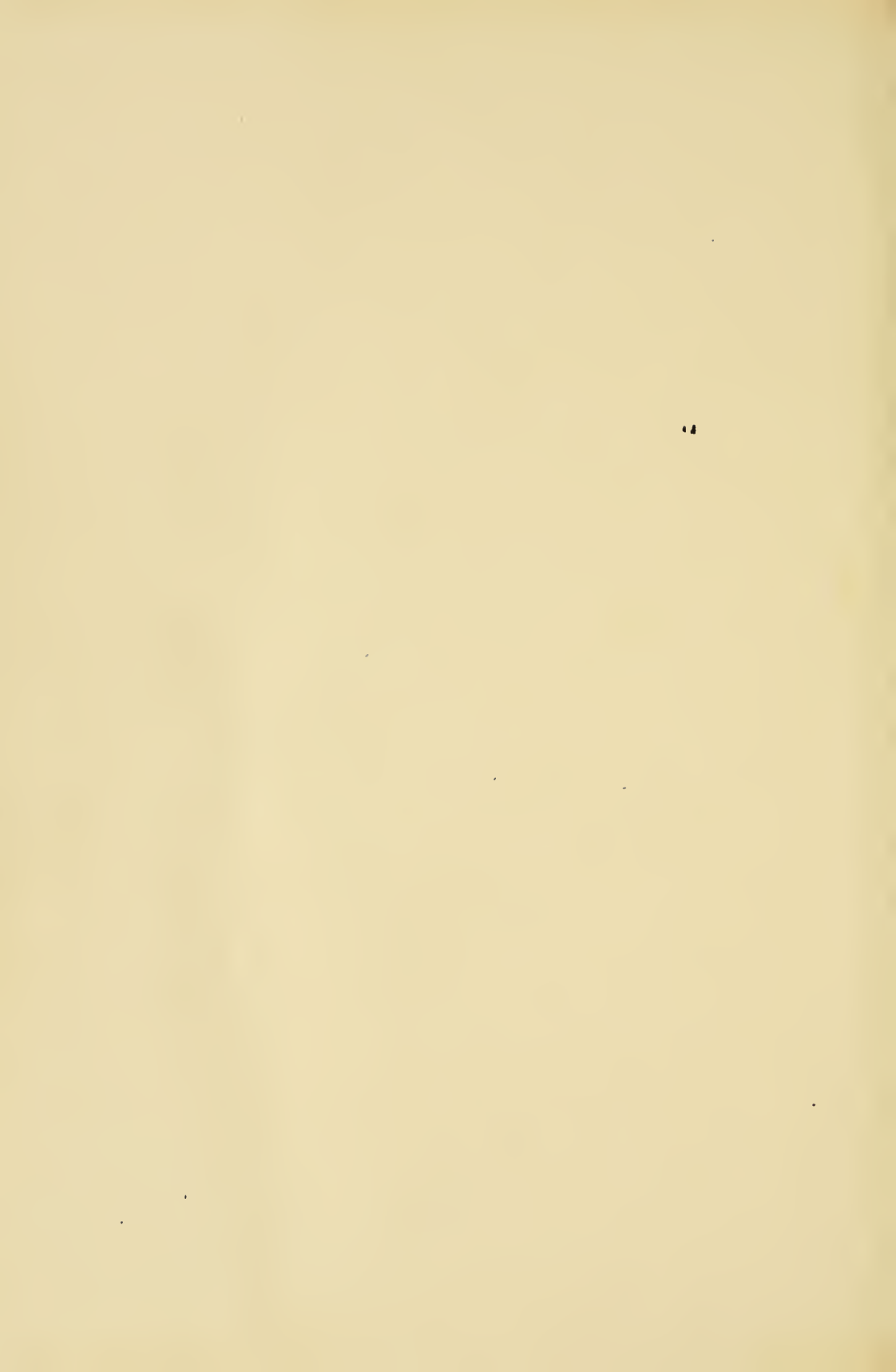
JOSIAH M. READ.

Josiah M. Read, who died November 6, in Everett, Mass., was a native of the town of Swanzev, in this state, a son of Josiah and Mary (Forbes) Read, born April 1, 1809. He lived in Swanzev until nineteen years of age, when he removed to Rockland, Mass., and engaged in the wheelwright business. In 1839 he went to Boston and began the manufacture of stoves on Blackstone street, where he continued for nearly fifty years, retiring from business at eighty years of age. His residence was in Everett, where he was prominent in local affairs, and a deacon of the Congregational church. He served in the Massachusetts legislature in 1861, 1862, 1863. He was particularly noted as the inventor of the first cooking range.

HON. DAVID JENNESS.

David Jenness, son of the late David Jenness of Rye, died in that town, October 27, in the house in which he was born July 25, 1833.

Mr. Jenness was one of the best farmers and most substantial citizens of Rye, and had served the town repeatedly as selectman, treasurer, moderator, and member of the school board, was its representative in the legislature in 1871 and 1872, and served his district in the state senate in 1887. He was also a delegate to the constitutional convention of 1876. He was a consistent Democrat in politics, and a devoted member of the Congregational church. He was a charter member and chorister of Rye grange, and a member of Osgood lodge, I. O. O. F., of Portsmouth.



Durham Library Association.

